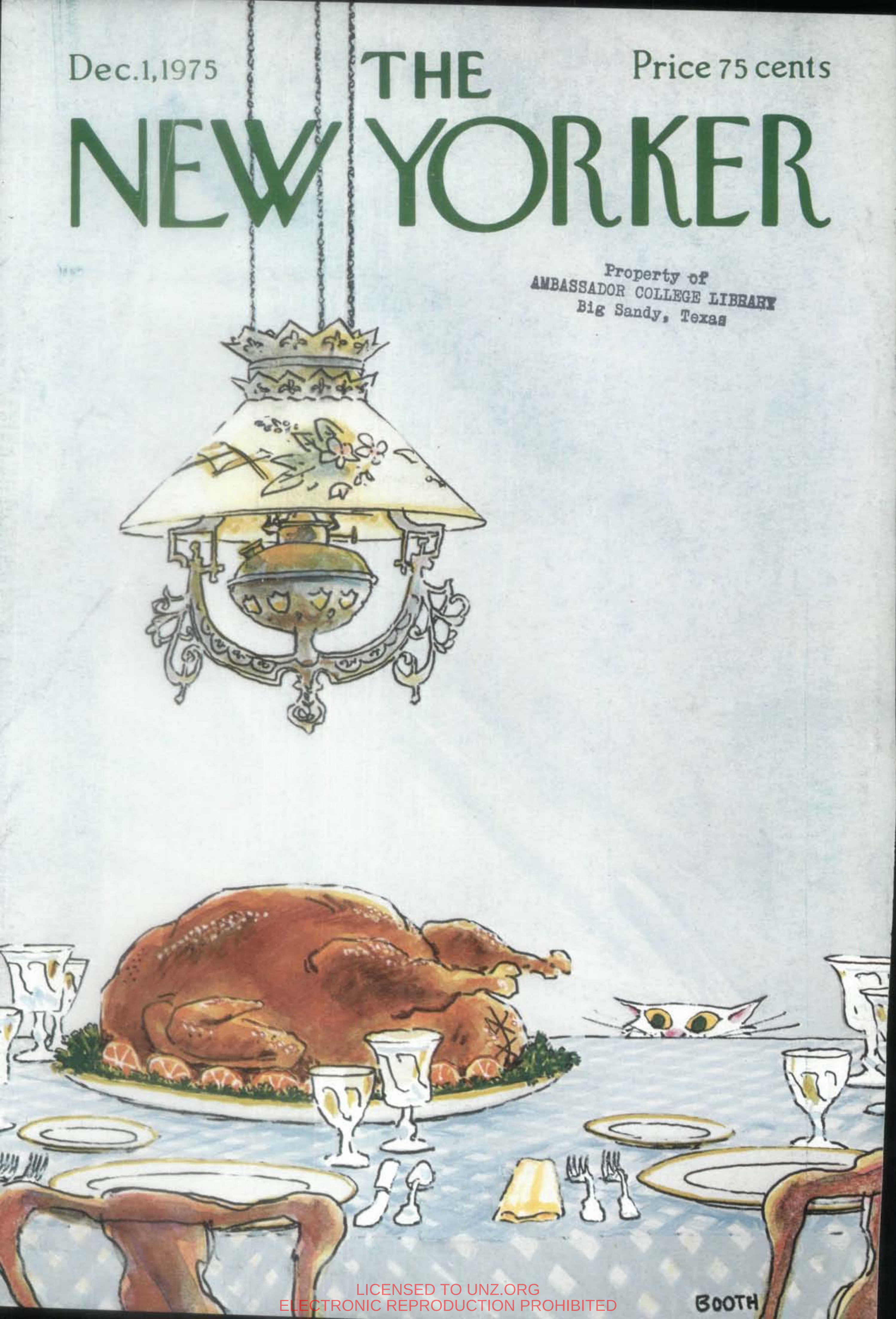
Dec.1,1975

THE NEW YORKER

Price 75 cents

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

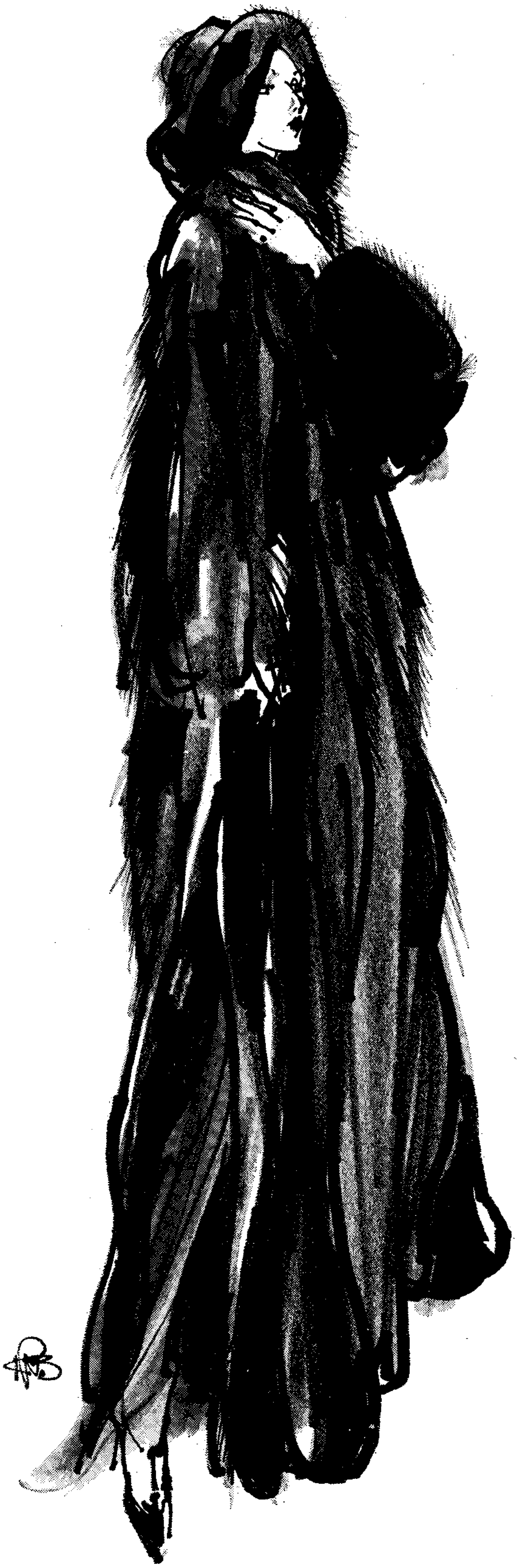


To the host it's half empty.
To the guest it's half full.

549
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
BLENDED SCOTCH
WHISKY
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD
CHIVAS
DISTILLE

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



Premiere coat with detachable hood of dyed black Canadian fox.
In our Fur Salon, Second Floor.
On The Plaza in New York and White Plains.
BERGDORF GOODMAN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Boccaccio—A musical somehow based on the "Decameron," originally produced at the Arena Stage in Washington. Kenneth Cavander wrote the book and lyrics, and Richard Peaslee composed the music. Directed by Warren Enters. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

By Bernstein—A musical revue made up of Leonard Bernstein songs that never got performed in the shows for which they were written. New book by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; lyrics by Mr. Bernstein, Comden and Green, John Latouche, Jerry Lieber, and Stephen Sondheim. Michael Bawtree has directed a cast of seven, including Patricia Elliott and Janie Sell. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 2 and 8:30; Thanksgiving and Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:30; Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8 and 10:30; and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10; matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Family—A pair of full-length plays—one-half of a tetralogy—done in soap-opera form and about the adventures—rape, incest, mayhem, and lesbianism, among them—of two brothers and their mute sister living in a basement in Amsterdam. The Dutch playwright is Lodewijk de Boer, and his relentless friskiness and weighty irony soon grow tedious. But some of his ideas are truly funny, and he also appears to have a serious purpose in mind. The production, by the Chelsea Theatre Center of Brooklyn, is first-rate. Barry Davis directed. Lawrence King designed the fine setting. David Selby is splendid in the leading role, and he is ably supported by the other actors. Play No. 1: Wednesday and Friday through Sunday at 6:30. . . . ¶ Play No. 2: Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 9:30. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

The Fifth Season—Joseph Buloff and Stan Porter in a musical version (in Yiddish and English) of Sylvia Regan's comedy. Adapted by Luba Kadison, with music and lyrics by Dick Manning. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays—except Nov. 26—Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 6.)

Gorky—A play with music by Steve Tesich. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8. Matinées Friday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

Habeas Corpus—A comedy by Alan Bennett, imported from London, with Donald Sinden, Jean Marsh, Rachel Roberts, Celeste Holm, and June Havoc. Directed by Frank Dunlop. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Hello, Dolly!—The everlasting musical, with the everlasting Pearl Bailey. (Minskoff, 45t St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesda through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thank giving Day at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)

Ice Age—A German play by Tankred Dors translated by Peter Sander. Opens Wednes day, Nov. 26, and will run through Sunda Dec. 14. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brookly Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 63 4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Mat nées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Jesse and the Bandit Queen—David Freeman romp, presumably a fantasy, about Jess James and his mistress and partner-in-crim Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number c counts, but there is no doubt that it is an oc casion for two spirited performances, b Kevin O'Connor and Dixie Carter, its entir cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld an lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewa directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-635 Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinée Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Kennedy's Children—The author, Robert Pat rick, sees the decade of the sixties as a tim when many hopeful young people suffere grave psychic wounds. The cast conveys hi doleful message with skill and charm. (Gold en, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesday through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lamppost Reunion—A comedy by Louis LaRuss

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 41
"MY NORTH DAKOTA RAILROAD DAYS" . . . . *Garrison Keillor* 46
"CHILDREN OF DARKNESS" (POEM) . . . . *Richard Wilbur* 50
"TOMORROW'S CELEBRITIES TODAY" . . . . *William Hamilton* 52
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNING) . . . . *Elizabeth Drew* 54
"IMPRESSIONS" (POEM) . . . . *David Sofield* 56
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 121
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 122
CONCERT RECORDS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 124
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 131
A REPORTER AT LARGE (ALL-VOLUNTEER ARMED FORCES—II) . . . . *Bruce Bliven, Jr.* 137
FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 159
BOOKS . . . . *Jean Stafford* 162

COVER: *George Booth*

DRAWINGS: *George Price, John Corcoran, Ed Arno, Mischa Richter, Dana Fradon, Saul Steinberg, Lou Myers, Arnie Levin, Claude Smith, Warren Miller, Charles Addams, Barney Tobey, Jack Ziegler, Stan Hunt*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, comptroller; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LI, No. 41, December 1, 1975. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1975 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $18.00; two years, $30.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $20.00. Other foreign, $22.00.

A
C
B
K
E
F
L
D
G
M
N
H
J

STERLING
FROM OUR
SILVER FLOOR

Neck chains: A. 36" long, $55. B. 30" long, $30. Ear-clips: C. With fourteen karat gold wires, $65. D. $40. Bracelets: E. With fourteen karat gold tips, $27.50 F. Knot, $50. G. Beaded, $40. H. $51. J. With bands of oxidized sterling, $125. Cuff links: K. Knot, $15. L. With threads of fourteen karat gold, $50. Rings: M. Monogram, $60. N. Crest, $55. Engraving additional.

New York Phone Order (212) 759-9110, Fifth Ave. and 57th St.
Atlanta · Chicago · Houston · San Francisco · Beverly Hills

TIFFANY & CO.

Please add two dollars for shipping and handling plus sales tax where applicable. American Express · BankAmericard

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

II, laid in a bar in New Jersey whose denizens talk as all denizens of all bars talk in all comedies laid in bars. Gabriel Dell and Danny Aiello play their conventional roles with authority. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Me and Bessie—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith by clamping cloche hats on her head and singing Bessie's songs is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. Bessie had majesty; Hopkins doesn't. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

A Musical Jubilee—A not very conscientious account of the origin of the American musical comedy; mostly we get old favorites—Cyril Ritchard, Lillian Gish, John Raitt, Patrice Munsel, Tammy Grimes, Dick Shawn, and Larry Kert—singing old favorites. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Same Time, Next Year—A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Joyce Van Patten and Conrad Janis, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

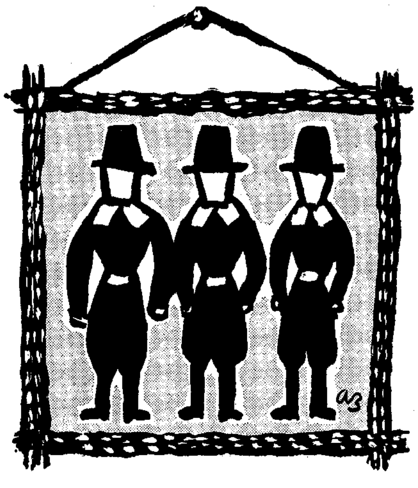
Sexual Perversity in Chicago—A one-acter by David Mamet that deals, in the high-comedy style invented by the Second City, with some rather basic matters. The performances of all concerned are fine. Albert Takazauckas was the director. (Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. CI 6-7277. Friday and Saturday at 8. Closes Saturday, Nov. 29.)

Travesties—An enchanting comedy by Tom Stoppard, with John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) starring as a dotty retired English consular officer, who thinks he remembers having known Joyce, Lenin, and Tzara in Zurich during the First World War. Directed by Peter Wood. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Treemonisha—Scott Joplin's dull and contrived turn-of-the-century "opera" deals with a black Joan of Arc in Arkansas in the eighteen-eighties. Since Joplin's original material was sketchy, the show has been gussied up with a mini-ballet, a big chorus, and lots of stage business (dancing alligators, mock combat). But there is one gentle and lovely number, "A Real Slow Drag," and the singing, by Carmen Balthrop (Kathleen Battle substitutes for her at the matinées), Betty Allen, Curtis Rayam, and Willard White, is commendable. Gunther Schuller did the limber orchestrations. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)

Yentl—A play about Jews in the Old Country long ago, based on a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Tovah Feldshuh plays the part of a bright and pretty girl masquerading successfully as a husband—but no way! (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays *and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)*

Long Runs—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CANDIDE:** A triumphant version of the once doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.) . . . **DANCE WITH ME:** A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by Greg Antonacci, and played by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's *continuously exciting melodrama* about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Thomas Hulce, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,489 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays—except Thanksgiving—and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesday and Thanksgiving at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.) . . . **THE RITZ:** Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. With Stubby Kaye, June Gable, and Mike Kellin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **SHERLOCK HOLMES:** A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. Robert Stephens is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanks*giving, at 8. Matinées* Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

MISCELLANY

Matinée Theatre Series—The final program in a twenty-year series will comprise excerpts from many of the plays produced during the series, performed by many of the stars who made them popular. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-3930. Monday, Dec. 1, at 7:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 28, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2: "The Goldberg Variations," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 30, at 1: "Scotch Symphony," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 30, at 7: "Donizetti Variations," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Duo Concertant," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2 and 8: **THE NUTCRACKER.** (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Nov. 26: "Harbinger," "Sephardic Song," "Intermezzo," and "Excursions.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 27: "The Consort," "Excursions," and "Mazurka.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 28: "The Real McCoy," "Early Songs," "Tzaddik," and "Excursions.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 29: "Harbinger," "Sephardic Song," "At Midnight," and "Excursions.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 30: "The Real McCoy," "Sephardic Song," "Cortège Parisien," and "Early Songs.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 30: "The Real McCoy," "Mazurka," "The Consort," and "Excursions." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3.)

Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev—With Leslie Edwards, Daniel Lommel, members of the Murray Louis Dance Company, and a symphony orchestra conducted by Jacques Beaudry, in a program that includes "Amazon Forest Pas de Deux," "Moments," and "Songs of a Wayfarer Pas de Deux." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly

Dress: John Anthony

Estée is the
first Lauder perfume.

And only one woman
could have created it.

Estée Lauder

© 1975 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 29.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Wednesday evening, Nov. 26: "Streams," "Cry," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations."...¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 27: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Hidden Rites," and "The Mooche."...¶ Friday evening, Nov. 28: "Streams," "Cry," "Liberian Suite" (company première), and "Revelations."...¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 29: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The Mooche."...¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 29: "Streams," "Cry," "Liberian Suite," and "Revelations."...¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 30: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Hidden Rites," and "The Mooche."...¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 30: "Streams," "Cry," "Liberian Suite," and "Revelations."...¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 2: "The Lark Ascending," "After Eden," "Echoes in Blue" (company première), and "Revelations."...¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 3: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," "Feast of Ashes," and "The Mooche."...¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 4: "Night Creature," "After Eden," "Echoes in Blue," and "Revelations."...¶ Friday evening, Dec. 5: "Streams," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana."...¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 6: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," "Feast of Ashes," and "The Mooche."...¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 6: "Night Creature," "After Eden," "Echoes in Blue," and "Liberian Suite." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Dec. 14.)

Dance Umbrella at Roundabout Stage One—Final performances of a four-week season by five contemporary dance companies. **LAR LUBOVITCH DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday through Saturday evenings, Nov. 26-29, and Sunday matinée and evening, Nov. 30.... **MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY:** Tuesday through Sunday evenings, Dec. 2-7. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—Wednesday through Sunday evenings, Nov. 26-30: "Pas de Quatre," "Frontier Spring," "Röslein Wehrte Sich," and "Carmen."...¶ Wednesday through Sunday evenings, Dec. 3-7: "Swan Lake," "Three Divertissements," and "Walpurgis Nacht." (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-7341. Evenings at 8.)

Sanasardo Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement: "A Consort for Dancers," choreographed by Mr. Sanasardo to the poetry of Anne Sexton, read by Marian Winters and William Weaver. (City Center Downstairs, 131 W. 55th St. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8:30 [preview]; Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 247-4230.)

Ritha Devi—In a program of classical dances of India. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Barry Harris, Cedar Walton, John Bunch, Tommy Flanagan, Hank Jones, Walter Norris, Jimmy Rowles, Warren Bernhardt—the parade of first-rate pianists at Bradley's goes on and on. Consider **WARREN BERNHARDT,** who will be here—in duo with the vibraphonist **MIKE MAINIERI**—through this month. He began ten years ago with Jeremy Steig's pioneer and startling jazz-rock quintet, and his sharp, lyrical single-note lines were already surprising. They are even more surprising now, for Bernhardt's playing has taken on muscle and direction and unflagging swing. He grew up during Bud Powell's last sad years and clearly listened to Powell's bitter and jagged work. But Bernhardt's cheerful lyrical sense has long since taken over, and it is in evidence in his own commendable pieces ("Praise," a gospel-type number; "Silk Worm," an Oriental salad done in 7/2 time; and "Free Smiles," a blues that moves through 7/2 and 7/4), as well as in such familiar selections as George Harrison's "Something" and Kalmar and Ruby's "Three Little Words," which smokes by. Bernhardt and Mainieri work together like Butterbeans and Susie. Their ensembles are thick and busy and attractive, and they support each other's solos with admiring melodic mirrors. Mainieri, who concentrates on four mallets but also uses two, is a subtle, virtuosic performer; his runs slide like light, and his chords shimmer and dance. A brilliant pairing. Barry Harris has charge of the keyboard on Sundays. Music after nine-thirty. Dinner.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Here is how the first hour of one of the nightly non-stop four-hour performances by **SUN RA** and His Humanitarian (formerly Space) Arkestra is apt to go: a musician solos unaccompanied on a metallic oudlike instrument and, in time, is joined by two conga drummers, two bongo drummers, two bassists, and a trap drummer; the oud jangles on and is gradually engulfed by the rhythm section, now ten strong; a dancer emulates seaweed, while a Carmen McRae singer does "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," but to a different melody; all seventeen men in the band play a brief limbering-up free-jazz passage, and Sun Ra himself, in a silver space helmet (the whole band wears funny hats, funny clothes), conducts and then sits at an organ; a trumpeter solos; a film of a freeway and the sun glancing through trees in a wood is thrown on sheets hung above the bandstand; Sun Ra grows cacophonic; the reed section plays a plain washday riff, and everyone chants, "Calling planet earth" (or perhaps it's "Calling Patty Hearst"); radio signals are heard, and there is a long, fashionably dyspeptic baritone saxophone solo, accompanied by Sun Ra and more radio signals; a two-second pause ensues, and a film of the band playing is accompanied by the band playing; another trumpet solo is backed by fruity Sauter-Finegan flute-and-oboe sounds; the baritone returns—and hour one is over. Sun Ra has been producing this Surreal circus for a long time, and it is still funny, because it has never taken itself seriously and because it is beautifully performed. Under its celestial bushel hides a first-rate arkestra.... **SAM RIVERS,** who is one of the most interesting saxophonists composing and performing today, and who, when not playing concert or club dates, runs a music loft in NoHo called Studio Rivbea, will bring his quartet into these quarters, beginning Tuesday, Dec. 2. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. The music begins after ten. Chinese and American food.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Joe Bushkin has abruptly departed this place, and **RAY NANCE,** accompanied by the pianist Mike Longo, the guitarist Chuck Wayne, the bassist Larry Ridley, and Papa Jo Jones, is filling out November. Nance is sixty-two and his health is parlous, but everything else about him is lambent—his keening, brimming cornet; his moonglow violin; and his funny, offsetting, swinging singing. Nance was a jewel in the Ellington diadem for over twenty years, and Ellington was the first to say so. Go and celebrate him....¶ On Tuesday, Dec. 2, the impeccable **BOBBY HACKETT** will begin performing with pianist Norman Simmons, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Bobby Rosengarden. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

●

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and out-there jazz on the bandstand. Pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** co-pilot a quartet through Saturday, Nov. 29. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 26-27, are given over to rock and roll by Dary Hall, John Oates, and their band, and to rock and mime by the Hello People. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, pop folkie Don McLean will trade sets with comedian Ed Begley, Jr. On Sunday, Nov. 30, Bryan Bower will offer a program of slick patter, hip bawdy songs, and virtuosity on the autoharp—he carries about four onstage with him. Bowers wil open the show for John Fahey, who has been for the last several years a legend among folk guitar enthusiasts. Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 1-3, bluesman Freddie King wil alternate with earthy R. & B. singer Betty Davis. On Thursday, Dec. 4, **DR. JOHN** wil bring in his swamp-rock band to play Cajun jungle music; he urges on his musicians and singers with "Whup it on 'em, Sugar!" while he dances sluggishly around the stage. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays a nine and midnight. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—Rhythm-and-blues and, lately, disco singer Esther Phillips works opposite comedian Jimmie Walker through Saturday, Nov. 29 On Monday, Dec. 1, the **CLARK TERRY** big band begins alternating with **HELEN HUMES.** Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, perform in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MC PARTLAND,** all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar, Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The decades go by, but **MARY LOU WILLIAMS'** playing—with its startling, steely single-note lines; tight, almost harsh choral passages; and flashing, exploratory rhythmic sense—continues to surprise and delight and instruct. Her accompanist is bassist Brian Torff; Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN,** a musical director for the New York Jazz Repertory Company and an eclectic who goes all the way back, presides over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is made up of Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Dec. 2, tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at *five-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from* nine-thirty. Snacks.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** works with and learns from drummer **SONNY GREER,** who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays, **LEE KONITZ** collaborates with pianist Hal Galper from ten to three. On Sundays, pianist **AL HAIG,** guitarist Eddie Diehl, and bassist Jamil Nasser get together to play some fresh, exceedingly lyrical and blues-riddled renditions of bop and post-bop numbers from five-thirty to nine-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weekdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays,

What becomes a Legend most?
Blackglama
BLACKGLAMA® IS THE WORLD'S FINEST NATURAL DARK RANCH MINK BRED ONLY IN AMERICA BY THE GREAT LAKES MINK MEN.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Wily drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** and his fine young quintet are here Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29. On Sunday, Nov. 30, bassist **GORDON EDWARDS** and his loose and nimble rhythm-and-blues outfit, which usually comprises guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE,** pianist Richard Tee, and drummer Chris Parker, will return to this crowded, animated establishment. Music from ten until three. Dinner. Closed Thanksgiving.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The local renaissance of folk music and the brisk business this club has seen lately stem, most likely, from Boy Dylan's Village meanderings late last summer. Dylan used to hang out at the Other End until way past four, and it was here that he allegedly laid plans for his and Joan Baez's current whirlwind tour of unlikely Northeast cities—Plymouth, Waterbury, but definitely not New York City—with each stop receiving no more advance notice than a whirlwind gives. On Mimi Baez Fariña's closing night a couple of weeks ago, the tour had stopped in New Haven—probably its closest pass to New York—and everyone expected Dylan (and possibly her sister) to show up during her second show, and, naturally, he didn't (although David Blue, who is on the tour; Loudon Wainwright III; and John Prine did). When **DAVE VAN RONK** plays here—he begins on Wednesday, Dec. 3—similar expectations are bound to arise. Van Ronk, a big, bearlike lumberjack of a folksinger and a Dylan associate from way back, has over the years rarely strayed from his raspy-voiced renditions of songs by Gary Davis, John Hurt, and Joni Mitchell. He murmurs and shouts and scats like an oompah band in a pickup truck on a bumpy road. The week before Van Ronk arrives, and through Sunday, Nov. 30, McKendree Spring, a country-rock quintet, and Lucy Simon, Carly's sister, will be onstage. Shows begin after nine and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** band plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Barbara Cook sings old standards and numbers she introduced in her Broadway roles; she's abetted by Chris Rush, a comedian with a high-pitched voice and a hyperactive delivery. Through Sunday, Nov. 30. On Tuesday, Dec. 2, singer and pianist Peter Allen arrives with a backup crew, a repertoire of bittersweet, world-weary (he's barely thirty), schlock-chic (or is it chic-schlock?) compositions, and a whole gang of Elton John mannerisms. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut bar where all is flux: Vibraharpist Warren Chiasson heads up a quartet Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29; **CHET BAKER** will return with his cool-school apprentices on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 1-2; and on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 3-4, **LEE KONITZ** heads a stirring, free-bop, nine-piece stand-up (the only way they'll all fit in the room) band. Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** and his long-standing partner, **CHUCK WAYNE,** exchange lobbing, single-string, underspinning, and chordal solos. Music from nine-thirty most nights; Sundays from nine. Closed Thanksgiving.

Sweet Basil, *88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St.* (242-1785)—A popular restaurant so heavily patronized that it is no longer the airy, uncluttered haven it was a year ago, when it opened. The acoustically perfect music corner is occupied by pianist Rosalinda DeLeon, bassist Herb Bushler, and guitarist Ryo Kawasaki; through Sunday, Nov. 30. Monday through Thursday, Dec. 1-4, the Allison Mills trio will be on hand, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, singer and pianist Jill McManus will perform with bassist Richard Davis. Music from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd performs with bassist John Williams on Sundays and Mondays.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—None of the music here is slick, but most of it is first-rate: **CAKEWALK,** a fledgling, romping, and stomping R. & B. quintet, works out Wednesday, Nov. 26. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, are turned over to alto saxophonist Richy Cole and **EDDIE JEFFERSON,** who scats along with Cole's quartet. Vocalist Sheila Jordan sings with drummer Randy Kay's quartet on Thursday, Nov. 27, and Sunday, Nov. 30. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, **JOE LEE WILSON** will sing with a backing combo. Wilson, at thirty-nine, has enjoyed a respected but scarcely remunerative position in the New York jazz hierarchy for some ti (he runs a music loft at 2 Bond Street and h recorded one album, "Livin' High Off Nic els and Dimes," on the small Oblivion labe His live performances are hot and intens He is tall and solid and has enough presen to dispel a riot. When he fires off Mil Davis's 1958 cooker "Milestones" or Davi "Four," Wilson isn't playing cool scat-sin ing games in the tradition of Eddie Jeffers or King Pleasure. He can make an old che nut like "Moonlight in Vermont"—a so first yanked inside out and turned on its he *by Betty Carter some twenty years ago—sou* like tomorrow's nervous breakdown, and also does what may be the loosest, gutsie "Summertime" since Billie Holiday got ho of it in 1936. Music from ten-thirty. Dinn

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11 St. (989-9011)—Smoky, stuffy, and crampe this illustrious basement institution continu to attract sizable audiences, who come to he some of the best jazzmen in the worl One of them is subtle, soothing, and blue **MILT JACKSON,** who heads up a quartet throu Sunday, Nov. 30. On Tuesday, Dec. 2, p anist **BILL EVANS** begins playing heady gam with his trio. Mondays, pianist, composer, a sage **GIL EVANS** sits at an electric piano in t thick of his youthful, up-to-date big ban Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th S (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York Ci truck route but not much else, this bar h red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of go Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from t ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten fee soul-food kitchen. Other assets include stu dy, animated piano-bass duos which hold for every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th S (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled r treat primarily patronized by Columbia st dents, who seek out neither folk nor rock n glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fas ioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesday trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durha on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ra Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary tak the stand. Wednesdays, onetime Basie sax phonist Earle Warren pilots a quartet—dru mer Ronnie Cole, trumpeter Taft Jorda and pianist Dill Jones—known as the Warre Court. Thursdays and Fridays are turne over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Sat urdays and Sundays to a combo involvin Buddy Tate, Sammy Price, and Paul Quin ichette. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Roxy Music—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74t *St. 874-1718. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8.*

Paul Simon—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424 Thursday and Friday, Nov. 27-28, at 8 Saturday, Nov. 29, at midnight; and Sunday Nov. 30, at 8.

Allman Brothers Band—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8.

The Kinks—With Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel. (Beacon Theatre. Friday, Nov. 28, at and 11.)

Pete Seeger—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday Nov. 28, at 8.

Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds and **Gil Scott-Heron and Brian Jackson and the Midnight Band**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8 and at midnight. Gino Vannelli will appear at the early show, and Michal Urbaniak's Fusion (with Urszula Dudziak) at the midnight show.

Renaissance and **Al Stewart**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 29-30, at 8.

Strawbs and **Gary Wright**—Beacon Theatre. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8.

Interludes—The seventh in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **BEL KAUFMAN** on Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 5:45.

Black Sabbath and **Aerosmith**—Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.

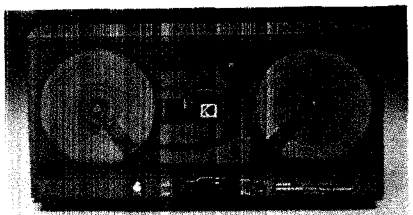
Linda Ronstadt—Beacon Theatre. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 8.

Paul Anka—A ten-day engagement (postponed from Sept. 25-Oct. 5), with Odia Coates,

Barbara Shelley

Doesn't this sound like the perfect time to make a movie?

What you hear is just as much a part of Christmas as what you see. So Kodak made the Ektasound movie cameras and projectors. They make it easy for you to put the carols—as well as the carolers—in beautiful color sound movies.



Ektasound cameras don't need movie lights. All you do is drop a sound film cartridge into the camera. Plug in a mike. And put the sight and the sound of your holidays—and your everydays—right on the film. Then you can relive it all in bright sound movies with your Kodak Ektasound movie projector.

There are two models of the Ektasound projector. One even lets you record sound on your movies after they've been shot and developed.

Cameras start at less than $209. Projectors at less than $245. See them at your photo dealer's. And tell him you want to hear more about making movies you can hear.

KODAK
EKTASOUND 130

Prices are subject to change without notice.

Kodak Ektasound
movie cameras and projectors.

Invest in the shining lights of Waterford.

In the ancient Irish city of Waterford, now as in centuries past, men struggle with all their breath to capture the fire of the sun.

Waterford is still blown by mouth, the fiery lead crystal shaped by the sheer will of the artist.

Every single facet is cut by hand, with heart, just the way museum pieces were created in the distant past.

A living legend, Waterford inspired this verse in an advertisement in 1790.

The shop is now
completely stored
with choicest glass
from Waterford—
Decanters, Rummer,
Drams and Masons.
Flutes, Hob Nobs, Crofts
and Finger Basons.
Proof Bottles, Goblets,
Cans and Wines.
Punch Juggs, Liqueurs
and Gardevins.

Today we might add another couplet:

Crystal Lamps and
Chandeliers—
Shining Lights that have
no peers.

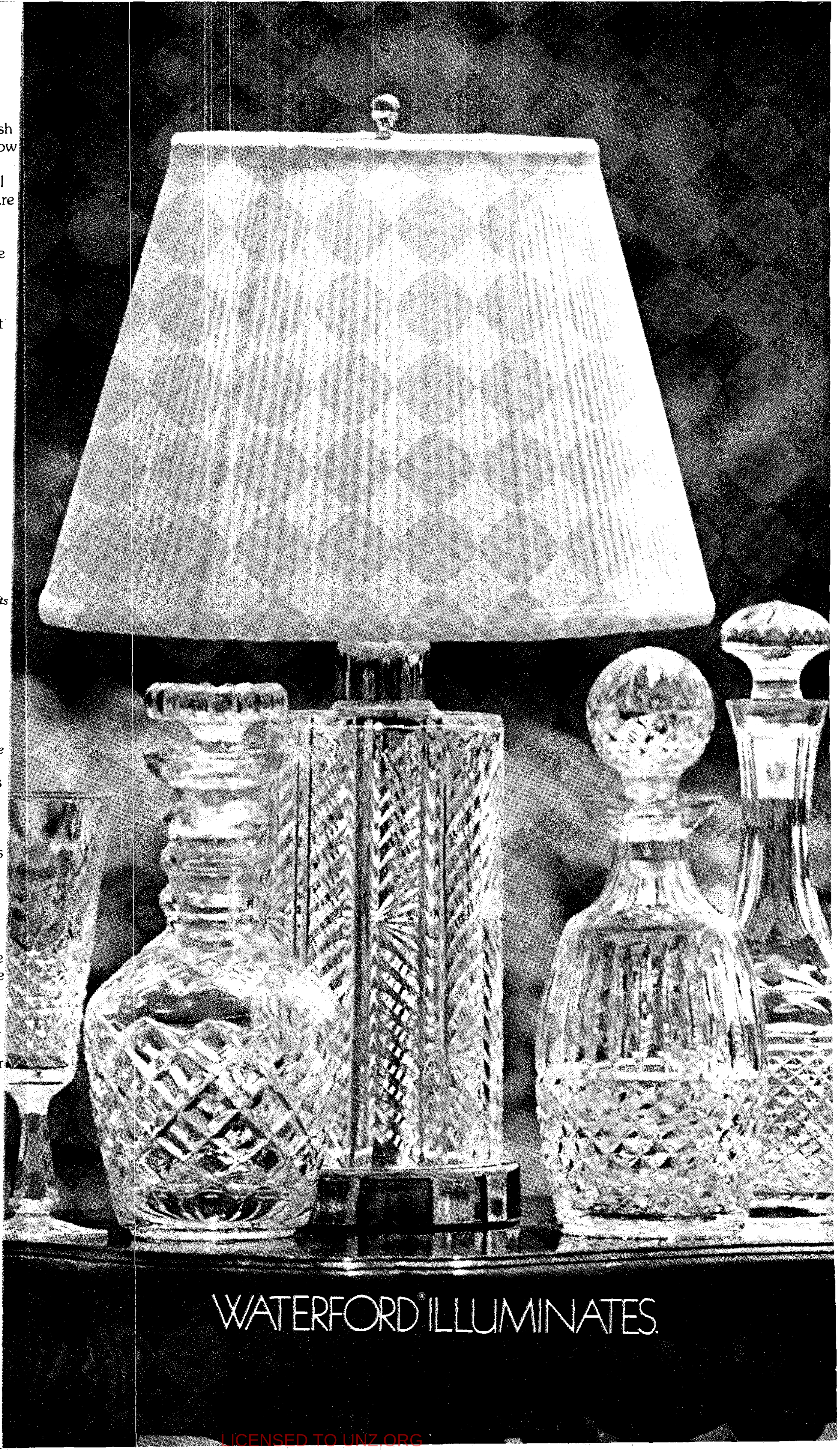
Waterford announces a new collection of lamps & chandeliers. The same Waterford crystal that illuminates such places as Westminster Abbey and Kennedy Center.

An investment in art, Waterford lights up your life as you live with it. Yet grows more valuable with the passing years.

Visit the Waterford Gallery at the important store in your area. Or write for free booklet. (If you also want to see the new lamps & chandeliers, request, "The Shining Lights of Waterford.") Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.

Isn't it time you began to invest in signed works of art by Waterford?

Photo: Pesin



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

Rhodes, Chalmers & Rhodes, and an orchestra conducted by Johnny Harris. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Thursday, Dec. 4, through Sunday, Dec. 14. Nightly, except Monday, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Kosta Alex—Collages of more or less abstract heads, cut out of corrugated cardboard and built up in layers, which are glued to a backing of newsprint and then painted. The artist is a New Jersey-born American of Greek extraction who works in Paris. Through Jan. 10. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Friday, Nov. 28.)

Will Barnet / Leo Manso—Lithographs. / Collages. Through Dec. 20. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Cecile Gray Bazelon—Precisionist paintings of lonely metropolitan scenes—all sharp-edged buildings and no people—plus a few scenes of the Hamptons, also uninhabited. Through Dec. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Boxlike constructions, some as big as seven feet tall, in which the artist arranges doll-like antique metal figures, children's building blocks, and other curious odds and ends into arresting designs. Through Dec. 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Leonora Carrington—A retrospective of the whimsical oils and gouaches turned out by this English-born woman, who traces her artistic beginnings to the Surrealist school in Paris and who now lives in Mexico City. Through Jan. 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

John Cavanaugh—One part of this sculpture exhibit consists of a room-size cube with seventy-two portholes through which the viewer can see or touch the pieces (mainly figures), and the other part consists of formal portraits. Through Dec. 10. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Elaine de Kooning—Oil portraits of a number of her art-world connections (and a tough-looking crew they seem to be), plus some quick, attractive wash drawings of French villages and some watercolors of bullfights. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Willem de Kooning—A swirl of oil paintings completed in the last year, and five bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

José de Rivera—A sinuous revolving abstract stainless-steel sculpture, plus other works. Through Dec. 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Stephen Edlich—Strong Constructivist collage-paintings in the Mondrian line of descent, utilizing scraps from linen and burlap coffee bags, and rope. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Bob Fowler / Donald Roller Wilson—Abstract collages made up of strips of stainless steel bolted together. Very durable. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. / Skillfully handled realist paintings of macabre capers—chittering apes in fine raiment, grinning skeletons taking their ease—by a young artist who has holed up in Arkansas. Through Dec. 12. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Anthony Green—Big, curiously shaped canvases full of cockeyed perspectives and sly jokes, by this seriocomic British artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Figurative paintings that seem to swim into view, like photographs in the developing solution, and robust seascapes by this artist, who continues to move away from his purely abstract beginnings. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Hans Hartung—Paintings, including a number executed in the last two years, by an artist now seventy, in a show that coincides with one at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Dec. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—Drawings and paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Marino Marini—Small pieces by the grand old man of Italian sculpture, plus a few of his paintings and graphics. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Richard McDermott Miller—Bronze and wax sculptures, two of them heroic in size, of the female figure. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Daniel O'Sullivan—A spooky aura hangs over most of these capably done paintings—cityscapes, interiors, nudes, and one showing two figures in an Italian catacomb. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ogden Pleissner / Electra Bostwick—Paintings (mainly watercolors) of boats, beaches, and other outdoor subjects done in Spain, France, Portugal, Ireland, and our own wild places. / Maidenly pastels and watercolors of flowers and landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Larry Poons—Recent additions to his scrims of color, which suggest rich, beaded curtains. Through Wednesday, Dec. 3. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Aaron Shikler—Pastels of a quality that put one in mind of Degas and Cassatt, mostly of figures in interior settings, plus oils and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Pierre Soulages—Abstract black-and-white compositions from the fifties and sixties. Through Dec. 11. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—A double exhibit of this artist's characteristic strong stuff—dirt, blood, tar, stained rags, plastered onto canvas or board and gouged with totemic designs. Paintings, mostly, at the Jackson (32 E. 69th St.), and larger works at the gallery's branch (521 W. 57th St.). Through Dec. 13.

Christian Thee—Screens and panels by a former designer of stage sets who combines, say, a real window frame with a painted, sometimes surrealist vista seen through it—a glimpse of seashore or an ivied brick wall or a madwoman looking out. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Original graphics by Homer, Whistler, and other early-twentieth-century artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Brenda Corbin, Golda Lewis, Shirley Penman, and Jan McCartin are four artists represented in a show of works in a variety of mediums exclusively by women. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Sheeler, Demuth, and Dickinson were among the first painters to discern beauty in industrial forms—and see grist for their own mills in the shapes of turbines, ventilators, smokestacks, etc.—and pioneer work in that field by these and several other artists is the theme of this exhibit. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **INGBER**, 3 E. 78th St.: Representational paintings by Nell Blaine, Gretna Campbell, Louis Finkelstein, and others. Through Dec. 13. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Works on paper dating from 1945 to the present by, among others, Rothko, Albers, Cornell, and Motherwell. Through Friday, Dec. 5. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 16 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Léger, Feininger, Laurens, and others. Through Friday, Dec. 5. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) . . . **SOLOMON**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by Kline, Baziotes, Johns, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show devoted to paintings by French landscapists, including Poussin, Boucher, Monet, and Bonnard. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Open Mondays.)

GIFTWRAPS
LASZLO

QUICK LIST—Other uptown artists currently being shown include: **ATIRNOMIS** at Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **ALEXANDRA EXTER** (1882-1949) at Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **NEWTON HARRISON** and **HELEN MAYER HARRISON** at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30); **KIYOSHI KAWAGUCHI** at Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30); **ERNST LUDWIG KIRCHNER** (1880-1938) at Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6); **TRAFFORD KLOTS** at FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5:30); **MIHAIL** at Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Allen Blagden—Technically expert watercolor portraits and landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Fernando Botero—His new crop of amiable, blimp-size figures includes the droll "A New Born Nun," who is seen in full habit cozily tucked into a foundling's basket. There are also still-lifes, in which melons, tomatoes, onions, and so on, undergo the same grotesque enlargement that distinguishes the figures in his paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robert Dash—Paintings of a horse-show tent, the Shinnecock Canal, birds in flight, outsize mallows, and other end-of-Long Island subjects. Through Dec. 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—A selection of paintings that span the career of this pioneer American abstractionist, in a show that coincides with one at the Whitney Museum. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

William Fares—Geometric abstractions made from built-up layers of paint that have been peeled off to achieve a calculated—not accidental—effect. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Wall-size abstract paintings that pack an impressive chromatic wallop. Through Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Pati Hill—Photo-copied works of found objects—combs, paper dolls, that sort of thing; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Tadaaki Kuwayama—Large, silvery panels edged with—and sometimes subdivided by—strips of chrome. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Josef Levi—Hyper-realist still-lifes—an apple, a pear, a piece of pottery—in which the background contains a muted copy of a classical painting or drawing or bit of Chinese ceramic. Through Dec. 11. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jack Levine—Thirty paintings and drawings, mostly recent and many on loan, that gleam with his characteristic prismatic sparkle; included are a set of fresh-looking works in mixed mediums—a new field for this veteran social commentator. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Maryan—Grotesque heads, like distorted carnival masks, by a Polish-born survivor of the concentration camps. Through Jan. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Lucas Samaras—A hodgepodge of, for instance, drawings on black paper using metallic pencils, and life-size metal cutouts of silhouettes

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

painted a bright green and mounted in a red room. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Horacio Torres—Heroic nudes, posed and painted in the classical European tradition. Through Thursday, Dec. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Adja Yunkers—Recent abstract paintings, including collages made from string and pieces of painted canvas. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints, all small-scale, by gallery regulars Margit Varga, William Palmer, Fred Meyer, and others. Through Dec. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Lynda Benglis—Amorphous aluminum sculptures, which appear to be on the verge of melting, and abstract wax paintings. Through Dec. 10. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Michael Berg—Figurative paintings, some involving intimate family scenes, and landscapes. Through Wednesday, Dec. 3. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Elena Borstein / Maureen Connor—Stark paintings and drawings of modern Greek building façades, which organize themselves into nice, abstract patterns. / Convoluted shadows cast on the white gallery walls by overhead arrangements of ribbon and screening. Through Wednesday, Dec. 3. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Alan Cote—Large abstract paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 27. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Bob Feldgus—Compositions that combine wooden blocks, plants, and mirrors. Through Dec. 11. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Charles Ginnever—Two large-scale abstract steel sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Stevan Jennis / Carol J. Steen—Paintings and sculptures that take their themes from outer-space subjects, including spacemen, spaceships, UFOs, and telescopes. / Metal reliefs. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Steve Kelemen—Canvases covered with mazelike arrangements of concentric jagged lines, and sculpture that adds a third dimension to this notion. Through Wednesday, Dec. 3. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Eugene Leake—Landscapes of the Maryland countryside. Through Thursday, Dec. 4. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

John McNally—Four large-scale wooden constructions. Through Dec. 10. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Gladys Nilsson—Arrays of attenuated figures in motion, done in watercolor. Through Jan. 3. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Kenneth Noland—New large-scale paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Jack Tworkov—New paintings by a veteran New York artist, this time with geometric figures superimposed on a color-field background. Through Wednesday, Dec. 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Paul Vásquez—Oils applied to paper and canvas. Through Friday, Nov. 28. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

Stella Waitzkin / Robert Anderson—Cubbyhole constructions, inside of which are heads in varying degrees of disintegration. / Realist paintings of turn-of-the-century city folks. Through Wednesday, Dec. 3. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **55 Mercer Street Gallery:** Sculptures by Caspar Henselmann and Grace Bakst Wapner, and paintings by Roland Ginzel. Through Dec. 10. . . . **Knowlton,** 153 Prince St.: The box is the theme of a collection of works by such artists as Larry Rivers, Andy Warhol, Louise Nevelson, and, of course, Joseph Cornell. Through Dec. 24. . . . **Meisel,** 141 Prince St.: Realist watercolors by Fran Bull, who divides her drawings into long, inch-and-a-half-wide strips, either vertical or horizontal, and paints them, quite skillfully, one at a time; street scenes, usually with a prostitute surveying her turf, by Arne Besser; pencil drawings of spring hooks and similar hardware, by Alan Dworkowitz; and electrical wall constructions that sizzle and flash at the pressing of a pedal, by Cork Marcheschi. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **O. K. Harris,** 383 West Broadway: Sculptures by R. M. Fischer and Robert Rohm, and paintings by William DeLottie and Martin Hoffman. Through Saturday, Nov. 29.

QUICK LIST—Other SoHo artists currently showing their work include: **Sari Dienes** at A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. (Through Wednesday, Dec. 3. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **Peter Hutchinson** at Gibson, 392 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30); **Markand Thakar** at Aames, 93 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30).

OTHER GALLERIES

Group Shows—At the **African-American Institute,** 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: A travelling exhibit of traditional African art, on loan from the government of Zaïre. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Feiden,** 51 E. 10th St.: Boris Aronson, Ruth Gikow, Al Hirschfeld, Raphael Soyer, and others are exhibiting paintings, drawings, and graphics. A highlight of this exhibit is a series of works by various artists for which Susan, the celebrated Art Students League model from the twenties to the fifties, posed. She's the bronze nude in that fountain in front of the Plaza. Through Dec. 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.) . . . **Visual Arts,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Early works by New York artists Ellsworth Kelly, Claes Oldenburg, Agnes Martin, and others. Through Dec. 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

•

Lewis W. Hine?—Last year, a Chicago collector of historical photographs named David Phillips bought, sight unseen, a collection of early-twentieth-century glass plates, and while examining his purchases came to believe that seventy of them might have been the work of the renowned documentarian of poverty Lewis W. Hine. The show here of fifty-six of these photographs of Chicago immigrants and workers inclines one to doubt the attribution, since Hine never took pictures quite as horrifying and as pessimistic as these—nor, indeed, as great. The maker of these remarkable works went into the slums and streets and showed what squalor, hunger, cold, exhaustion, and disease do to the souls of men, women, and children, and delivered his social message with all the precision, detail, art, and anger of Engels' "The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844." In one interior scene, a child wearing a coat but no shoes and stockings lies sleeping on a bare mattress in a metal-frame bed, over which another child is sleeping in a makeshift net hammock, while a third child nearby dejectedly scrubs clothes in a wooden washtub; on the wall hang two pictures of Jesus with a bleeding heart and an incongruous cuckoo clock. Another memorable picture, taken in a crowded tramcar, shows the anguished expression on the face of a girl trying to manage three large parcels and to hang on to the overhead strap with her umbrella handle—it becomes a metaphor for the unbearable pain of her whole life. Perhaps the most disturbing picture of all is one in which a woman is lying clothed on an unmade bed in a setting of unbelievable mess and sordidness: clothes, rags, lint, dirty dishes, pans, and implements fill the floor and every surface of a room that is also cluttered with cheap Victorian decorations. Whether the woman is a prostitute or an alcoholic or a depressed drudge isn't known. What makes the picture so shocking is that her eyes are open: she knows that she is being photographed in this degraded condition, and she simply doesn't care. Through Jan. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St.—The show here of work by three young photographers commences promisingly with Jim Jowers, peaks with Joan Liftin, and crumbles with Barry Eckstein. Jowers' handsome, clean, orderly compositions of street barriers, bicycles, umbrellas, manhole covers, trees, paths, and lampposts evoke Kertész's street abstractions, and Kertész, too, seems to be involved in the mysterious surreal sights that Jowers glimpses during his urban peregrinations—in, for example, his picture of a man fussing with the swirling veil of his bride near the lake in Central Park. Joan Liftin's work bristles with tense energy and an almost belligerent spirit of experiment. In her photographs of parades, rodeos, highways, bodies on the beach, and other American scenes and rituals, she forces her presence as photographer on the viewer (through moving in very close, using extreme camera angle, and cropping radically), and her best pictures entirely, triumphantly justify her intrusiveness. One such is a funny, oddly familiar tableau taking place in a car: the driver's right hand has stolen back to feel the bare leg of the passenger in the back seat, while the woman next to him stares impassively at a slow-moving vehicle ahead. Barry Eckstein's street scenes are just not on a level for exhibition—especially in conjunction with such good work as Jowers' and Liftin's. Through Dec. 7. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

•

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—More than a hundred photographs of Paris, its environs, and its people by this master documentarian. Many of these prints were made by Berenice Abbott, who acquired the negatives shortly after Atget's death. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 8.)

Eugene Buechel (1874-1954)—Photographs of the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations taken between 1922 and 1942 by a South Dakota Jesuit priest and teacher. Through Feb. 8. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

Alfred-Lucky Checkley—Black-and-white pictures of bridge forms, beach scenes, shadows, and the like, that emphasize strong contrast; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 15. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Charles Henri Ford—Thirty pictures taken on the island of Ischia and in the Alban hills between 1952 and 1954 by an American poet,

JOY
DE
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY...
THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

painter, and sculptor. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Ernst Haas—Photographic impressions (all of them in color) of America. Through Jan. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Kipton Kumler—Black-and-white photographs of plants, landscapes, and building façades made with a view camera; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Roger Mertin / Garry Winogrand—Sixty-three photographs of battered and disfigured trees. / Photographs of women. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Photographs of New York, Paris, and London taken in the thirties by Berenice Abbott, Brassaï, and Bill Brandt. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Black-and-white portraits by George Alpert and other works by gallery members. Through Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Twenty-seven recent paintings by Hans Hartung. Through Jan. 4. A complementary exhibit is at the Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. . . . ¶ Eighty-six newly acquired drawings by European artists, in a selection that has examples dating from the Italian Renaissance to the late nineteenth century. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A show of Japanese paintings (ranging from thirteenth-century scrolls to nineteenth-century folding screens) and other art objects from the Mary and Jackson Burke collection. Through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—About two hundred nineteenth-century architectural drawings, from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Also on view: photographs of French and American buildings that incorporate Beaux-Arts ideas. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "Printsequence" is an exhibition of prints by Rauschenberg, Nolde, Lichtenstein, and others demonstrating variations within a series. Each print in an Andy Warhol series, for example, reproduces the image of Mao Tse-tung in a different color. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of objects acquired during the last couple of years for the museum's design collection, including wrought-iron pieces and ceramics. Through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Photographs of Midwestern Indian reservations. Through Feb. 8. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of František Kupka, a pioneer Czech experimentalist, made up of about a hundred and eighty paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Works in many mediums by participants in the museum's arts program for inner-city children. Through Dec. 14. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, including Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the abstract sculptures of Mark di Suvero. The smaller pieces are on exhibit in the museum, and fourteen monumental pieces have been installed in open spaces in all five boroughs. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ An Elie Nadelman retrospective of figurative sculptures in wood, stone, metal, and terra-cotta, plus drawings. Through Sunday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, and drawings of Arthur G. Dove. Through Jan. 18. A complementary show (ending Saturday) is at the Andrew Crispo Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Still-life paintings and sculptures by Janet Fish, George Segal, Wayne Thiebaud, and others. Through Wednesday, Dec. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. The clothing on view includes a lace collar, court-presentation suits, a tuxedo, and a Bill Blass suit. Through Jan. 18. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 4. . . . ¶ An eleven-minute slide show, with narration, of drawings and photographs that explain (in a mixture of story and fact) how hats are used all over the world, and a companion exhibit of hats worn by politicians and theatre people. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings from which a selection will be made, under a Childe Hassam bequest, for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada, combined with a showing of paintings that were purchased by the fund between 1946 and 1973. Among the artists are Robert Bidner, Robert La Hotan, and Isabel Bishop. Through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of clay, stone, jade, and bronze figurines found in Chinese tombs dating from the third century through the sixth. Through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Chagall, Shahn, Soutine, Weber, Nevelson, and others. Through Jan. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, including Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Early illustrated children's books. . . . ¶ A tribute to Jane Austen on her bicentenary includes personal artifacts as well as first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts. Both exhibitions through Sunday, Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings of New York City by fifty leading artists associated with the Art Students League (this year marking its centenary). . . . ¶ William Auerbach-Levy's caricatures of John Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Waters, and other stars of the theatre. Both exhibitions through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Genre paintings and folk art detailing daily life in nineteenth-century America. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Early manuscripts and printed editions by American writers, ranging from Benjamin Franklin to Walt Whitman, from the Berg Collection. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 26: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, Justino Díaz, Wolfgang Brendel, and Andrew Foldi; conducted by Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 27: "La Gioconda," with Elinor Ross, Nell Rankin, Lili Chookasian, Barry Morell, Matteo Manuguerra, and Malcolm Smith; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 28: "Norma," with Rita Hunter, Frederica von Stade, Franco Corelli, and Raymond Michalski; Gianfranco Masini. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 29: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Roberta Peters, Maureen Forrester, Barry Morell, and Robert Merrill; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 29: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and José Van Dam; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 1: "Elektra," with Danica Mastilovic, Leonie Rysanek, Astrid Varnay, Robert Nagy, and William Dooley; Heinrich Hollreiser. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 2: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Katia Ricciarelli, Placido Domingo, and José Van Dam; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 3: "Hansel and Gretel," with Christine Weidinger, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Paul Franke, and William Walker; Franz Allers. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 4: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, Justino Díaz, Wolfgang Brendel, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 5: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Katia Ricciarelli, Placido Domingo, and José Van Dam; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 6: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Roberta Peters, Maureen Forrester, Barry Morrell, and Robert Merrill; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 6: "Elektra," with Danica Mastilovic, Leonie Rysanek, Astrid Varnay, Robert Nagy, and William Dooley; Heinrich Hollreiser. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 28, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 7:30 (all with André Watts, piano); and Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 5, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 7:30 (all with Natalie Hinderas, piano).

Los Angeles Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the last two in a series of concerts—Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8: An all-Wagner program, with Ursula Schroeder-Feinen, soprano, and Noël Tyl, bass-baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: A benefit concert, with Isaac Stern, violin, and Pinchas Zukerman, viola.

Minnesota Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra—Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8, with Viktoria Postnikova, piano; and Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8, no soloists.)

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—Twenty-four wind and string players. who perform without a conductor, in an all-Mozart program, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Our Bach Concert—Twenty musicians, including Henry Schuman, oboe; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and Eliot Chapo, violin, who also perform without a conductor, in another all-Mozart program. The second of two concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 29, at midnight.)

Symphony of the New World—Leon Thompson directing, with Faye Robinson, soprano; the Hampton Institute Choir; and the Morgan State University Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting a program of American music, with William Schuman, narrator. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York City Symphony—Thomas Ludwig conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus—Richard Westenburg directing the last in a series of concerts of seventeenth-century music, this one a program of German works. (Medieval

Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club, Mount Holyoke College Concert Choir, and the Coro Mount Holyoke—Catharine Melhorn directing a Christmas concert, with the Black Voices of Faith. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Bach's "Magnificat"—Gregg Smith directing a chorus, soloists, and the Orpheus Chamber Ensemble in a performance of the Bach work, as well as a contemporary setting of the "Magnificat" by Mr. Smith himself. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8. For tickets, call 865-7035.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

RECITALS

Louis Bagger—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Abbott Ruskin—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Doriot Anthony Dwyer—Flute, with Robert Levin, harpsichord, and Adrienne Hartzell, viola da gamba and cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Toshiya Eto—With William Masselos, in a recital of Brahms sonatas for violin and piano. The second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Narciso Yepes—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Idil Biret—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Paige Brook—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Raymond Lewenthal—Piano, in the second in a series of four recitals of romantic ensemble music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Russell Sherman—Piano, in an all-Liszt recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The second in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Igor Oistrakh—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Fritz Jahoda—Piano, with Felix Galimir, violin, and Claude Monteux, flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Pinchas Zukerman, Jaime Laredo, Ani Kavafian, and Ida Kavafian, all violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 5.)

Prospective Encounter—Pierre Boulez directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the first of two programs of contemporary chamber music. The performances will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 5. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

Jan Peerce, Joanna Simon, and Geula Gill—Tenor, mezzo-soprano, and Israeli singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, with the Aulos Wind Quintet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.... ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.... NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Virginia, Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:05.... ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2:35.

College Football—Saturday, Nov. 29: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 12:50.... ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester, at 1:30.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Syracuse, at New Brunswick, at 1.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 30: Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Shea Stadium, at 1.... ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 7:35. ... ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Sunday, Nov. 30, at 7:35.... NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, Nov. 27.... ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Saturday, Nov. 29.... ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Dec. 4.... ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Dec. 6.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, Dec. 23. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 29; and the Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 6.... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Maryland Futurity, Saturday, Dec. 6.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Adrienne Rich reading from the works of Emily Dickinson. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Lecture—The second in a series of four lectures under the title "About Food," this one given by Diana Kennedy. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 10:30 A.M.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Books, including English and American literature, modern French illustrated books, and Americana; from the estate of Mrs. Charles E. Dunlap and from other sources.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2: European works of art, including an eighteenth-century white marble bust of Benjamin Franklin by Jean-Antoine Houdon; tapestries; and furniture. From the collection of the late Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge and from other sources.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 10:15 and 2: Silver and *objets de vertu*, from many owners.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 10:15 and 2; Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2: English and Continental porcelains, Old Master and English paintings and drawings, and English furniture, clocks, and decorations. From the estate of Mrs. Charles E. Dunlap. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 28.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 2: Nineteenth-century bronzes, from the collection of the late Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 29.

Note—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its ten thousand red, green, blue, crystal, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at 4:30 on Thursday, Dec. 4.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Dec. 9 (Milwaukee). Dec. 13 (Washington). Dec. 16 (Atlanta). Dec. 20 (Chicago). Dec. 25 (Philadelphia). Dec. 27 (New Orleans). Dec. 30 (Phoenix). Jan. 3 (Buffalo).... ¶ The Nets at the NASSAU COLISEUM: Dec. 7 (Denver). Dec. 12 (St. Louis). Dec. 14 (Indiana). Dec. 16 (Kentucky). Dec. 19 (San Antonio). Dec. 21 (Virginia). Dec. 26 (St. Louis). Jan. 2 (Denver). Jan. 4 (Indiana). Jan. 9 (Kentucky).

Professional Football—SUNDAY, DEC. 7: Giants vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium, and Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro. ... SUNDAY, DEC. 14: Giants vs. New Orleans Saints, at Shea Stadium.... MONDAY, DEC. 15: Jets vs. San Diego Chargers, at San Diego.... SUNDAY, DEC. 21: Jets vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-niners, at San Francisco.

Gymnastics—Olga Korbut and other members of the U.S.S.R. National Gymnastics Team. (Madison Square Garden. Dec. 7.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Ranger games on Dec. 7, 10, 14, 17, 21, 23, 28 (an exhibition game between the Rangers and the Central Army team from Russia), and 31, and Jan. 4.... NASSAU COLISEUM: Islander games on Dec. 9, 18, and 30, and Jan. 3, 6, 8, and 10 (an exhibition game between the Islanders and the Soviet Wings from Russia).

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Jan. 2-March 12.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championships. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 20-21.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Dec. 15-March 6.

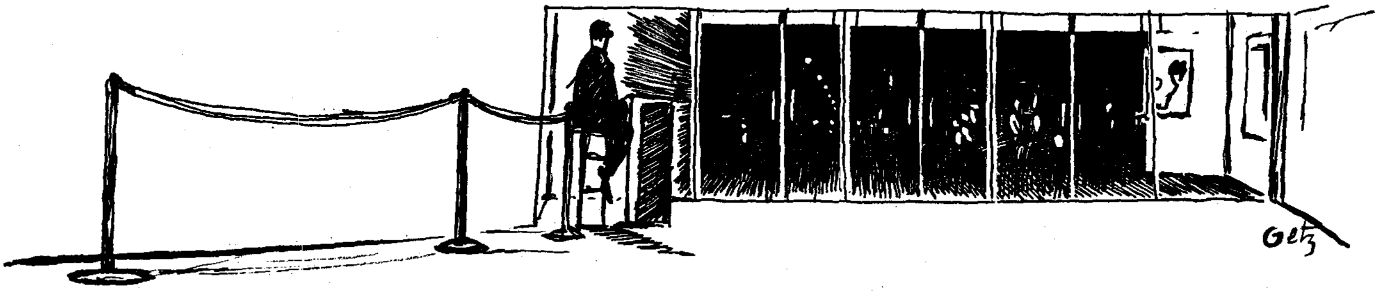
Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 17.... AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 15.... ¶ National Chorale, Dec. 10.... ¶ Eugene Fodor, violin, Dec. 14.... ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 21.... ¶ "Messiah" Sing-In, Dec. 23.... ¶ Régine Crespin, soprano, Jan. 7.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 7.... ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 7 and 14.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 8 and Jan. 5.... ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, Dec. 9.... ¶ Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 11.... ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus, Dec. 13.... ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 17 and 19.... ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 18. ... ¶ Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus, Dec. 22.... ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 30.... ¶ Symphony of the New World, Jan. 4.... ¶ Itzhak Perlman, violin, Jan. 6.... ¶ Boston Symphony, Jan. 7-8.... ¶ Boston Pops Orchestra, Jan. 9.... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Bach Aria Group, Dec. 10.... ¶ Simon Preston, organ, Dec. 14. ... ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 17.... ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 21 and 23.... ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Jan. 7. ... ¶ Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, Jan. 8.... ¶ Michael Lorimer, classical guitarist, Jan. 9.... HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Sergiu Luca, violin, and the Music Fraternity, Dec. 7.... ¶ Henryk Szeryng, violin, Dec. 13.... ¶ Speculum Musicae, Dec. 16.... ¶ Gregg Smith Singers, Jan. 7.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Dec. 12 and 19.... ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Dec. 20.

Dance—Martha Graham Dance Company, at the Mark Hellinger Theatre, Dec. 8-Jan. 3. ... ¶ Murray Louis Dance Company, at the New York University Theatre, Dec. 19-Jan. 10.... ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the Uris Theatre, Dec. 22-Feb. 1.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Norman Conquests," Alan Ayckbourn's trilogy of comedies, imported from London, with Richard Benjamin, Paula Prentiss, Ken Howard, Estelle Parsons, Barry Nelson, and Carole Shelley.... ¶ A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center—"Hamlet," with Sam Waterston and Jane Alexander.... ¶ Maureen Stapleton, Rip Torn, Pamela Payton-Wright, and Paul Rudd in a revival of Tennessee Williams' "The Glass Menagerie."... ¶ A revival of Patrick Hamilton's melodrama "Angel Street," starring Dina Merrill and Michael Allinson.... ¶ A mystery play, "Murder Among Friends," by Bob Barry, in which Janet Leigh and Jack Cassidy will appear.... ¶ "Pacific Overtures," a musical with Mako and Soon-Teck Oh in the leading roles; Stephen Sondheim wrote the music and lyrics, and John Weidman the book.

Other Dates—Soviet Circus, at Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Dec. 16-Jan. 4.... ¶ Christmas Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Dec. 17.... ¶ The first day of winter is Dec. 22.... ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Thursdays.... ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Thursday, Jan. 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Distant Thunder."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Nov. 27: "Kismet" and "If I Were King."
Nov. 28-29: "Beast of the City" and "China Seas."
Nov. 30-Dec. 2: "Weekend in Havana" and "Lillian Russell."
Dec. 3-4: "Diabolique" and "Panique."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Dec. 2: "Love and Death" and "Bananas."
From Dec. 3: "Nashville" and "Alfredo Alfredo."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 2: "Delusions of Grandeur."
From Dec. 3: "Mariken."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 2: "Love and Death."
From Dec. 3: "Nashville."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Smile."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Mahogany."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Romantic Englishwoman."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Human Factor."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Exhibition" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hester Street."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Story of O" (X-rated).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Magic Flute."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Naughty Victorians" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Story of Joanna" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rancho Deluxe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Swept Away."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Hearts of the West."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Other Side of the Mountain."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Distant Thunder."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 4 (tentative): "Smile."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Three Days of the Condor."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 2: "Hard Times."
From Dec. 3: "Farewell, My Lovely."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 2: "Delusions of Grandeur."
From Dec. 3: "Act of Aggression."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Human Factor."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Mahogany."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Dec. 2: "Death Wish" and "The Longest Yard."
From Dec. 3: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Let's Do It Again."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Dec. 2: "Shanghai Joe" and "Black Dragon."
From Dec. 3: "Bucktown" and "Savage Sisters."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Night Caller."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 26: "Shoot the Piano Player" and "Jules and Jim."
Nov. 27: "Rebecca" and "Jane Eyre."
Nov. 28: "The Bicycle Thief" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
Nov. 29: "Dr. Strangelove" and "Slaughterhouse-Five."
Nov. 30: "Funny Face" and "You'll Never Get Rich."
Dec. 1: "Claire's Knee" and "Chloé in the Afternoon."
Dec. 2: "The Seven Samurai."
Dec. 3: "The Soft Skin" and "Fahrenheit 451."
Dec. 4: "La Salamandre" and "The Middle of the World."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Dec. 2: "The Hound of the Baskervilles."
From Dec. 3: "Act of Aggression."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Hearts of the West."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 2 at one or another of the theatres: "Where's Poppa?," "Harold and Maude," and "Putney Swope"/"Nashville"/"Jaws"/"Every Inch a Lady" and "Confessions of a Male Chauvinist Pig" (both X-rated).
From Dec. 3: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Nov. 26: "Walkabout" and "The White Dawn."
Nov. 27: "A Thousand Clowns" and "The Twelve Chairs."
Nov. 28-29: "Death Race 2000" and "Last Days of Man on Earth."
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Don't Look Now" and "Something for Everyone."
Dec. 2: "Lola Montès" and "The Lovers."
Dec. 3: "Los Olvidados" and "El."
Dec. 4: "Viridiana" and "The Exterminating Angel."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Mr. Quilp."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Sunshine Boys."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Dec. 2: "The Ten Commandments."
From Dec. 3: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"A Man and a Woman."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 2: "Love and Death" and "Bananas."
From Dec. 3: "Dirty Harry" and "Magnum Force."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Story of O" (X-rated).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 26: "Macao" and "Anatahan."
Nov. 27: "The 400 Blows" and "If . . ."
Nov. 28: "Wild Strawberries" and "The Silence."
Nov. 29: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
Nov. 30: "Pal Joey" and "Gilda."
Dec. 1: "L'Amour Fou."
Dec. 2: "It Should Happen to You" and "The Marrying Kind."
Dec. 3: "State of Siege" and "Z."
Dec. 4: "Of Human Bondage" and "Rain."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"She" and "The Old Dark House."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 29: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "All About Eve."
From Nov. 30: "Charlie Chan in Paris" and "Laura."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Romantic Englishwoman."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 2: "Night Caller."
From Dec. 3: "Death Wish" and "The Longest Yard."
Theatre 2: "Benji."
Theatre 3: "The Human Factor."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Other Side of the Mountain."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Hearts of the West."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 2: "Earthquake" and "The Great Waldo Pepper."
From Dec. 3: "Love and Death" and "Bananas."

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 27 at 2: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), in French, directed by Jacques Feyder, with Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2: "The Blum Affair" (1948), in German, directed by Erich Engel; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 5:30: "Carnival in Flanders." . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at noon: "Bye Bye Birdie" (1963), directed by George Sidney, with Janet Leigh and Dick Van Dyke. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 3: "The Submissive" (1951), in German, directed by Wolfgang Staudte; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 5:30: "The Blum Affair.". . . ¶ Nov. 30 at noon: "Bye Bye Birdie." . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 3: "Rotation" (1949), in German, directed by Wolfgang Staudte; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 5:30: "Pather Panchali" (1955), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2: "Rotation.". . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 5:30: "The Submissive.". . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2: "Lissy" (1957), in German, directed by Konrad Wolf; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2: "The Woman on the Beach" (1947), directed by Jean Renoir, with Joan Bennett, Charles Bickford, and Robert Ryan. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 5:30: "Lissy." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 8: "Stronger Than the Night" (1954), in German, directed by Slatan Dudow; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 2: "Grain Fields," a program of four films by Jon Rubin and Paul Sharits. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 3: "Dope" (1968), directed by Sheldon Rochlin. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Hanoun, Eisenstein, Milano, Gehr, Jacobs, Frampton, Griffith, and others. Showings Nov. 26-27 at 6, 8, and 10; Nov. 28 at 6 and 9; Nov. 29 at 2:30, 6, and 9:30; Nov. 30 at 8; Dec. 2 at 6, 8, and 10; Dec. 3 at 6 and 8; and Dec. 4 at 6 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The Devil's Cleavage," directed by George Kuchar. Showings Thursdays (except Thanksgiving) through Sundays at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Act of Aggression—With Catherine Deneuve and Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Gérard Pirès. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 3.)

Alfredo Alfredo (1973)—Dubbed with a mellifluous Italian voice, Dustin Hoffman gives a warm and friendly performance as a shy young Italian bank clerk, and the novelty of seeing him without his own frightened, choked-up voice adds an extra dimension to this rather conventional Pietro Germi comedy. Stefania Sandrelli plays the flighty, extravagantly romantic girl Alfredo marries; his bride's exquisite features give her a look of mystery, but she's an imbecile sphinx, mysterious yet dumb as a cow. Carla Gravina plays the modern independent working woman who liberates him. Not up to Germi's "Divorce—Italian Style," but the first third stays at a fairly high level; after that the picture sags. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/21/74.) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 3.)

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the trade, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is Thelma Ritter—who else? (Regency; through Nov. 29.)

L'Amour Fou (1968)—During the first half hour, there's a strong temptation to flee from this legendary Jacques Rivette film, which moves back and forth between the rehearsals for an experimental production of Racine's "Andromaque" and the disintegrating marriage of the actor-director (Jean-Pierre Kalfon) and his actress-wife (Bulle Ogier). But those who stick with the film may find that Rivette's measured, unemphatic style begins to take hold. Tight little Bulle Ogier is ominously compelling; she gives a superlative performance. And there has never been anything like the *folie-à-deux* sex-and-destruction orgy that climaxes the marriage. The purpose of the juxtapositions remains damned elusive, but a highly intellectualized horror story develops inside the smooth, elegantly patterned, abstract camera movement. Rivette has a hypnotic style, partly because of his unusual spatial sense and his "normal" use of time. Four hours and twelve minutes. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 1.)

Anatahan (1952)—Josef von Sternberg's last film; he did not, regrettably, go out in glory. He wrote the screenplay, directed, photographed, and narrated this story, which was shot in a Japanese studio and is based on an actual incident involving a group of Japanese soldiers who were castaways for seven years on a tiny Pacific island during the Second World War. However, as he tells it, the men's battles over a sulky, lusting femme fatale called Keiko (Akemi Negishi, who is photographed as if she were Marlene Dietrich in a thirties Paramount swampy jungle) are so pointless and unbelievable that you barely react as they kill one another off. The island has so many dead trees, shining leaves, and writhing shadows that you just want to get out of there. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 26.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Dec. 3.)

Beast of the City (1932)—Walter Huston as an idealistic chief of police who tries to clean out his vice-ridden city. Undistinguished melodrama, though Jean Harlow turns up. Charles Brabin directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 28-29.)

Benji—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Loews 83rd St.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—Vittorio De Sica's story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, and the richnesses and the enigmas sneak up on the audience. What is the meaning of the seeress's words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This Neo-Realist classic is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. Cesare Zavattini wrote the script. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 28.)

Charlie Chan in Paris (1935)—Warner Oland as Charlie Chan, and Keye Luke in his first appearance as Lee Chan, Charlie's No. 1 son. With Mary Brian, Erik Rhodes, and John Miljan; directed by Lewis Seiler. (Regency; starting Nov. 30.)

China Seas (1935)—Classy-lady Rosalind Russell and Jean Harlow, as tough, hard-drinking "China Doll," compete for the affections of ship's officer Clark Gable. Russell can't compete, of course, 'cause that common girl is *funny*. Sleazy but likable M-G-M melodrama based on the formula that had proved a big hit in 1932 in "Red Dust." With Wallace Beery in his likable-villain period, and Lewis Stone in his noble-sufferer period. Tay Garnett directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 28-29.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 1.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and a captivatingly gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 1.)

Death Race 2000—With David Carradine, directed by Paul Bartel. (Elgin; Nov. 28-29.)

Death Wish (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Loews Ciné; through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting Dec. 3.)

Delusions of Grandeur—With Yves Montand and Louis de Funès, directed by Gérard Oury. (In French, with subtitles, at the Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Cinema Village; through Dec. 2.)

Diabolique (1955)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's grisly horror thriller set in a provincial school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse), his wife (Vera Clouzot), and his mistress (Simone Signoret) work together and at cross-purposes to reduce their number by a third. Scary, but so calculatedly sensational that it's rather revolting. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 3-4.)

Dirty Harry (1971)—Clint Eastwood is the saintly cop who demonstrates the necessity for para-legal police power; Don Siegel directed this skillful, brutal, Fascist thriller. (Playboy; starting Dec. 3.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 29.)

Distant Thunder—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the passionately romantic Apu in "The World of Apu," is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the faraway Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films; it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful; the women are conceived as in a dream of the past—moving in their thin, clinging saris, they create sensuous waves of color in the steamy air. In Bengali. (11/10/75) (Art, and Beekman.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 29.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Cinema I.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture is an example of high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Elgin; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

Earthquake (1974)—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat; it's an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Olympia; through Dec. 2.)

El ("This Strange Passion;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Elgin; Dec. 3.)

Exhibition—A documentary, by Jean-François Davy, about the public and private life of Claudine Beccarie, the French pornographic-film actress. X-rated. (Fine Arts.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Elgin; Dec. 4.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. There are charming childlike moments, but the performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4		

Le Fantôme de la Liberté (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 29.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (72nd Street East; starting Dec. 3.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 27.)

Funny Face (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer, and Audrey Hepburn as a Village intellectual he uses as an offbeat model, in a big Stanley Donen musical that isn't all it should be. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's only spottily successful. The script is weak, particularly in Astaire's role, and whose terrible idea was it to make a Sartre-like thinker into the villain—a philandering phony? Still, the color is lovely, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and Kay Thompson does an agreeable turn as a hardboiled bitch editor. And the familiar Gershwin songs are lighthearted in just the right, summery way. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 30.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 28.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953)—Two litt girls make good in Paris; one of them Marilyn Monroe, and thank heaven for he Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loo famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Regenc through Nov. 29.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodr matic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at h most sexy-masochistic, and does that marve lous fully dressed striptease as she sings "P the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford a George Macready. Charles Vidor directe (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 30.)

The Great Waldo Pepper—One-hundred-pe cent-pure-plastic adolescent male fantasy. It set in the twenties, with Robert Redford a a First World War aviator who spends som time barnstorming in the Midwest and the goes to Hollywood, where he lives out hi dream of fighting the No. 1 Imperial Ge man ace. William Goldman's coldhearte clever script and the fresh-painted storytel ing of the director, George Roy Hill, almos amount to a style: total inauthenticit (3/24/75) (Olympia; through Dec. 2.)

Hard Times—This first feature directed by th young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusuall effective pulp—perhaps even great pul Looking like an authentic Depression work er, Charles Bronson plays an aging itineran who hooks up with a gambler (James Co burn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets ou hearts pounding in fear that this loner-her will be hurt or vanquished, but you don' resent the film's grip on you, because Hil respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot o locations in and around New Orleans; wit Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Ji Ireland. (10/6/75) (72nd Street East through Dec. 2.)

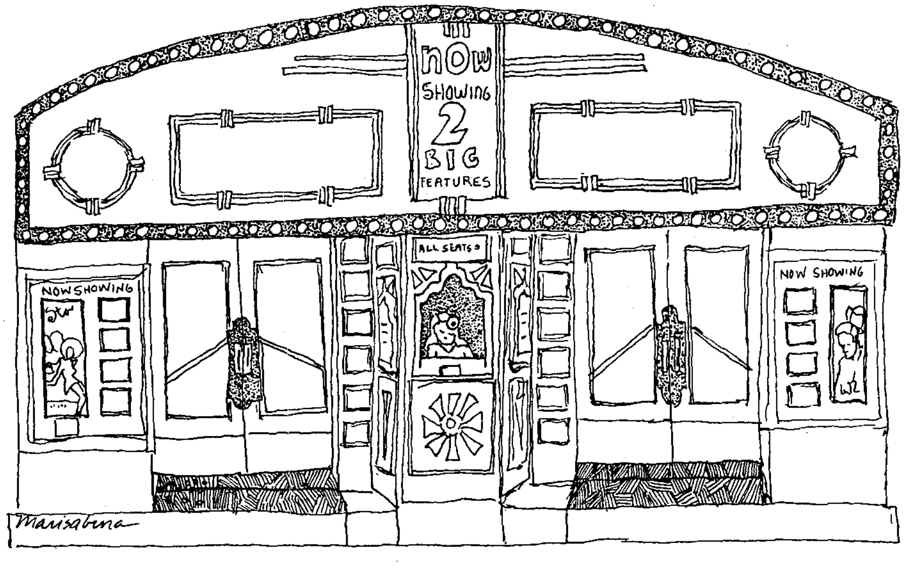
Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story o Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, an Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 2.)

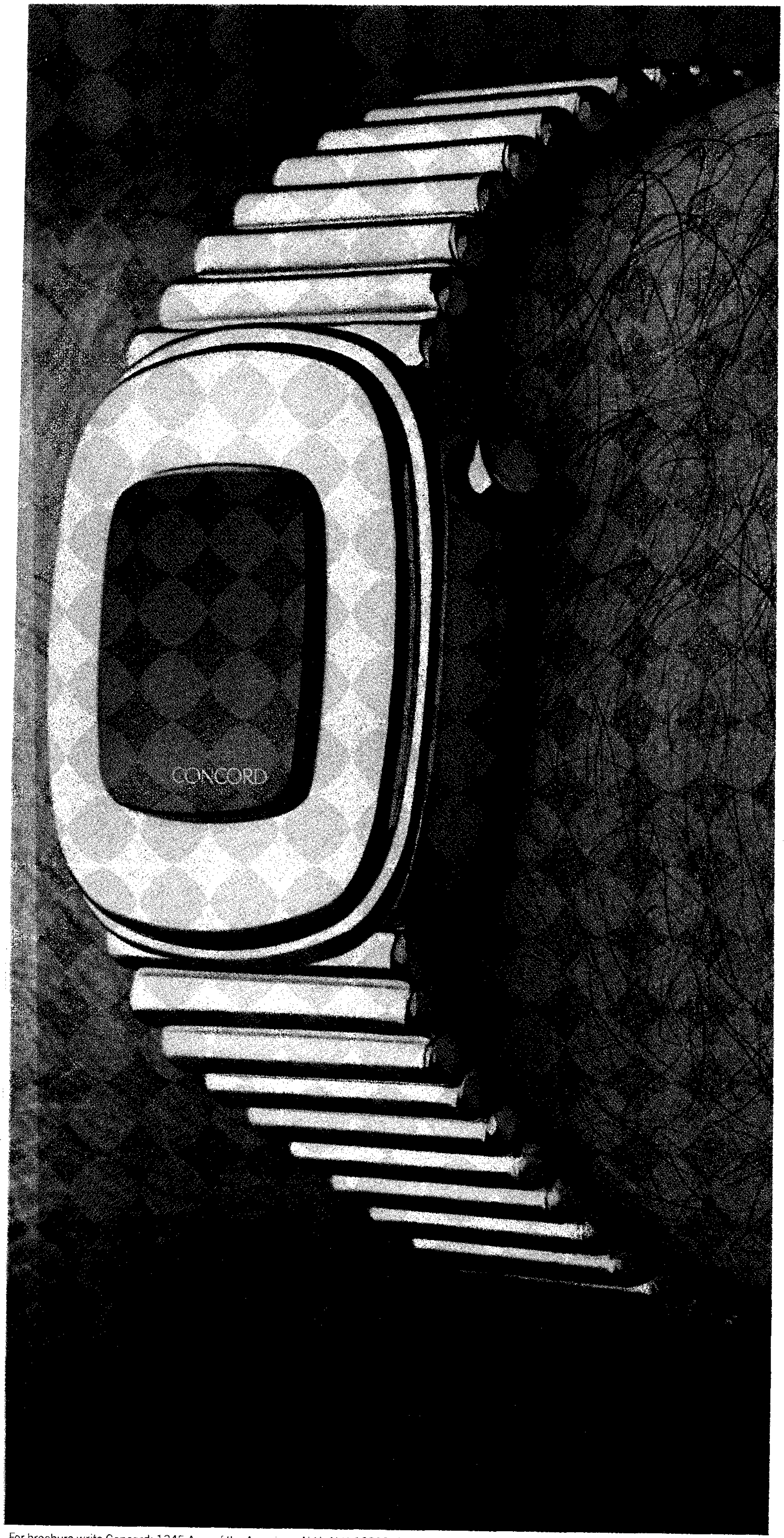
Hearts of the West—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stunt man in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (10/13/75) (Columbia I, Greenwich, and Thalia.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. The weaknesses are in the casting and handling of the aggressive characters, and in the thin, audience-pleasing attitudes toward the Americanization process. (11/24/75) (Plaza.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 2.)

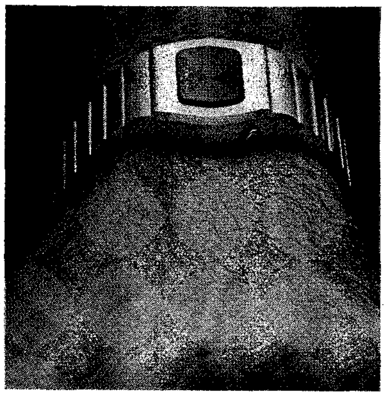
The Human Factor—With George Kennedy, di-





CONCORD

The second generation in Digital watches by Concord.



The first quartz crystal digital watch created to look like it belongs on a wrist.

Beautifully thinner on the outside because of a revolutionary module that is thinner on the inside.

Giving Concord the freedom to design a case delicate enough to flow naturally into the lines of a bracelet.

The freedom to design a bracelet delicate enough to flow naturally into the lines of your wrist.

One touch of the button on the Concord Digital gives you the hour, the minutes and the seconds. Two touches give you the month and the date. Accurate to within five seconds a month. It carries a three year Concord warranty.

Left, eighteen karat gold $2900. Above, eighteen karat gold electroplated $395. Others from $295.

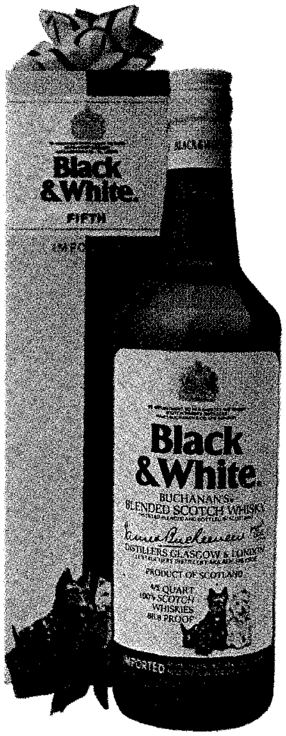
The Concord Solid State Digital. Precision time, in a magnificent piece of jewelry.

From people who have the experience to give you both.

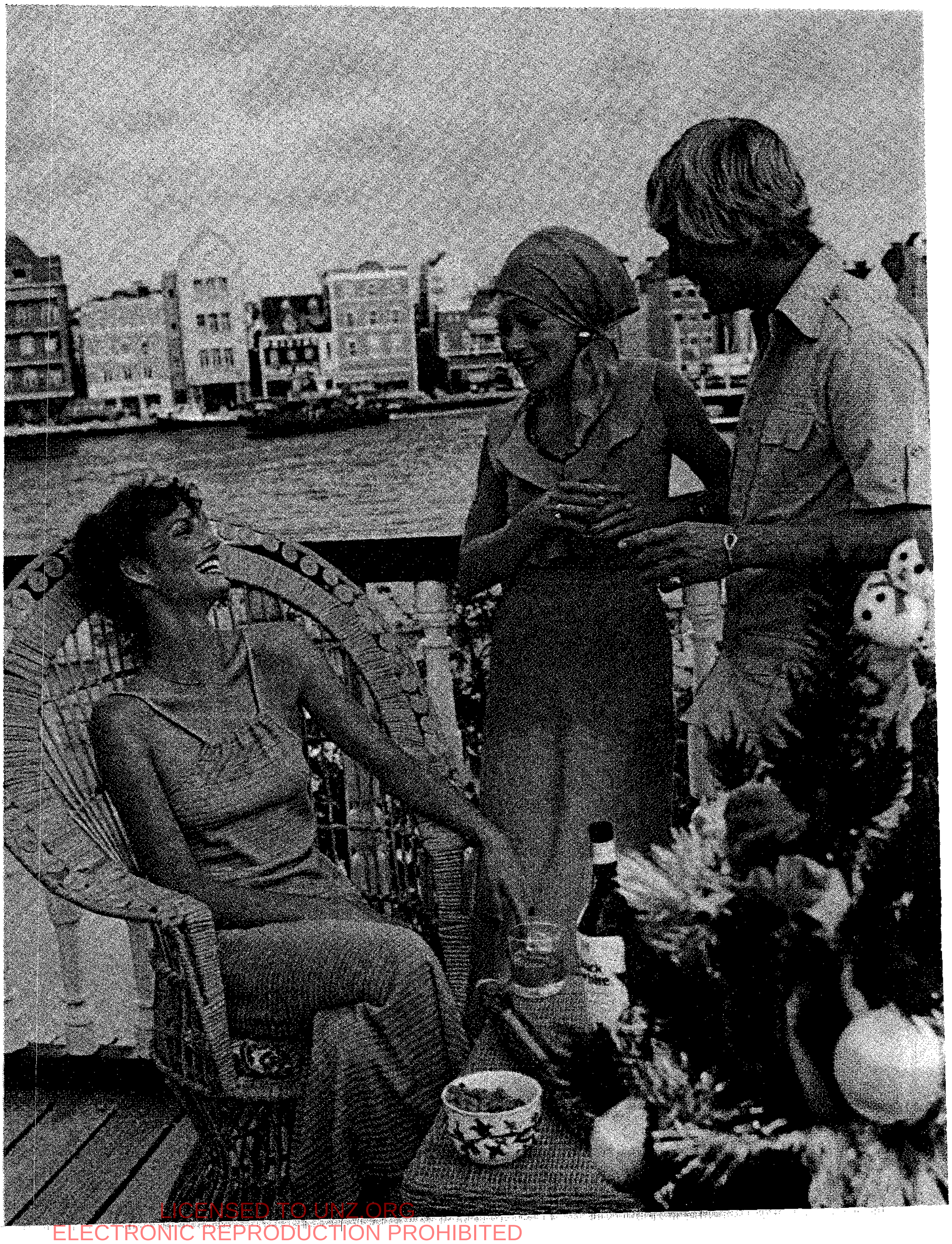
For brochure write Concord: 1345 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019; 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212; Or Bienne, Switzerland.

Wat serveert men voor de feestdagen? Black & White Scotch.

Black & White. It's how you say happy holidays in Curaçao and 167 other countries. And it all began in 1884.



Black & White
FIFTH
Black & White
BUCHANAN'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
DISTILLERS GLASGOW & LONDON
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
100% SCOTCH
WHISKIES
86.8 PROOF
IMPORTED



IMPORTED BLACK & WHITE® BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF, © 1975, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rected by Edward Dmytryk. (Trans-Lux East, U. A. East, and Loews 83rd St.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. With Malcolm McDowell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 27.)

If I Were King (1938)—Lively costume romance. Ronald Colman smiles with mocking charm as the braggart poet François Villon, quick-witted with epigrams and swords. Fortunately, the script is by Preston Sturges. Frances Dee is the frosty great lady whom the poet melts (or thaws. anyway), and Ellen Drew is the warmer number, Huguette, an unkempt wench who hangs around the fellows in the wine cellars. With Basil Rathbone as a sly, wily Louis XI, and a first-rate cast, including Henry Wilcoxon, Bruce Lester, Alma Lloyd, Sidney Toler, Ralph Forbes, Montagu Love, and William Farnum. Frank Lloyd directed this version of Justin McCarthy's play, first filmed in 1920 starring William Farnum, then in 1926 starring John Barrymore, then in a musical version in 1930 starring Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald, and again (unsuccessfully this time) in 1955 starring Oreste Kirkop and Kathryn Grayson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 27.)

It Should Happen to You (1954)—Judy Holliday in a pleasantly erratic satirical comedy; the targets—advertising, TV, and urban gullibility—are rather easily pinked, but the scenarist, Garson Kanin, and the director, George Cukor, don't loiter over them for long. The heroine, who longs for celebrity, takes her life savings and places her name in giant letters across a billboard in Columbus Circle. Before long, she is as inescapably in the public eye as one of the Gabors. She also tosses about in romantic indecision: Should she give her heart to an honest documentary filmmaker (Jack Lemmon) and say farewell to the big time, or should she surrender herself to the sudsy embraces of a soap manufacturer (Peter Lawford)? With Connie Gilchrist, Melville Cooper, and Michael O'Shea, who is particularly funny as a seedy entrepreneur. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 2.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Perfectly respectable version, directed by Robert Stevenson, with Aldous Huxley adding his own pungency to Charlotte Brontë's novel. Orson Welles looms in a cast that includes Joan Fontaine and a very young Elizabeth Taylor. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 27.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 2.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 26.)

Kismet (1944)—Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich look blithe and take it easy. She dances in the court of the Grand Vizier of Baghdad wearing half a pail of gilt paint, and as the rogue-hero he fusses with sleight-of-hand tricks involving handkerchiefs and knives. This version of Edward Knoblock's durable kitsch (it opened on Broadway in 1911) comes with a harem swimming pool, and it's less strenuous than most costume films of the period. Edward Arnold is the villainous vizier, who smiles craftily throughout; when Colman stabs him in that harem pool, he drops his smile—that's as subtle a nuance of the actor's art as you'll find in "Kismet." Joy Ann Page plays Colman's daughter, with James Craig opposite her. William Dieterle directed; Harburg and Arlen provided a couple of songs. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 27.)

Last Days of Man on Earth (1974)—With Jon Finch and Sterling Hayden, directed by Robert Fuest. (Elgin; Nov. 28-29.)

Laura (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors. Dana Andrews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective, and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. Directed by Otto Preminger. (Regency; starting Nov. 30.)

Let's Do It Again—An innocent, cheerful farce

The Crouch & Fitzgerald Christmas Experience, Part V:

A. Lightweight duck with 2 zippered packing compartments. Removable aluminum hanger attached to folding frame. Outside zippered compartment.
Brown, Black, Blue. 49.50

B. Lightweight canvas two-suiter. Two large outside zippered sections. Web strap, elastic tapes to secure packing. Combination locks*.
Tan with brown trim. 55.00

The Joyful Carry-ons

Crouch & Fitzgerald
SINCE 1839
400 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017 (212) PL 5-5888

Mail and phone orders filled promptly. Free shipping within our 50 mile U.P. Zone radius. Outside our U.P.Z. please add $2.75 for handling. N.Y.C. residents add 8% tax. N.Y. State add taxes applicable. American Express and all major credit cards honored. Please indicate card name, number, expiration date.
Please order by style and price. Complimentary monogramming and gift wrapping.
*IMPORTANT: We will set the 3-digit combination lock number desired. Please include that number with your order.

BONWIT TELLER

Dinner at Eight, a white gardenia at your plate. We've taken this romantic encounter and translated it into this charming black restaurant dress, tucked to perfection and touched by white at the collar and cuff. And of course, the single, fragile gardenia! From Parade in polyester for 6 to 16 sizes, 58.00, in Beverly Hills, 60.00 Add 1.35 outside delivery area. Miss Bonwit Dresses Bonwit Teller Fifth Ave. at 56th, New York, all stores

about an Atlanta milkman (Sidney Poitier) and a factory worker (Bill Cosby) who go to New Orleans and pull off a great scam. Cosby looks spaced out on his own innocent amiability, and he floats away with the show; Poitier, who directed, plays straight man to him and gives an embarrassed, unfunny performance. It's crude slapstick, but the people on the screen are very likable. The cast includes Jimmie Walker, Ossie Davis, Julius Harris, Mel Stewart, John Amos, Lee Chamberlin, Denise Nicholas, and Calvin Lockhart. (11/3/75) (86th St. East.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris.)

Lillian Russell (1940)—Alice Faye, overblown to vacuous perfection, and likable despite it all, wears gigantic hats; the headgear is about the only connection this scrubbed-up bio has with the actual Lillian Russell. In this heavily mounted version, the child Lillian is overheard singing by Tony Pastor (Leo Carrillo), a fatherly type in theatre business; he immediately makes her a star, and she becomes the rage of London and New York. All sorts of generous people—Diamond Jim Brady (Edward Arnold) among them—just keep sending her diamonds and emeralds. Love comes into her life when Henry Fonda rescues her and her Grandma (Helen Westley) from a team of runaway horses. This is the sort of movie in which Lillian the celebrity can never think of Grandma without getting tears in her eyes. A mixture of musical numbers; with Weber and Fields as themselves, Eddie Foy, Jr., as Eddie Foy, Sr. (who, one hopes, was better). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 30-Dec. 2.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Elgin; Dec. 2.)

The Longest Yard (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Loews Ciné; through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting Dec. 3.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Playboy; through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Dec. 3.)

The Lovers (1959)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she makes love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, was once Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 2.)

Macao (1952)—One of the less amusing of the steamy melodramas that Howard Hughes produced. Jane Russell is a sultry, philosophical chanteuse, who works at the Club Quick Reward. She's romantically involved with Robert Mitchum, and involved in other ways with Brad Dexter, Gloria Grahame, William Bendix, and Thomas Gomez. Joseph von Sternberg started this thing and Nicholas Ray finished it up. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 26.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Coronet.)

Magnum Force (1973)—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, an he slaughters those who do. But he's the sam emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. Th setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun powe makes him the hero of a totally nihilisti dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michae Cimino is cheaply effective. (1/14/74 (Playboy; starting Dec. 3.)

Mahogany—Diana Ross in a garish, garble version of outmoded white kitsch. She plays a secretary from the South Side of Chicago who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar, goes on to be a whirling international celebrity, and then gives it all up to help her black lover (Billy Dee Williams) fight to improve conditions at home. The decadent whites who paw her or bitch at her include Tony Perkins, Nina Foch, Marisa Mell, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Berry Gordy directed. (10/27/75) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Festival.)

Mariken—Directed by Joseph Stelling. In Dutch. (Cinema Village; starting Dec. 3.)

The Marrying Kind (1952)—In the early fifties, Hollywood wasn't making very many movies about the troubled lives of average couples, and so some people took this uneven, serious sitcom, directed by George Cukor from a script by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, to be highly commendable. As the couple whose marriage is breaking up, Judy Holliday (of the friendly brass lungs) and Aldo Ray (with his lightweight cracked-gravel croak) have a surprising salt-and-pepper rapport. But there's nothing to this movie except the expertly contrived misunderstandings of simple "little people." It's warm; at times it's likable. But does anybody believe a minute of it? With Madge Kennedy as the judge, and Peggy Cass and Phyllis Povah. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 2.)

The Middle of the World—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. This is a film of tremendous simplicity with a complex intellectual underlay, directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. And also very funny at times, and truly erotic. A trailbreaker. In French. (3/31/75) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 4.)

Mr. Quilp—A musical version of Charles Dickens' "The Old Curiosity Shop." With Anthony Newley, who also did the music and lyrics. Directed by Michael Tuchner. (Guild.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; starting Dec. 3.)

Night Caller—With Jean-Paul Belmondo, directed by Henri Verneuil. A French film, dubbed in English. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 2.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-

betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 4.)

The Old Dark House (1932)—Tremendous fun. This deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the English eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travellers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats: a mute, scarred brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Brember Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon" but is actually played by a woman.) Based on J. B. Priestley's novel "Benighted;" adapted by Benn W. Levy, with additional dialogue by R. C. Sherriff. (Cinema Studio.)

Los Olvidados ("The Young and the Damned;" 1952)—A masterwork. The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some classic surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Elgin; Dec. 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—With Jack Nicholson, directed by Miloš Forman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

The Other Side of the Mountain—With Marilyn Hassett and Beau Bridges, directed by Larry Peerce. (Columbia II, and Symphony.)

Pal Joey (1957)—Blighted Hollywoodization of the musical by John O'Hara, Richard Rodgers, and Lorenz Hart, with the score purified along with Joey's character. The heel-hero has been changed from a hoofer to a crooner—in line with the talents of Frank Sinatra. His singing helps things along, and he also does the only acting, though Kim Novak's vacuity is rather touching and is certainly not as laborious as Rita Hayworth's misconceived performance. This sad botch was directed by George Sidney. But since the real "Pal Joey" hasn't yet been filmed, why oh why doesn't somebody do it now with Joel Grey? (Carnegie Hall Cinema: Nov. 30.)

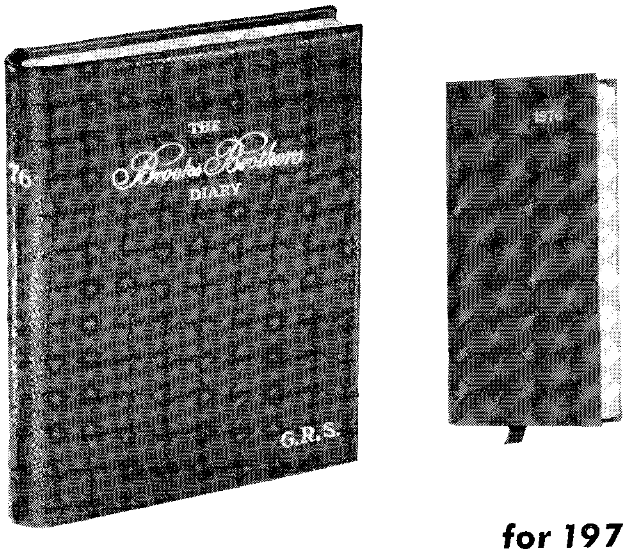
Panique (1947)—Julien Duvivier's psychological thriller is a devastatingly effective job of visual storytelling. Michel Simon is the stranger in a Paris suburb who is framed for murder; Viviane Romance and her lover, Paul Bernard, are the ones who trap him. The sordid, intriguingly nasty movie—taken, inevitably, from a Simenon novel—has some pretensions toward being a parable of sadistic injustice; on that level, it can't be taken very seriously. But in terms of how the sequences are planned, and how they build, it's an unusual, near-perfect piece of film craftsmanship. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 3-4.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 2.)

Rain (1932)—You don't have to be a great actress to play Sadie Thompson; you don't even have to be an actress—practically any transvestite could do it. But Joan Crawford took the role *seriously;* she really works at it—eyes flashing, scar-mouth twisting. Every nuance feels like an earthquake. Lewis Milestone is the director; Walter Huston is the Reverend. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 4.)

Rancho Deluxe—With Jeff Bridges and Sam Waterston, directed by Frank Perry. (D. W. Griffith.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one



ESTABLISHED 1818

THE Brooks Brothers DIARY

1976

G.R.S.

for 1976

BROOKS BROTHERS EXCLUSIVE DIARIES

LEFT: The Brooks Brothers Diary for business and professional people is a combination diary, atlas and table of statistics totalling 230 pages.

Ideal as a personal or corporate gift, the Diary is published in a limited number... so we urge you to reserve your copies now. Covered in Morocco-grained simulated leather, 8" x 10", printed on a superfine plate finish vellum and plastic spiral bound. The title is stamped in gold and your initials may be gold leafed at no additional cost. $17.50

THE DIARY CONTAINS: • 13-month diary with appointment space • 54 pages of facts and figures on government, taxes, finance, imports and exports, population and communications, as well as a large section useful to the world traveller • 32 pages of maps in color prepared by Hammond, plus a new Bicentennial map • 12 pages for business expenses • an investment record keeper • a 4-year calendar.

RIGHT: We introduce our wafer-thin pocket diary, also of blue Morocco-grained simulated leather. It contains 120 pages...each week readily visible on facing pages. Comes with a 20-page removable memo pad, plus 4 refills. $7.50

Address mail orders to Dept. N, 346 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Please add $1.25 for shipping and handling.

Brooks Brothers

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4		

of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 27.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—With Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine, and Helmut Berger; directed by Joseph Losey. (Eastside Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 4.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 2.)

She (1935)—Hilarious, terrible, essential. Over the land of Kor rules She (Helen Gahagan Douglas, before her political career), kept young throughout five centuries by her Flame of Eternal Youth. The stagey décor of Kor is in the Art Deco style of Radio City Music Hall, and you keep expecting the Rockettes to turn up. The dialogue, however, belongs to an earlier age: She addresses her uncanny subjects with such lines as "You haunters of darkness, how you try my patience!" A pair of tedious lovebirds (Helen Mack and Randolph Scott) intrude upon the realm, and She, who takes a fancy to Scott and plans to make a human sacrifice of her rival, tries one too many dips in the Flame. No one but H. Rider Haggard could have dreamed up the story; Irving Pichel and Lansing C. Holden directed. The picture is deadly slow, and those lovebirds could try anybody's patience, but camp like this is a rarity. With Nigel Bruce. (Cinema Studio.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 26.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 28.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 29.)

Smile—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. The film is an affectionate satirical salute to the square; though we laugh at the gaffes of the rawboned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. With Bruce Dern as the chief judge, Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 4, tentative.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 3.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. Directed by Harold Prince. (Elgin; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

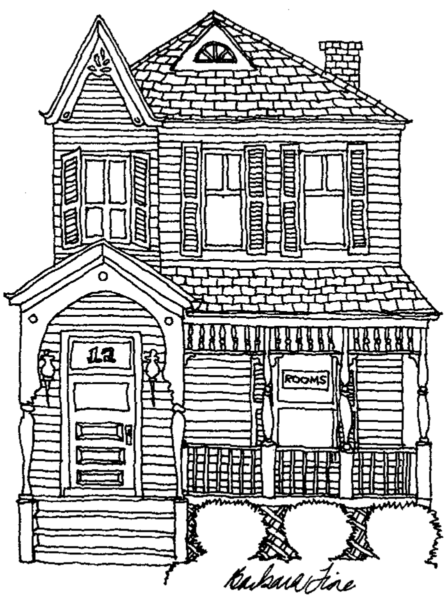
State of Siege (1973)—Another Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 3.)

The Story of O—From Pauline Reage's novel. Directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. The director, Herbert Ross, is an unintentional minimalist; he doesn't bring enough invention to the material, and it's just shouting, when it needs to be beautifully timed routines to be halfway tolerable. With Richard Benjamin. (11/17/75) (Music Hall.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Cinema II.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Charlton Heston is the highly athletic Moses; Anne Baxter is the kittenish princess who loves him; Judith Anderson is the sinister slave who knows the secret of his Jewish birth; Cedric Hardwicke is the likable old Pharaoh; Yul Brynner is the prince who beats Moses to the Egyptian throne; Edward G. Robinson is the traitor to the Jews; Debra Paget is the young slave old Robinson's got his eyes on. Stir them all together, throw in stone tablets, a whopping big Golden Calf, part the Red Sea, and you've got Cecil B. De Mille's epic—almost four hours of it. As old-fashioned hokum, it's palatable and rather tasty. (Ziegfeld; through Dec. 2.)



A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Jr., as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Elgin; Nov. 27.)

Three Days of the Condor—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Loews Tower East.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Elgin; Nov. 27.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Elgin; Dec. 4.)

Walkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Elgin; Nov. 26.)

Weekend in Havana (1941)—Probably the cheerfullest weekend in Havana's history, what with Carmen Miranda, Alice Faye, John Payne, Cesar Romero, Leonid Kinskey, George Barbier, and everybody else on the Fox lot beaming with fatuous good will. Carmen Miranda wears a headgear of grapefruit, grapes, apples, oranges, bananas, lemons, pineapples, and an occasional small plum. Walter Lang directed; Hermes Pan did the choreography. The songs (mostly by Harry Warren and Mark Gordon) are not top drawer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 30-Dec. 2.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 2.)

The White Dawn (1974)—With Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett; directed by Philip Kaufman. (Elgin; Nov. 26.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöström plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 28.)

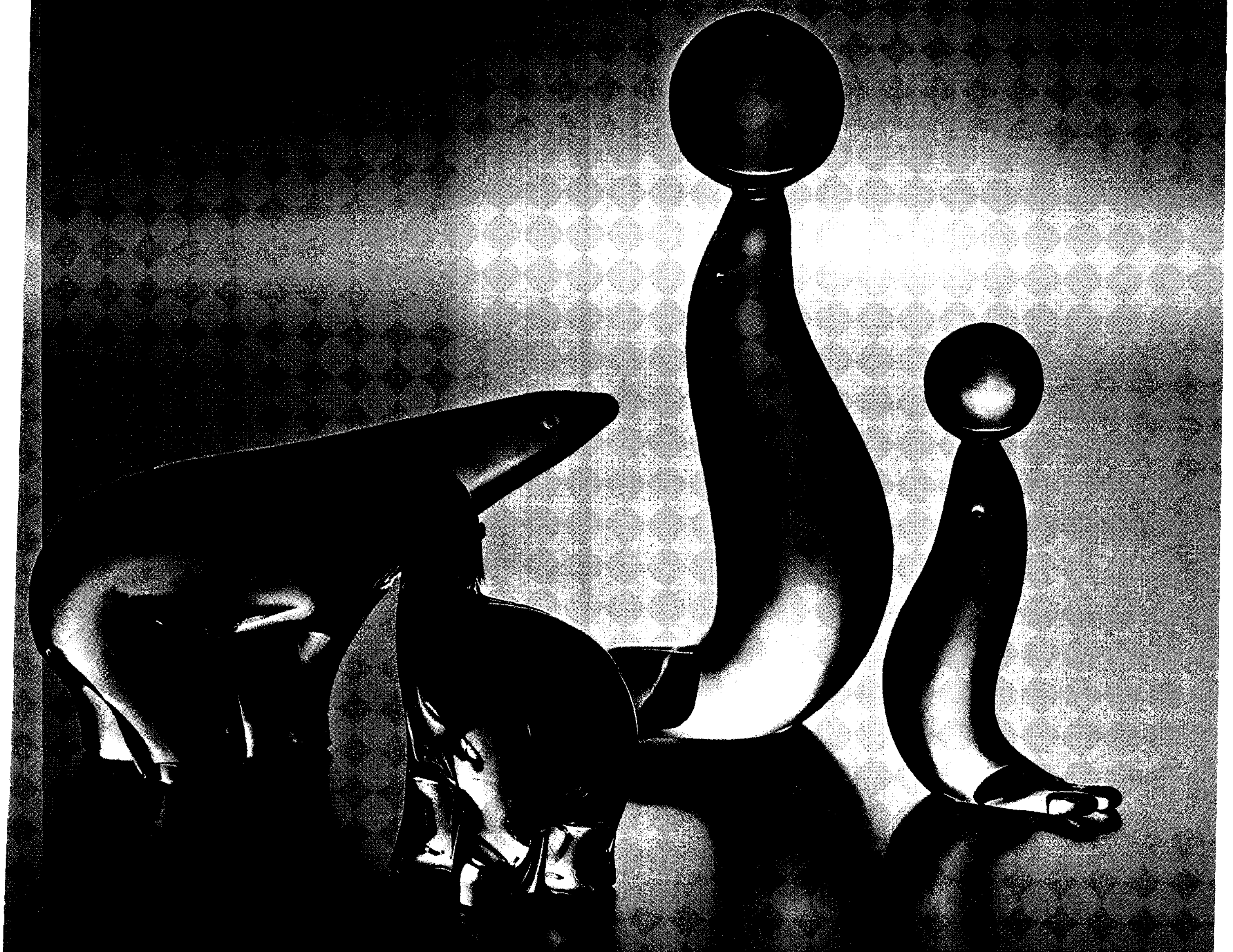
You'll Never Get Rich (1941)—Fred Astaire is pressed into the military at a wretched time for getting his girl, but the show he's doing still goes on, and he manages to nab Rita Hayworth as well. Cole Porter songs. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 30.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 3.)

ROYAL KRONA

Or, why Swedish Crystal is so rich and elegant.

Royal Krona captures this magnificent menagerie of polar bears and seals in full lead crystal. Hand-crafted with obvious love, these splendid animals will spend the best years of their lives looking beautiful for the rest of your life.



Royal Krona is a shining example of Swedish crystal at its finest. From a country world famous for crystal design, quality and craftsmanship. The radiant sparkle of Swedish crystal is captured in every piece. From stemware. To artware. To giftware. Look for Swedish crystal at quality stores everywhere.

Swedish Crystal

Clearly, the best.

For more details on Royal Krona crystal, write: Royal Krona, 225 Fifth Avenue, Suite 209, New York, New York, 10010. (212) 685-3935.

After spending 68 years becoming one of Europe's great cars, Lancia comes to America.

Unknown.

Chances are, you've never heard of a Lancia. Not too many Lancias have ever been to America.

But in Europe, our name is a household word. Lancia was acclaimed decades before Mr. Maserati, Mr. Lamborghini and Dr. Porsche ever put their first cars on the street. And the races between Ferraris and Lancias have become legend.

As a matter of fact, cars might be nothing like they are today if it weren't for Lancia. It was the first car in the world with a V-type engine (1919), the first car with an independent suspension (1922), the first car with unitary construction (1922).

The car we're introducing to America today is called the Lancia Beta. It's a highly refined touring car in the original tradition.

In performance, the Beta is nothing short of extraordinary. But for all its enormous speed and exceptional handling, it is not the least bit nervous or temperamental. It doesn't require a mechanic as a permanent houseguest. In fact, it doesn't demand much more from you than the car you now own.

The Beta is meticulously finished. The doors, the trunk, all the seams fit. The paint is burnished to a level you simply don't see on mass-produced vehicles. The upholstery on the Coupe is pure leather.

The Beta comes in two body styles, a Coupe and a 4-door Saloon.

Having read this far, no doubt you must assume that to buy either you'd have to pay an arm and a leg. This is certainly not true. The Coupe has a base price of $6,793.* The Saloon costs around $900 less.

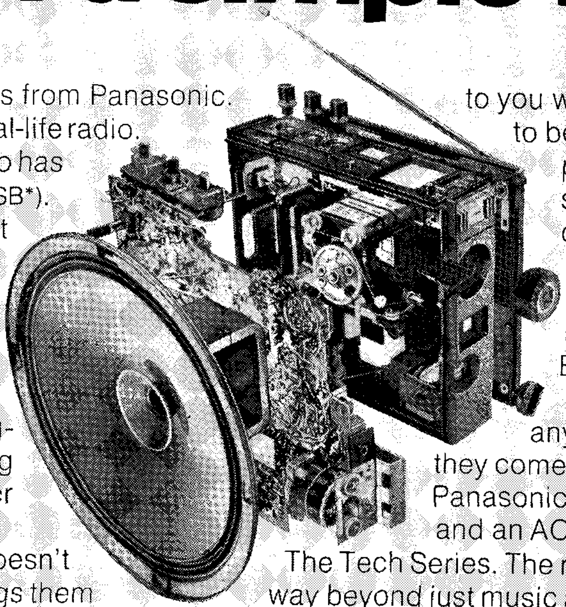
These kinds of cars at these kinds of prices won't be unknown long.

LANCIA

For the name of your nearest Lancia dealer, call toll-free: 800-447-4700. In Illinois, call: 800-322-4400.

*1975 Manufacturer's suggested retail price POE. Inland transportation, dealer preparation and local taxes additional. Overseas delivery and leasing arranged through your dealer. Lancia of America, 155 Chestnut Ridge Road, Montvale, N.J. 07645.

In a complicated world, you can't get by with a simple radio.



Switch on the Tech Series from Panasonic. And you're listening to real-life radio. Because every Tech radio has a Public Service Band (PSB*).

It's a special broadcast band that can put you at police headquarters. Alongside a fire chief at a three-alarm blaze. Aboard a Coast Guard cutter knifing through fog-bound waters. Or listening to official 24-hour weather forecasts.

And the Tech Series doesn't forget AM and FM. It brings them to you with sound so big it's hard to believe you're listening to a portable. You also get advanced speaker design. Sensitive controls. Sophisticated Tech Series circuitry. Special antennas. Squelch control for static-free Public Service Band listening. And you can listen to them anywhere. Because they come complete with Panasonic Hi-Top batteries and an AC cord.

The Tech Series. The radios that go way beyond just music and news.

Tech 1100 (RF-1170)
AM. FM. PSB (VHF Hi & Lo, and UHF).
Special antennas, meters.

Tech 600 (RF-877)
AM. FM. PSB (VHF Hi).
AFC. Gyro antenna.

Tech 1200 (RQ-455S)
AM. FM. PSB (VHF Hi & Lo).
With cassette tape recorder.

Tech 200 (RF-1004)
AM. FM. PSB (VHF Hi).

Tech 700 (RF-940)
AM. FM. PSB
(VHF Hi & Lo).

Tech 500 (RF-1080)
AM. FM. PSB (VHF Hi).
AFC on FM.

Tech 800 (RF-888)
AM. FM. PSB (VHF Hi).
Built-in PA system.
6½" dual-cone speaker.

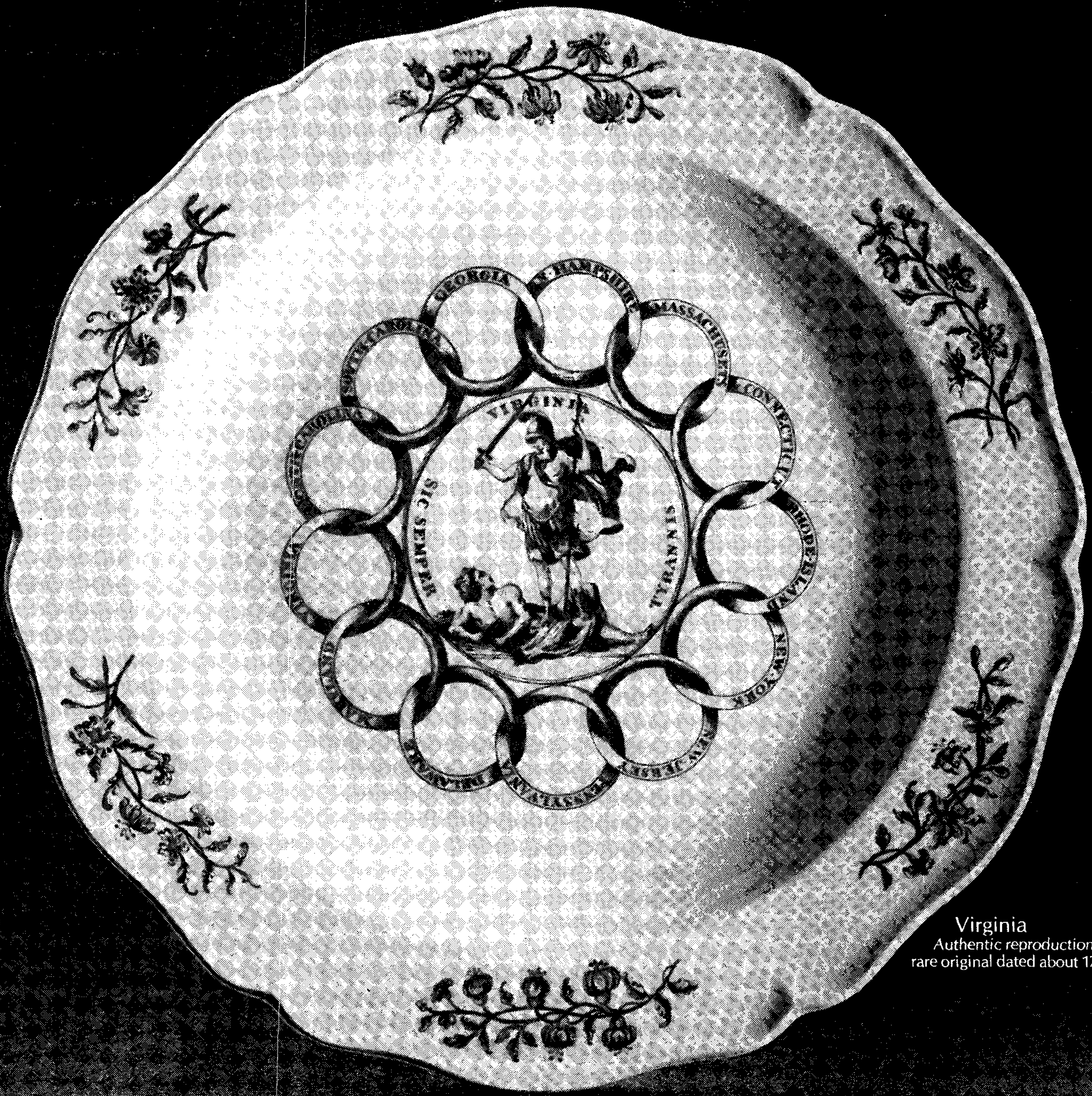
Tech series

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

*Public Service Broadcasts vary by area. Check with local authorities.

“I am glad that America is free and rejoice most sincerely that it is so.”

Josiah Wedgwood, 1778


VIRGINIA
SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS
GEORGIA
N. HAMPSHIRE
MASSACHUSETTS
CONNECTICUT
RHODE ISLAND
NEW YORK
NEW JERSEY
PENNSYLVANIA
DELAWARE
MARYLAND
VIRGINIA
N. CAROLINA
S. CAROLINA

Virginia
Authentic reproduction of
rare original dated about 1780

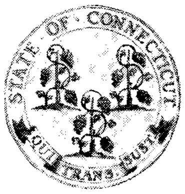
“Wedgwood” is the U.S. registered trade [illegible]

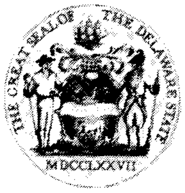
In this spirit, Wedgwood presents the official Williamsburg State Seal Plates.

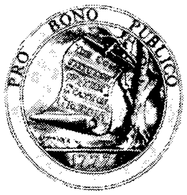
It is with great pleasure (and a sense of family tradition) that we offer this very special Limited Edition to celebrate America's 200th birthday.

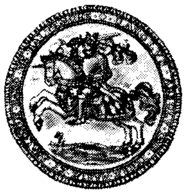
Five years of research have preceded the final development of this historic collection. The set of 13 State Seal Plates is based on the rare original Virginia plate in the Colonial Williamsburg Archives. The modeling of the plates meticulously follows the original technique. The detailed black engravings and the rich creamy glaze closely simulate 18th-century Staffordshire creamware.

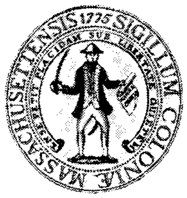
We believe the State Seal set is one of the truly authentic Bicentennial reproductions—the antique plate having been made in Staffordshire about 1780. It is believed to be the only one in existence.

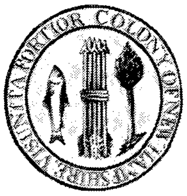

Connecticut

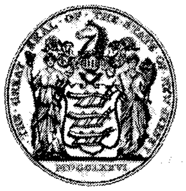

Delaware

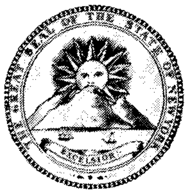

Georgia

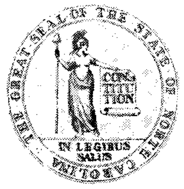

Maryland

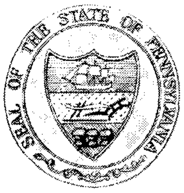

Massachusetts

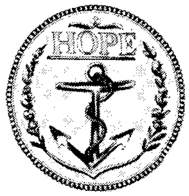

New Hampshire

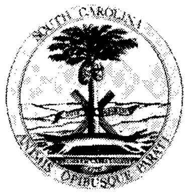

New Jersey


New York


North Carolina


Pennsylvania


Rhode Island


South Carolina

This First Edition is limited to 3,000 sets only. Each plate is 10½ inches in diameter. Printed on the back of each is a brief story of its seal. An accompanying pamphlet gives a more complete historical background.

The Williamsburg State Seal Plates are $375 for the set of thirteen. Until January 1st, they are available at the Williamsburg shops listed in this issue. After that, at fine stores everywhere. Write us for a brochure, Wedgwood, 555 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

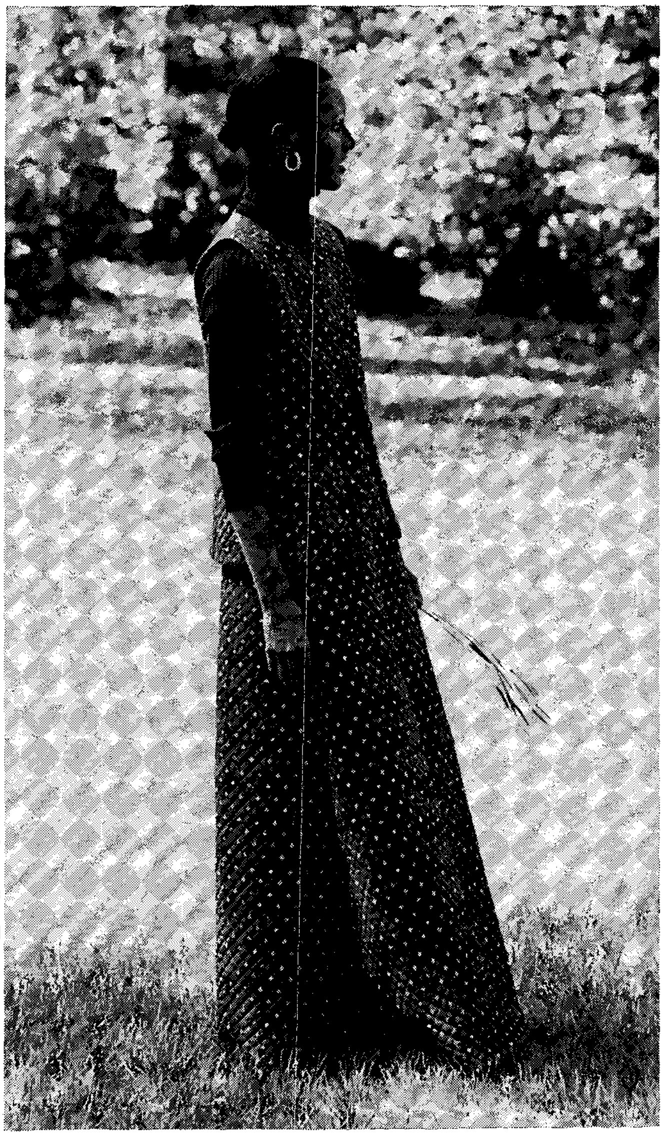
After 200 years, Wedgwood once again celebrates a great American event by presenting an opportunity to purchase this unique historic collection.

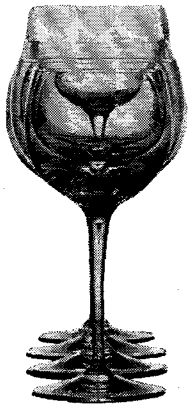
Wedgwood

A Williamsburg® Collection.

Design Research **is wearing**[1] **is eating**[2] **is making**[3]

1
Name: Jooli Skirt, Sluppi Vest.
Design: Lisa Suvanto, Marimekko, Finland.
Description: Hand silk-screened. Of quilted cotton. A two-piece design. Suited to wear for times of leisure or times that are special.
Price: Skirt, 89.00. Vest, 47.00





2
Name: Suzanne glass.
Origin: France.
Description: A special series of glasses designed exclusively for D/R, and hand blown in France.
Price: 4.95–5.95

3
Name: Sarafan
Design: Maija Isola, Marimekko, Finland.
Description: One of many Marimekko textiles in colors muted, subtle, or bright and vibrant. Always straightforward. Silk-screened onto 100% cotton. A Finnish statement of design that sets a timeless mood. Whose uses depend on one's imagination.
Price: 12.00/yard.

D|R

Design Research 53 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 421·2578.
Westport, Cambridge, Newton, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Beverly Hills, Costa Mesa.

The two finest vermouths in the world.

TRIBUNO
VERMOUTH
DRY
FOR PERFECT
DRY MARTINIS
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
TRIBUNO WINES INC.
LODI, N. J.
This Dry Vermouth is made solely from Selected California Wines and Imported Herbs according to the original formula of
ALCOHOL CONTENT 18% BY VOLUME
25.6 Oz.
$2.05*
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
VINO
VERMOUTH
SECCO
Produced and bottled by
S.p.A.
MARTINI & ROSSI
TORINO
STABILIMENTO IN PESSIONE
TORINO
RENFIELD IMPORTERS
TRADE MARKS
25.36 Oz.
$3.25*

They're both exceptionally dry.

They both help make unforgettable martinis.

But as you can see, there's a difference.

Tribuno Vermouth costs over a dollar less.

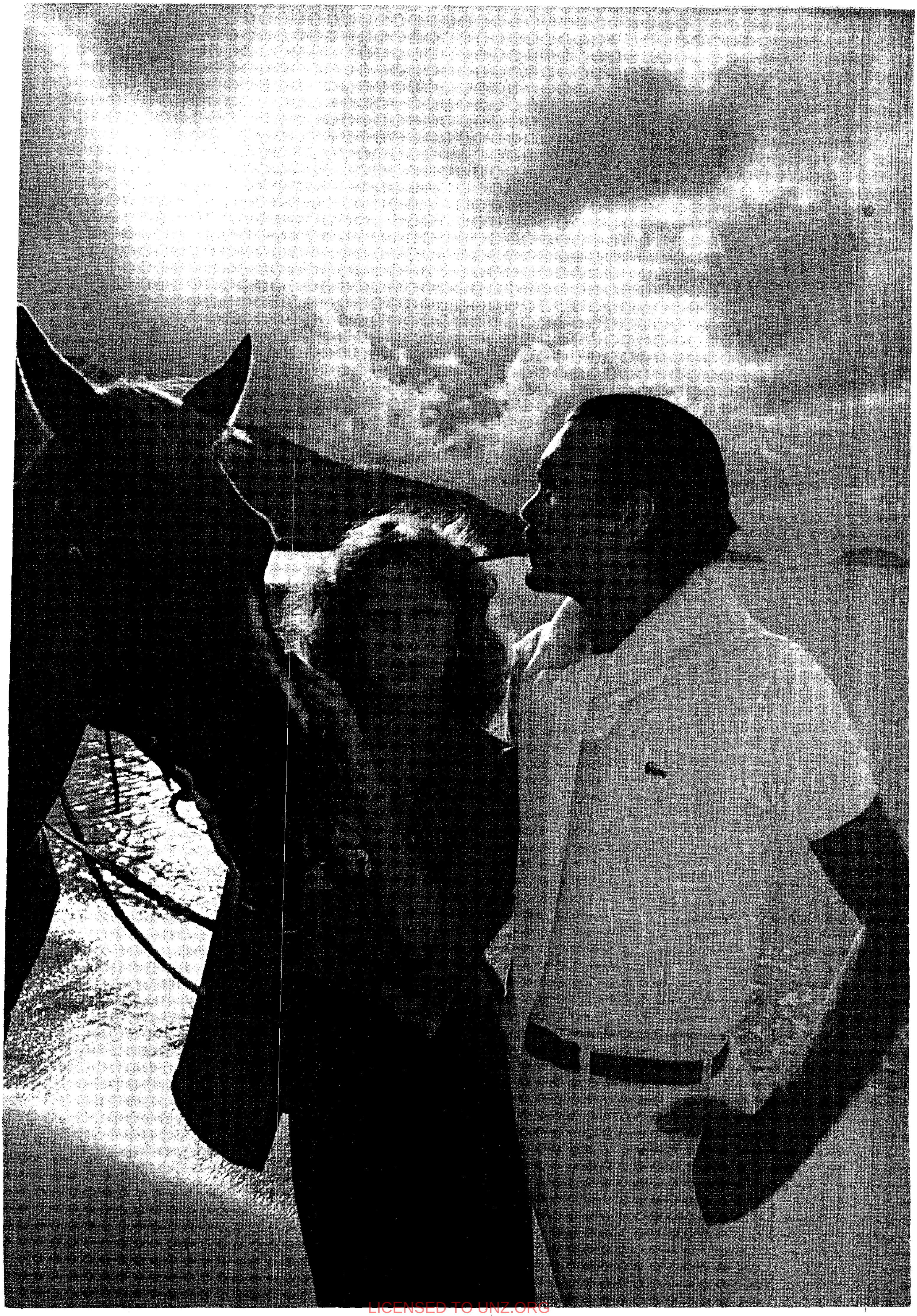
That may not mean much if you're the Shah of Iran, but for most of us these days, a dollar difference is quite a difference.

Tribuno Vermouth. Dry, Sweet, or Half & Half. The taste makes it one of the world's finest.

But the price puts it in a class by itself.

TRIBUNO

*Suggested New York Metropolitan Retail Prices.
Beverage Media, N.Y. Metropolitan Edition, July, 1975.



What a life.

It's not just what you do. It's where you do it. Do it. Down in the Caribbean. the United States Virgin Islands.

In moonlight. Riding a horse on a silver beach. Dancing in the cool of emerald lls. Biting a lobster and sipping a wine. Rattling your diamonds in a discotheque.

In sunlight. Yachting and swimming and skin-diving. Golfing and tennis and ep-sea fishing. Sightseeing through sugar plantations and hideouts of pirates. opping down alleyways in old Danish warehouses.

Night and day. Meeting the mix of people in the islands. It is they who keep ings stylish and informal. Casual chic, so to speak.

Getting to the islands is as simple as a nonstop flight from New York City. ith just enough time for a leisurely breakfast in the sky.

Down to earth, there's no need for inoculations or passports or visas. The nguage is English. The currency is the U.S. dollar. And you're shopping in a free ort. It's as if everything were always on sale. Not only that, the duty-free quota $200. No other Caribbean island has it.

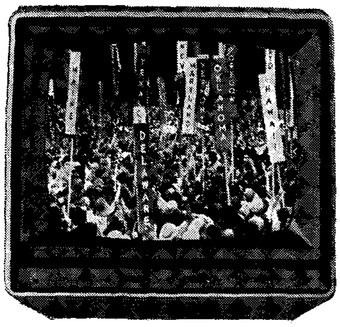
But then, no other islands are the United States Virgin Islands. For more formation, see your travel agent or write us at the address below.

United States Virgin Islands

St. Croix · St. John · St. Thomas

1974 United States Virgin Islands Tourist Office, 16 West 49th Street, New York, New York 10020.

Television shows you both sides of 1976.



America will make history in 1976. It's our nation's Bicentennial. And for the forty-eighth time Americans will elect their President.

Television will, as it does each day, focus on the merging of past and future. And in this special year of heightened awareness of our national roots, programs that deal with our nation's history will give us a better perspective on our present problems and opportunities. In the days ahead, news broadcasts, documentaries, interviews, and discussion shows will help voters see more sharply the issues and candidates of 1976.

Television is working to make Americans the best-informed electorate in the world. So networks and local broadcasters will strive to bring every community a fair and balanced view of the candidates and controversial issues. But politics and history alone won't meet the needs of a broad and diverse public. So the listing below includes programs with many purposes. To inform, inspire, divert, entertain and excite—and reflect the many moods of this many-sided nation.

First Ladies' Diaries: Edith Bolling Wilson. Tuesday, Dec. 2 (1:30-3 pm).

ABC Afterschool Specials. Skating Rink; Sara's Summer of Swans; Me and Dad's New Wife; Bridge of Adam Rush. Wednesdays, Dec. 3, 17; Jan. 7, 21 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Valley Forge. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Maxwell Anderson's play, starring Richard Basehart. Wednesday, Dec. 3 (8-9:30 pm).

The Bing Crosby Special With Fred Astaire. Wednesday, Dec. 3 (9-10 pm).

Lucille Ball Special. Jackie Gleason and Lucy in three comedy-dramas. Wednesday, Dec. 3 (10-11 pm).

Danny Kaye's Look-In at Metropolitan Opera. CBS Festival of Lively Arts for Young People. Saturday, Dec. 6 (5-6 pm).

The Birds of Isabela. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau studies island off Mexican coast. Monday, Dec. 8 (8-9 pm).

The Day After Tomorrow. Special Treat—Science-fiction adventure explaining Einstein theory of relativity. Tuesday, Dec. 9 (4-5 pm).

The Rivalry. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Dramatization of Lincoln-Douglas debates starring Arthur Hill, Charles Durning, Hope Lange. Friday, Dec. 12 (8:30-10 pm).

The Homecoming. Story of Blue Ridge family during Depression. Friday, Dec. 12 (9-11 pm).

The Bible. Starring George C. Scott, Ava Gardner, Peter O'Toole, John Huston, Michael Parks. Friday, Dec. 19 (8-11 pm).

Scrooge. Musical version of "A Christmas Carol" with Albert Finney, Alec Guinness, Edith Evans. Monday, Dec. 22 (8-10 pm).

NBC News Specials. Giving and Getting—The Charity Business, Monday, Dec. 22 (10-11 pm); American Foreign Policy 1976, Tuesday, Jan. 6 (8-11 pm).

A Handful of Souls. Original cantata from First Baptist Meeting House, built in 1775. Thursday, Dec. 25 (12 midnight-1 am).

The World of Magic. Magic show with Bill Cosby, Doug Henning, Orson Welles. Friday, Dec. 26 (8-9 pm).

The Will to Be Free. Directions: Conscience of America—Sources which inspired our ideas of freedom. Sunday, Jan. 4 (12-1 pm).

Suddenly An Eagle. Stories of people and events triggering American Revolution. Wednesday, Jan. 7 (8-9 pm).

Charles M. Schulz and Charlie Brown. Celebrating 25th anniversary of "Peanuts" strip. Friday, Jan. 9 (8-9 pm).

I Will Fight No More Forever. ABC Theatre—Story of last tribe of American Indians to fight confinement on reservation. Friday, Jan. 9 (9-11 pm).

Eleanor and Franklin. ABC Theatre—Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt's private lives. Sunday, Monday, Jan. 11, 12 (9-11 pm).

Jonathan Winters Presents Two Hundred Years of American Humor. Wednesday, Jan. 21 (8-9 pm).

Crossing Fox River. Sandburg's Lincoln. Tuesday, Jan. 27 (8-9 pm).

JANUARY: DATES TO BE ANNOUNCED

Collision Course. ABC Theatre—Events leading up to confrontation between Truman and MacArthur.

The Inventing of America. Documentary on impact inventions have had. Hosted by Raymond Burr, James Burke.

Griffin Loves Phoenix. Peter Falk and Jill Clayburgh play lovers who have a short time to live.

MORE FOR YOUNG VIEWERS

Rudolph, the Red-nosed Reindeer, Dec. 3 (8-9 pm); **Yes, Virginia There is a Santa Claus,** Dec. 5 (8-8:30 pm); **A Very Merry Cricket,** Dec. 5 (8:30-9 pm); **Doctor Dolittle,** Dec. 7 (6-9 pm); **Santa Claus is Coming to Town,** Dec. 9 (8-9 pm); **'Twas the Night Before Christmas,** Dec. 9 (8:30-9 pm); **The Year Without a Santa Claus,** Dec. 10 (8-9 pm); **Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas,** Dec. 12 (8-8:30 pm); **Frosty the Snowman,** Dec. 12 (8:30-9 pm); **A Christmas Carol,** Dec. 13 (1-2 pm); **The Little Drummer Boy,** Dec. 14 (7-7:30 pm); **The Tiny Tree,** Dec. 14 (7:30-8 pm); **A Charlie Brown Christmas,** Dec. 15 (8-8:30 pm); **The First Christmas—The Story of the First Christmas Snow,** Dec. 19 (8-8:30 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Good Morning America/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers/Electric Company/Villa Alegre

Saturday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Emergency + 4/Land of the Lost/The Shazam!—Isis Hour/Westwind/The Lost Saucer/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/GO-USA/CBS Children's Film Festival/Weekend

Sunday: Vegetable Soup/In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/These Are the Days/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Directions/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/Masterpiece Theatre

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

The Bell System didn't just happen. It was planned, right from the start.

Alexander Graham Bell

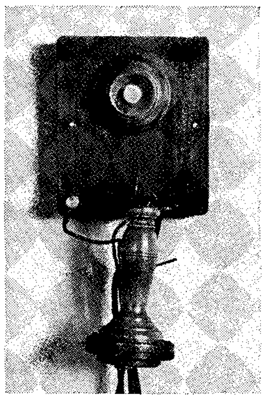
Theodore Newton Vail

Thanks to Alexander Graham Bell, all nations have telephones. Thanks to Theodore Newton Vail, the United States has the world's best telephone system.

Theodore Newton Vail was the first General Manager of the Bell Telephone Company. He was hired in 1878, when the telephone was two years old, and 10,755 sets were in service, most of them in the Northeast. His vision of what the new invention could become equaled Bell's own.

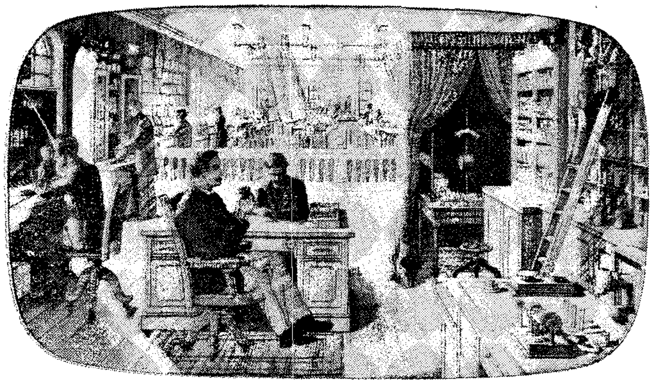
Both men saw that the success of the infant telephone industry depended on offering customers an integrated nationwide telephone system. The goal, as Vail later phrased it, was "one policy, one system, universal service." "The strength of the Bell System," he wrote, "lies in this universality."

Vail's economic insight was remarkable for his day. He was managing a new kind of enterprise, one of the first of what we now call technological industries. He saw that technology gave birth to the telephone, and that technology also imposed new requirements on the managers of the business. Manufacturing telephones required a large commitment of capital, for specialized factories. Improving the telephone required coordination of research efforts, plus more capital for laboratories. Marketing the telephone successfully required reasonable assurance that supply and demand would keep pace with each other. Vail realized that the only way those requirements could be met was for management to plan every step of the enterprise, from sources of supply to customer orders.



Vail's ability to plan turned Bell's invention into the best telephone system in the world.

Contrast the case of the manager of a simpler business—a small bakery, for instance. The manager has great freedom. If cake doesn't sell, he can bake bread. If white bread doesn't sell, he can bake rye. There is no need to commit large sums of capital, since the same ovens serve for all three products. No research effort is required, since the recipes are well known. If the price of flour goes up, the manager can raise the price of bread immediately. If demand varies, he can bake more bread or less. The technological industry, by its very nature, lacks such flexibility.



The predecessor of Bell Telephone Laboratories: the Bell company's Mechanical Department in the 1880's.

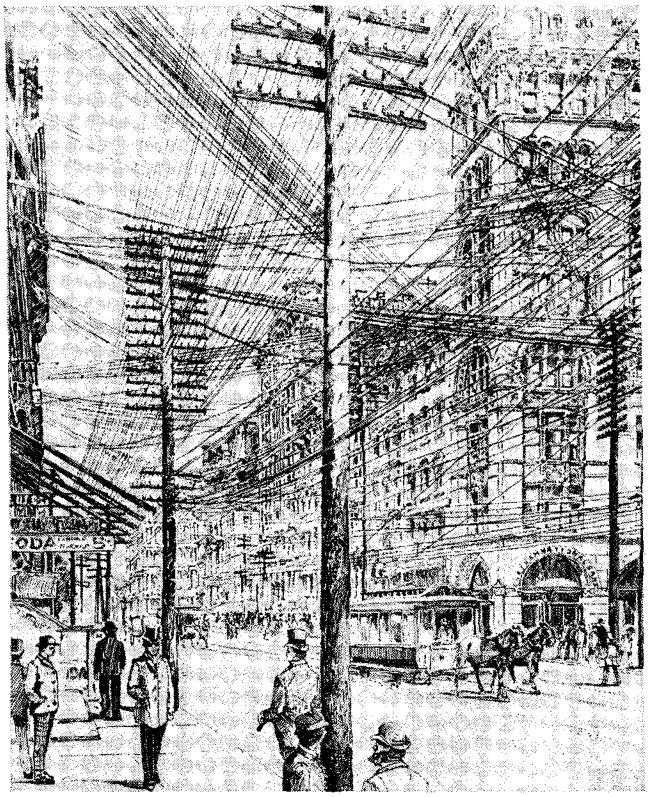
The first telephones were made in a Boston machine shop. Demand soon outstripped capacity, and firms in several cities were licensed to make sets under the Bell patents. Vail wanted closer integration of manufacture, to assure the company's service objectives. In 1881, the Bell company acquired controlling interest in the Western Electric Company of Chicago, and in 1882, made that company the manufacturer of Bell equipment.

This arrangement was desirable for a number of technical reasons: quality, reliability, standardization. Vail also had a strong managerial reason. The Bell company's business was providing telephone *service*. Success depended on having a dependable supply of quality equipment needed for the service, at a reasonable cost. By integrating manufacturing within the Bell company, Vail took a long step toward that goal.

At this point the groundwork was laid for a nationwide network. In 1884 the first Boston to New York line proved that commercial long distance telephony was possible—and profitable. Vail and his associates organized an additional company, whose corporate charter put Vail's dream in black and white. Its business was to be "constructing, buying, owning, leasing or otherwise obtaining, lines...and equipment, using, operating or otherwise maintaining, the same....The lines of this association...will connect one or more points in each and every city, town or place, in...the United States, Canada and Mexico, and also by cable and other appropriate means with the rest of the known world...."

Despite all the progress made, Vail saw a basic threat to the industry. Although it was growing, the quality of the service it provided was deteriorating. Some of the earliest equipment needed to be replaced. Rapid expansion was causing growing pains. Vail knew these service problems must be dealt with. But the Boston financiers who determined company policy felt their primary duty was to maximize profit for investors. The financiers represented the thinking of the day; once again Vail's ideas were decades ahead of his time. In 1887, Vail felt compelled to resign. For the next twenty years, he followed telephone developments as an interested outsider.

In 1893 and 1894, the Bell telephone patents expired. New telephone companies sprang up almost overnight, many of them in cities already served by Bell companies. Since the wires of the new companies did not connect with Bell wires, their subscribers could not talk with Bell subscribers. In order to be in touch with all the telephones in town, stores and offices had to have two telephones. That meant two directories, two sets of wires—and two bills. Nevertheless, demand for all telephones was soaring.



Broadway and John Street, New York City, 1890. Vail succeeded in getting the city's wires put underground.

The new companies grew, the Bell affiliated companies grew, the confusion grew.

Growth brought financial problems. Earnings, handsome as they were, were insufficient to finance such rapid expansion. (The telephone industry is a capital intensive industry.) Bell management borrowed more and more money from big banks. By 1907, lenders were getting hard to find. Then came the Panic of 1907. To protect their interests, the bankers demanded that telephone management invite Vail back to run things. Vail accepted the invitation. That year there were 3,132,000 Bell telephones in service.

Vail's return to command restored the financial community's confidence in the Bell company, so towering was the reputation he had built. Improving the quality of the service was his first concern. He made sure that concern was understood by Bell people throughout the land. Thanks to their efforts, and investment in needed equipment, service improved.

Further improvement depended on improving telephone technology. Research was going on in various parts of the company, in various cities. To encourage better planning and coordination, Vail unified the research effort. And he directed the researchers to examine at once a new device, the audion tube invented by Dr. Lee De Forest. Working with De Forest, telephone researchers developed the vacuum tube electronic amplifier, which greatly extended the range of long distance service, and led in time to commercial radio and television.

Duplicate telephone companies in various towns were incompatible with good service. Waterworks and electric companies were recognized as "public utilities," granted exclusive franchises for geographical areas. Vail believed that same reasoning applied to the telephone industry. He set out to eliminate the duplication by buying out the rival companies where that was possible, or selling out to them in some towns if that was the only way. In 1913, as a step toward universal service, he agreed to allow the independent (non-Bell) companies to use the Bell long distance lines.

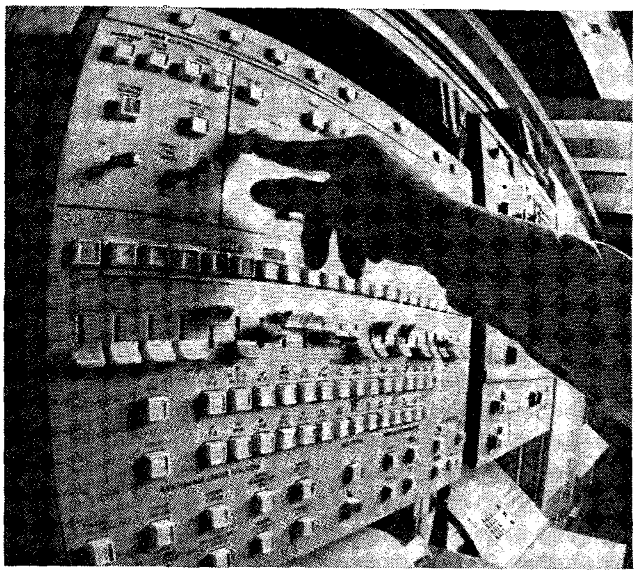
Now Vail could speak confidently of a *telephone system* rather than a large number of isolated, unconnected telephone companies. He was the first to use the phrase "Bell System." He could look to the day when telephone service would be well within the means of the average American. And that gave him the final element in his planning: he could make long-range estimates of the needs of his customers.

The chain was complete: research and development, an efficient source of supply in the Western Electric Company and total responsibility for installation, maintenance and repair in the local companies.

Because Vail could plan in this way, the company could invest the necessary millions in equipment for current needs, and in research for predictable future growth.

The Bell System continues today in the pattern Vail set. Not as a matter of tradition, but because the concept works. We are planning today American telephone service for the 21st Century. Western Electric and the associated Bell Companies are installing new electronic switching systems nationwide, which make possible many additional telephone services. Scientists and engineers at Bell Laboratories, birthplace of the first electrical digital computer and the transistor, are working now on new technology to transmit telephone calls on a beam of light, to handle calling volumes expected by the year 2000.

Research, manufacturing, operations —one Bell System, a planned approach that works. Efficiency and productivity are well ahead of the average for all other industries, the system is the best in the world. There are two tests you can make yourself to see if the Bell System really works: Compare telephone prices to the price of almost anything else over the past twenty-five years. Long distance service is one of the few things that have hardly gone up at all. Other telephone services have gone up far less than the price of almost anything else you buy. The economics of a planned telephone system have surely been to the customer's benefit. What about the service? Well, just pick up your telephone. Call any number in the United States.



Electronic switching systems, a thousand times faster than the equipment they replace, are now being installed across the nation.

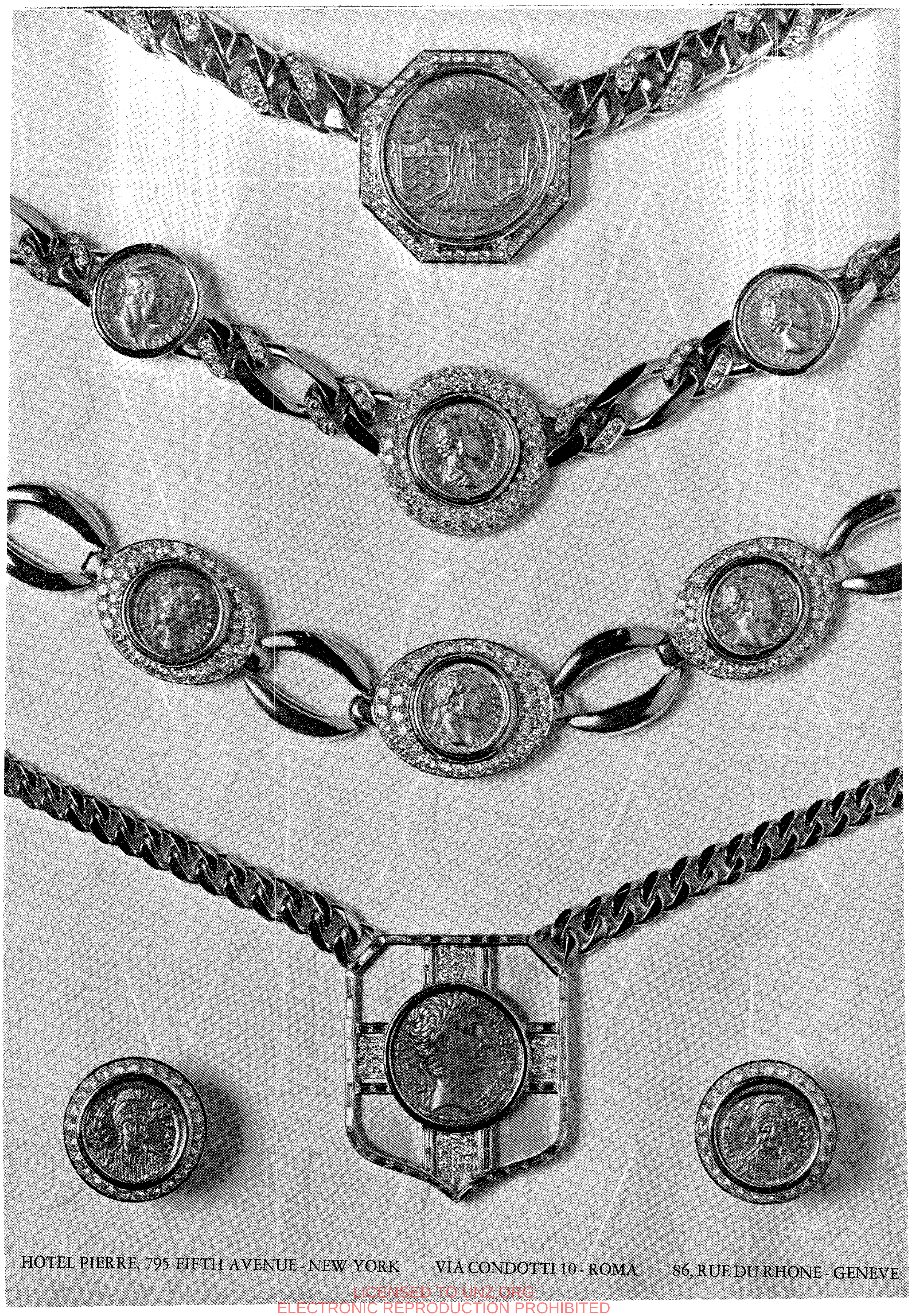
The best telephone system in the world didn't just happen. It was planned that way.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

Mink.
Mink International. Finest mink from Saga, Emba, Blackglama, Canada Majestic. 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017

There is nothing else remotely like it.



HOTEL PIERRE, 795 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK   VIA CONDOTTI 10 - ROMA   86, RUE DU RHONE - GENEVE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

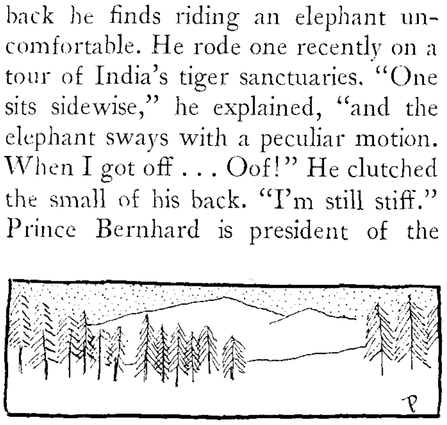
Notes and Comment

EIGHT months ago, when North Vietnamese forces were on the verge of taking over South Vietnam, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger described the imminent failure of American policy as potentially "cataclysmic." The pronouncement was extremely odd, in that the aims of the war had been largely "psychological." That is, in official reckoning the damage of defeat would be more to the nation's reputation than to any tangible interests we had in South Vietnam. The insistence that the failure of American policy would be "cataclysmic" was therefore more than a little perverse: it gratuitously increased that harm to the nation's reputation which the war had been aimed at preventing. In recent weeks, the government has been trying to cope with the possibility of another failure whose worst consequences for the nation could prove to be in the "psychological" realm: the default of New York City. Default, it has been pointed out, could do severe damage to the climate of confidence which in economic matters is as important to the country as tangible strengths. In part to avoid this result, the city government, the city labor unions, the major city banks, the Municipal Assistance Corporation, the governor of the State of New York, the State Legislature, committees of the Congress of the United States, and key federal officials have been engaged for several weeks now in planning to prevent default. At first, President Ford denied the danger, and vowed to veto any bill whose object was to use the resources of the federal government to prevent default, but in recent days he, too, has joined in the deliberations. Rarely have so many governmental and private groups taken part in a single negotiation. Finally, they seemed close to success. But then Ronald Nessen, the President's press secretary, apparently guided by the same kind of desire to maintain consistency at any cost which had inspired Mr. Kissinger to call the American failure in Vietnam "cataclysmic," announced that the success of the plan to avoid default which everyone had been working on would itself be "default." The announcement threatened to undercut the efforts that had been under way for so many weeks. Now, if the plan succeeded, New York City would get its money and would survive, but the rest of the country would be cheated of much of the psychological benefit that avoidance of default was meant to bring. Once again, the White House was insisting upon its disaster. Once again, it was putting the worst face on things and in doing so was making things a little worse than they had to be.

• •

Royal Conservationist

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS is a tall, lean man in his sixties, with square shoulders, thinning dark hair, a determined jaw, and a pleasant smile, who wears lightly tinted gold-rimmed glasses and (almost always) a white carnation. On the day we met him, he was also wearing an excellent tweed jacket of dark-gray-and-blue checks, a dark-blue shirt, dark-gray flannel trousers, and a light-gray tie embroidered with elephants. The Prince is fond of elephants, but because of a bad back he finds riding an elephant uncomfortable. He rode one recently on a tour of India's tiger sanctuaries. "One sits sidewise," he explained, "and the elephant sways with a peculiar motion. When I got off . . . Oof!" He clutched the small of his back. "I'm still stiff." Prince Bernhard is president of the World Wildlife Fund, the largest private international organization engaged in saving wild animals and their habitats—fields, forests, deserts, mountains, lakes, and rivers—all over the world. The Prince devotes about fifty per cent of his time to raising money for this work or travelling about talking to presidents, kings, and ministers in an effort to enlist them in the cause of conservation. He was in New York to accept an award from the New York Botanical Garden (the World Wildlife Fund saves plants, too), and invited us for a talk about his work. We met him at Arthur Godfrey's apartment, where he was staying. Godfrey is also a conservationist, and is a former board member of the World Wildlife Fund.

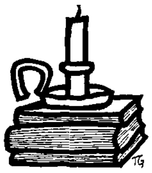


Before going to meet the Prince, we had looked up his homeland, once a small German principality, called Lippe, near Westphalia and now part of West Germany. Our Encyclopædia Britannica told us that Lippe had an area of four hundred and sixty-nine square miles; that it was hilly, had fine forests of beech trees, several rivers, and a famous breed of Senner horses; and that before the Second World War most of its people were prosperous farmers who subsisted on about two and a half acres per family. In recorded history, Lippe was occupied by the Saxons and then conquered by Charlemagne. The reigning family was founded by Bernhard I (1113-44), who had been granted sovereignty by the contemporary Roman emperor, Lothair, surnamed "the Saxon." Bernhard I, we read, "was descended from a certain Hoold who flourished about 950." We mentioned to the Prince that he could thus trace his lineage for a thousand and twenty-five years. "Sorry," he replied. "I never heard of Hoold. I don't know much about my ancestors, except that one was made a saint—Saint Bernhard. He was quite a bad fellow. Devoted most of his life to pillage and such. Later, he made amends by bringing Christianity to the people of the Baltic, and some Pope made him a saint, which I don't think he deserved." Following Bernhard I, Lippe was ruled by Simon I, II, III, IV, V, VI, and VII, a Princess Pauline, and a number of Bernhards. Prince Bernhard's branch of the family did not become rulers of Lippe until 1897. "Before that, we were counts," the Prince explained, "and lived on an estate in Silesia, near the Polish border. When you ask about genealogy, it reminds me of the time the son of the last King of Bavaria came to lunch with my wife. She asked if possibly they were related. He replied that the only pedigrees he knew anything about were those of his cows."

Bernhard's wife is, of course, Queen Juliana, whom he married in 1937. The Prince had left home to go to the Universities of Lausanne, Munich, and Berlin (class of '35), and then, since he did not care for Hitler, had worked in Paris until his marriage. During the Second World War, he became a pilot and was active in the Allied war effort. He has one brother, Ernst Aschwin, who is three years younger, and who has had a quite different career. He is a Doctor of Chinese Philosophy and writes on Oriental art. For a time, he was a curator at the Metropolitan Museum, here in New York. Now he lives in Paris.

We asked Bernhard if his love of wildlife began in his youth.

"Not at all," he said. "We had horses and dogs. We hunted rabbits and roe deer. I never saw any other wild animals. But I love the natural world." Actually, he explained, his conversion to conservation originated in his love of hunting. During the fifties, he went on several safaris in Africa, and found on each visit that the number of animals had diminished dramatically. "Where once I saw thousands, I found only a few hundred, then a mere handful of even the most common animals. At that time, there was *no* worldwide agency to protect wildlife. The I.U.C.N.—International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources—with headquarters in Switzerland, was a scientific group, which had no funds and could do nothing but chart the decline. I'd known Peter Scott, the British conservationist, for many years. He came to me and said, 'We're making long lists of dying species, but we've got to have money to do something about them.' The World Wildlife Fund was founded by a group of us in 1961. It's been a bootstrap operation, with most of the money coming from private donors. We have raised eighteen million dollars, and various governments have added possibly as much again. That sounds like a lot of money, but it is little compared to the work. It permits us to do a fire-brigade operation. We help create a sanctuary here, save a bit of forest there, and fund scientific studies. We have invested a million dollars in trying to save the tiger. The tiger is not only beautiful in itself but a good symbol of conservation, since it can live only in a healthy environment, where many kinds of animals and plants thrive and are, in their turn, of great benefit to man in terms of oxygen, water control, scientific studies, and even food and medicine."

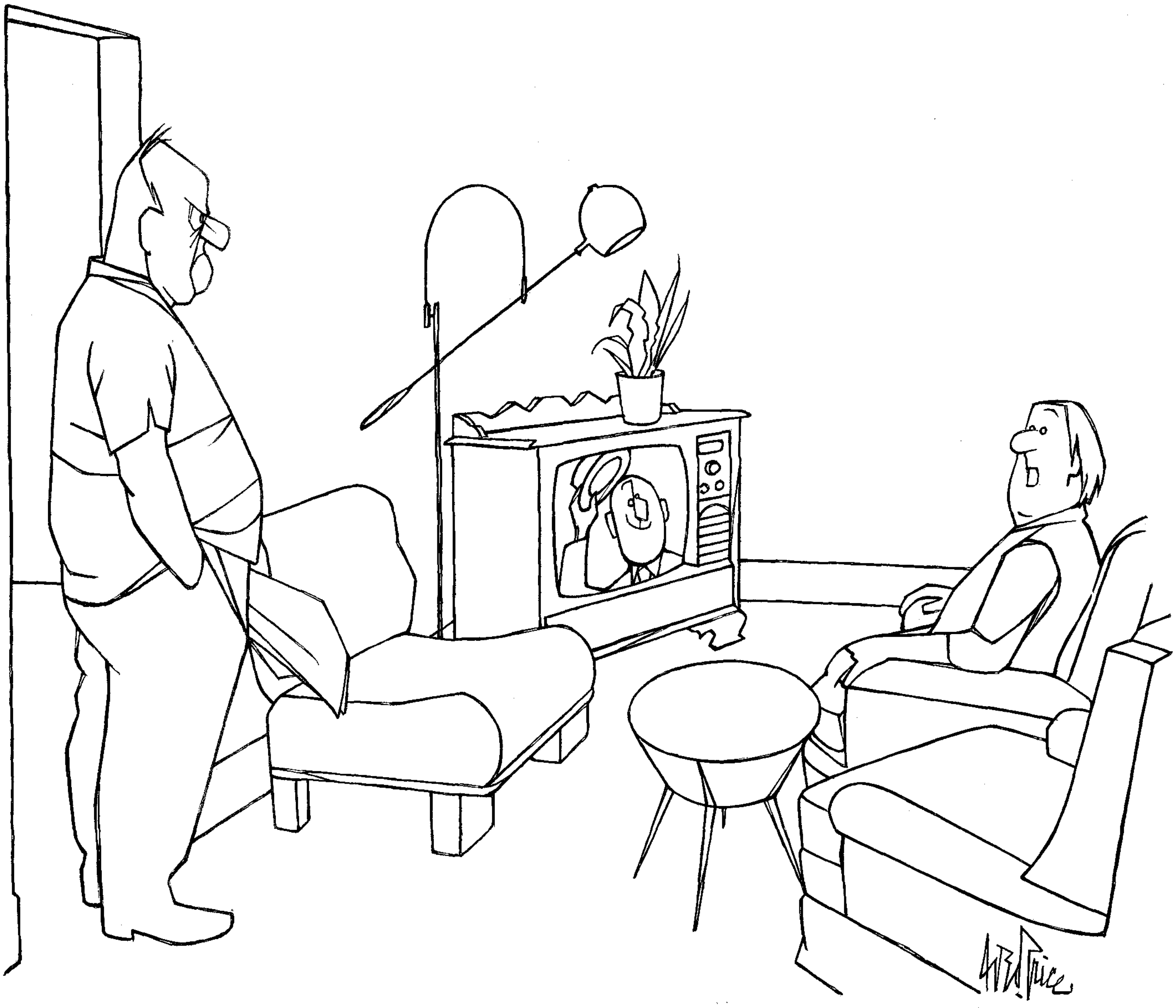


At the moment, W.W.F./I.U.C.N. scientists are particularly alarmed about the rapid exploitation and disappearance of tropical jungle all around the world. "Brazil, for instance, may seem very remote," the Prince said, "but if the rain forest is wiped out, we will all suffer—even here. This doesn't mean stopping all uses of the forests. It means managing them so that they can regenerate, instead of permitting the total destruction that's going on now in so many countries. It is the difference between spending income and spending capital." Ecologists generally rate Brazil as a disaster area. (A million species of plants and animals in the Amazon area are in danger.) On the other hand, the Prince was much encouraged by a meeting with the President of Venezuela, Carlos Andrés Pérez. "Enthusiastic and dedicated," Bernhard said of him. "He has promised us a quarter of a million a year for five years. We have agreed to set up a regional center to study the whole problem of South America. That will cost ten to fifteen million."

Since the undeveloped countries are the last great reservoirs of wildlife, both plant and animal, it is on these countries that Bernhard has concentrated. He points out to their governments that "de-polluting" is expensive, and that the industrial nations, by failing to protect their natural resources at the beginning, have not only done incalculable damage but wound up with a bigger bill in the end. He feels that it is unfair to sit back and criticize undeveloped people, who have staggering economic and educational problems, for failing to protect natural resources that are of immediate value only to foreigners. "Nature is a world asset," he said. "People of advanced countries use the world's natural resources for aesthetic, cultural, educational, recreational, and scientific purposes. Think of the numbers of travellers and researchers abroad! We consume a disproportionate amount of the world's resources. It gives us a stake in them, and a moral obligation to help the rest of the world meet the problems of preserving them."

Four or five times a week, from his home in Soestdijk Palace, near Utrecht, the Prince talks by phone to World Wildlife Fund officials in Morges, Switzerland, and decides where he will go next to further one project or another. "Sometimes it works, and sometimes it doesn't," he said. "When I tried to stop a power station in Uganda, I was told to go home. So I did it the other way around. I talked to Robert McNamara, head of the World Bank. He is a strong conservationist, and the bank refuses to finance ecologically unsound projects. The power station wasn't financed. I made five trips to Ethiopia trying to get wildlife reserves established. Once, they laid on a Potemkin show for me. They showed me an area they called a park, but when I flew over the next day it was full of cattle. Finally, after many talks with the Emperor, I got two fine parks. Now I have to start over from scratch." Bernhard sighed. "You get a success, and it is taken from under your nose." He has called on a number of other African leaders. "Mobutu, of Zaire, is very good," he said. "Equally good is Kaunda, of Zambia. A very nice man. South Africa and Botswana are doing well. But poaching is a difficult problem in all Africa. It can be stopped only if local people profit from protecting wild animals. I am submitting a scheme that will allow them to share in the profits of tourism. Amin, in Uganda, deals with poaching differently. A poacher is shot, and his hand cut off and presented for bounty. There is very little poaching in Uganda."

Recently, the Prince raised ten million dollars by inviting a thousand men and women, selected for their solvency and their interest in wildlife, to join a "club" called The 1001: A Nature Trust. Each member donated ten thousand dollars, and in return was given a limited-edition print of a bald eagle, a certificate of membership, and invitations to a series of wildlife-oriented get-togethers, such as an African safari and a tour of the Galápagos Islands. Currently, the Prince is persuading a number of countries to mint special wildlife



"I thought you might enjoy watching it. It's his farewell appearance."

• •

coins, which will be sold to collectors, the proceeds to be used for conservation. Twenty-four countries, most of which Bernhard has visited, have signed up. Indonesian coins bear the Komodo dragon, the Javan tiger, and the orangutan; Malaysia's coins will depict the tapir, the gaur, and the rhinoceros hornbill; and Nepal's coins will show the great Indian rhino, the Monal pheasant, and the red panda. The Prince recently visited eight Asian nations, and wound up his tour in the Middle East. "I went to Saudi Arabia and asked for money, but I haven't heard from them yet," he said. "I visited the Shah of Iran and gave him the Order of the Golden Ark. He is very much aware of conservation and has made wonderful legislation for the protection of wildlife, but, unfortunately, he couldn't give me any money. Several oil countries have overinvested and lack cash. The Shah told me that this year he has a deficit of three billion, so he couldn't spare a dime."

An Introduction to Jazz

WE have a note from a precocious high-school senior of our acquaintance, a young man whose musical enthusiasms normally revolve around rock:

I finally did it—I broke down and went to a jazz concert. My uncle was the guy who got me to do it, by telling me it was for a good cause. You probably wouldn't know it to look at him now, but my uncle was fairly far out back in the fifties. He was a beatnik, which, he says, was the link in the chain of evolution between bohemians and hippies, and he actually met Jack Kerouac a couple of times. He also had a cup of coffee with John Coltrane once. The good cause was WRVR, my uncle's favorite radio station. WRVR is the only all-jazz radio station in town. It used to be owned by the Riverside Church (hence the call letters), but last summer the Riverside Church asked the Federal Communications Commission for permission to sell it to the Sonderling Broadcasting Corporation, which let it be known that the station was going to change over to a predominantly rhythm-and-blues format. This outraged a lot of WRVR's listeners, and they formed the Citizens' Committee to Save Jazz Radio, which is petitioning the F.C.C. not to approve the sale. My uncle says he doesn't have anything against rhythm and blues, but since there's already a perfectly good rhythm-and-blues station—WBLS—just eight-tenths of a megahertz up the FM dial from WRVR, he doesn't see why he should be deprived of yet another amenity. He says that at this rate he's going to have to buy a shortwave radio and listen to Willis Conover on the Voice of America, as if he were living in Budapest instead of New York City.

The concert was last Monday night at the Beacon Theatre, at Broadway and Seventy-fourth—a place I've been to a few times for rock concerts. It was a benefit for the Citizens' Committee, which needs money so it can pay the legal costs of presenting the case for jazz to the F.C.C. Monday is the traditional night for benefit jazz concerts, my uncle explained, because jazz musicians who are lucky enough to be working usually get Monday nights off. While we were waiting for the music to start, my uncle told me that he was somewhat optimistic about WRVR's chances. "The precedent everybody talks about is the WNCN case," he said. "When WNCN switched from classical music to rock, the listeners went ape and there were lawsuits all over the place. The main reason that that fight was won was that a citizens' committee was formed, and it made such a good case before the F.C.C. that the station's owners decided not to fight it, and they sold WNCN to the G.A.F. Corporation, which had promised to restore the classical format. A lot of advertising people don't think jazz fans have that all-important rage to consume. They don't think the jazz audience is 'upscale' enough. I think they're wrong. I'm a jazz fan, and I'm plenty upscale. Ah, here come some musicians. See the one in the green turtleneck? That's Illinois Jacquet."

The music continued for four hours, which was long enough for a tyro like me to begin to get some idea of what was going on. One of the first things that impressed me was the lack of paraphernalia. Most of the rock groups I go to see have to set up two or three truckloads of equipment before they can play a note, but Illinois Jacquet could carry everything he needed to make his music—a tenor saxophone and a couple of extra reeds—onto the subway with him. The musicians seemed to be operating according to a standard of cool that was new to me. There were no outlandish costumes, no leaps across the stage, no demands that the audience clap along—in short, there was no demagoguery of any kind. It's not that there was no stage business at all, just that the whole spectrum was so skewed toward minimalism that the smallest gesture of theatricality—a trumpet player's bending his knees on a high note, for example—would get a big response. All of the thirty or so musicians who played except one (the guitarist Larry Coryell) were black, but there was absolutely none of that faintly minstrel-show atmosphere that surrounds the Motown groups, and even affects black rock superstars like Chuck Berry. Everything proceeded in an atmosphere of dignity, almost of asceticism, and it seemed as though the jazz musicians were using asceticism for the same purpose mystics do—to get high.

Speaking of getting high, I saw more dope being smoked than I ever saw at any rock concert, and the joints were fatter, too. I expressed surprise, for which my uncle rebuked me sharply. "Listen, kid," he said. "Jazz people were smoking marijuana before Mick Jagger's *father* was born."

My uncle got pretty excited when one of his heroes, Milt Jackson, the vibraharpist, appeared. I'd never even seen a vibraharp before—I thought it was a xylophone. Jackson was tall and thin and long-limbed and a little stooped; he looked as if the bones in his arms were as flexible as the mallets he played with. His music was as sinuous as his body. I had heard a lot of scare talk about how "demanding" jazz is to listen to, because you're listening to something that's never been heard before. (Part of the pleasure of rock is its familiarity, and if it's good, as a rule, it's "just like the record.") It took me a while to get the idea, but when I realized that listening to a jazz solo is really a matter of following someone else's stream of consciousness it wasn't "demanding" at all—it was exhilarating. Another thing that impressed me was the technical skill of the musicians—especially the drummers, since the drums are the one instrument that most jazz bands and most rock bands have in common. There were two drum solos, one by Louis Hayes and one by Tony Williams, that simply hosed away the memory of all the rock drum solos I've ever heard. Next week, my uncle's taking me to see Chico Hamilton at Mikell's. And I'm going to start listening to WRVR. While there's still time.

SECRET OF MY LONGEVITY
50¢
JOHN CORCORAN

Gwendolen

A FEW nights ago, we experienced one of those moments—time-stopping, pulse-throbbing, heart-murmuring—that precede, we have been told, important scientific discoveries. We were attending Tom Stoppard's play "Travesties." As almost everyone knows by now, the central character of the play—brilliantly done by the British actor John Wood—is a somewhat lunar retired British consular official, Henry Carr, who is living in Zurich during the First World War, where he bumps egos with none other than James Joyce, Lenin, and Tristan Tzara, a founder of Dada. Carr has a sister, Gwendolen, described in Mr. Stoppard's notes as "Carr's younger sister; young and attractive but also a personality to be reckoned with." Early in the play, all the principals—Lenin excluded—begin speaking in limericks. As Gwendolen was in the process of reciting

> Mr. Tzara writes poetry and sculpts,
> With quite unexpected results.
> I'm told he recites
> And on Saturday nights
> Does all kinds of things for adults

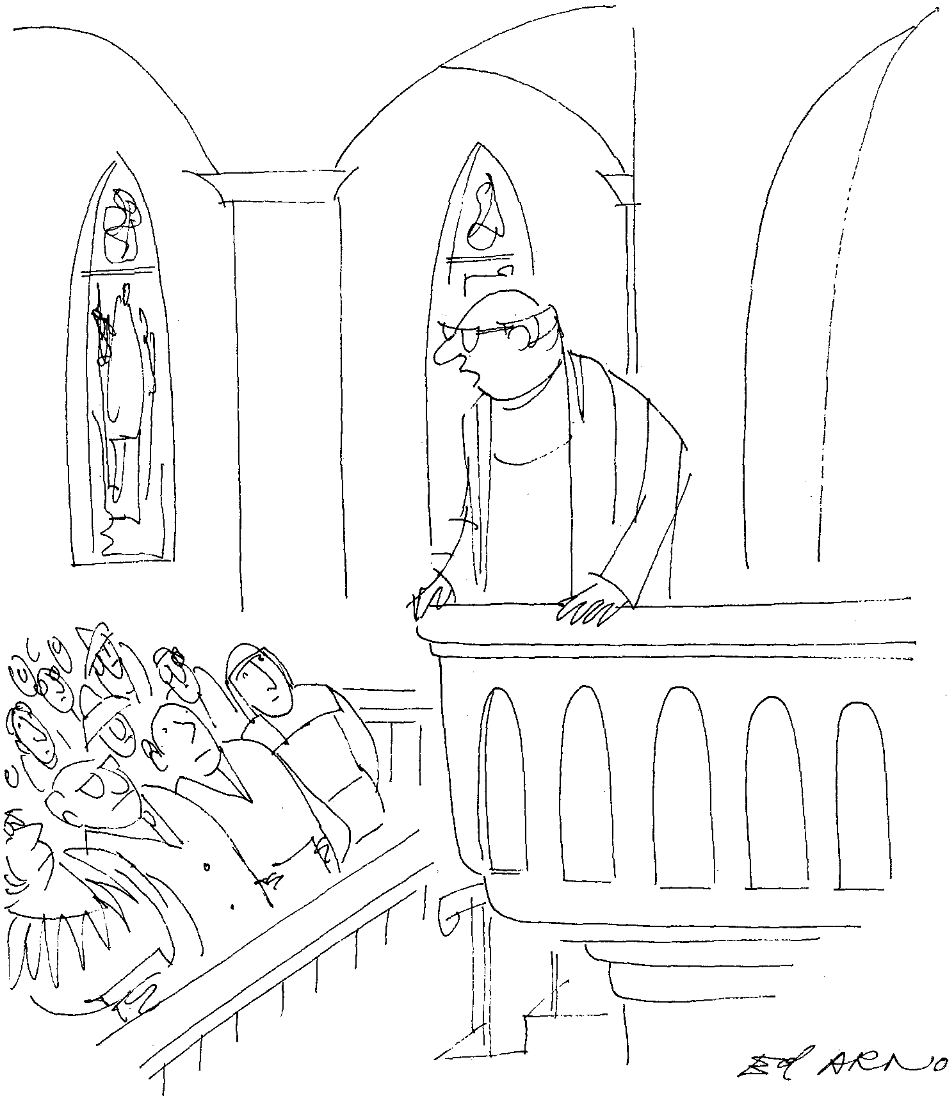
we had our moment. "Somewhere," we said to ourself, "we have seen that person before—albeit almost totally transformed." (Not Tzara, the other one.) At the first decent opportunity, we scrutinized our *Playbill* and all but jumped out of our seat. (Had we actually done so, we probably would have knocked over Dick Cavett, who, by chance, was our neighbor.) Gwendolen Carr used to be Hazel Bellamy!

The full impact of this revelation can be appreciated only by devotees of the TV series "Upstairs, Downstairs." To put the matter briefly, after the tragic drowning of the late Lady Bellamy, on the Titanic, there appeared in the Bellamy household a ravishing reddish-blonde—viz., Hazel—to help with some secretarial duties. Hazel was in the beginning neither upstairs *nor* downstairs but somewhere on the first floor. After a certain amount of *Sturm und Drang*, she married James Bellamy, son and heir, and ascended upstairs with the grace and alacrity of a wild duck. The rest is history. In any event, both Hazel and Gwendolen are in reality the striking Welsh actress Meg Wynn Owen.

We sent Miss Wynn Owen a note, and soon after that she phoned us. We can report that Miss Wynn Owen's telephone voice has enough vibrato in the lower registers to shatter pewter. We agreed to meet a few days later in the living-room-like lobby of the Algonquin. "You will recognize me, because I will be wearing a yellow coat," Miss Wynn Owen said. Indeed, when we met, Miss Wynn Owen *was* wearing a dark-yellow coat, to which was attached a rather lifelike blue bumblebee pin. Like many actors one has first known by seeing them work in the theatre, in films, or on television, Miss Wynn Owen physically resembles the personae that she creates but does not really look like them. (We recall an evening we once spent talking with Robert Redford, during which we kept saying to ourself that he certainly did bear a striking resemblance to Robert Redford.) We could see both Hazel Bellamy and Gwendolen Carr in Miss Wynn Owen, but almost as if they were distant relatives. "I have a rather anonymous face," Miss Wynn Owen told us, "and this is an advantage, because I am rarely recognized." Miss Wynn Owen, who is married to the painter Bill Wright, was born in Mumbles, Wales (there *is* such a place), and grew up in west Wales and Yorkshire. "I was never really trained to do anything," she told us. "I started as an assistant stage manager in a small provincial theatre, and began acting small parts. Later, I joined a company in Birmingham and acted some larger parts." For the past six years, she has been doing British television and films. One of her roles was Sasha Tolstoy in the British television production "Leo." "I wanted to be very sure about that characterization, since Sasha was still alive," she told us. "I went to Oxford to talk with Sir Isaiah Berlin about Tolstoy. He was most helpful."

Miss Wynn Owen explained to us that when she creates a role she thinks of clothes. "The problem with Hazel Bellamy was to keep the audience interested in her by wondering if she would ever fit in," she said. "Hazel Bellamy was in the beginning naïve as a woman. In the series, she never appears as a young girl but, rather, as a young woman. So to give this impression of naïveté I had my early Hazel costumes designed a little too large for me. I wanted to give an impression of awkwardness." In a new series of episodes, which American viewers are about to see, Hazel will be wearing beautifully tailored clothes. "This conveys a sense of evolution in the character," Miss Wynn Owen explained. "The thing that attracted me to the part and the series was the chance to try to create a truly three-dimensional character for television. 'Upstairs, Downstairs' was an especially close-knit and congenial company, and so is the company of 'Travesties.'" In "Travesties," she told us, the problem is physical stamina—something that anyone who has seen the play can readily understand. "A comedy like this must be played, as someone remarked, at the cream of your energies," she said. "It is like keeping twenty-five oranges with blue spots in the air at one time. A word or phrase in one scene will come back in different forms in later scenes, and one must be sure that these words are emphasized without being too obvious about it."

Well, "Travesties" is a hit, lines at the box office continue to grow, and Miss Wynn Owen has taken an apartment near Central Park. "I like New York," she said.



"And so I say ask not for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for moderate Republicanism."

• •

MY NORTH DAKOTA RAILROAD DAYS

O Engineer, I cannot hear her mighty whistle blow—
Have you seen the Prairie Queen, where did she go?

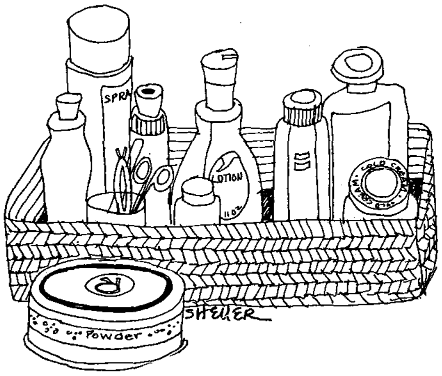
At present, our Brotherhood of North Dakota State Railroad Employees is broke, flat busted, beat down, and a *sorrier* mess than can be imagined even by a Railroad Man such as myself. It would take a crew of trained Politicians two weeks working split shifts to explain (1) Why was our Pension Fund played with and wiped out in 1948, in a burst of enthusiasm for sunflower futures (birdseed!), by a State Appointed Guardian who had been drunk for twenty years? (2) Why was our Free Pass Right stolen by Amtrak in broad daylight in June, 1970, and nobody told us until we were on board for the Annual Excursion to Minot? (3) Why is our Brotherhood Office and Clubroom here in Devils Lake, that the State solemnly promised to keep up, cold in winter, along with that the toilet leaks, plaster is cracked and falling daily in big chunks, the lock broken, the stove smokes, and all but three chairs bunged up and useless, so now we must move in with the Elks? And two or three other curious matters. But why should the Politicians bother? They know we had to be good and dumb to go on the Road in the first place, and they are right. An old shack and a gold watch fob our total "Thank you" for years of service, plus an annuity hardly big enough to plug your nose, and yet we all stand up and sing like Children on a Picnic, and me as loud as the rest: "You may talk about your Santa Fee or the Wabash Cannonball, but the North Dakota Prairie Queen was the finest of them all!" Yes, she was Quite The Deal.

When I first heard the Call of the Road I guess was 1912, when I was twelve, and the campaign train of President Theodore Roosevelt passed through my home town of Lakota, N.D., one warm September morning at 3:30 A.M. Lakota was strong for the Rough Rider and turned out *en force* at the Town Hall for a bean supper, followed by musical presentations and speeches by everyone and his cousin. We had all night, it was only 8:30. There were contests of all sorts—footraces and sheep judging and a sledge-pull of fifty yards between Lakota Grange and Volunteer Fire teams, each harnessed to a two-ton load—followed by a dance and the grand procession to the Depot, and more speeches by all those left out in the first round. Finally, it was almost time. The children were awakened, torches lit, and all of Lakota assembled on the platform. Far away, Roosevelt's train could be heard coming down the main line of the old Grand Forks & Minot.

It had been agreed we would shout in unison as the train passed, and that this salute should be something quite brief and to the point, but at the last minute it was decided that as a courtesy to the sleeping President we would delay the shout until the train had gone through. With a burst of steam and a shower of sparks and a mighty roar that shook the earth President Roosevelt's train came into town highballing west. I grabbed on to my Dad's leg and watched the swinging red lanterns on the last car disappear into the dark. Then up went the shout, "Welcome to Lakota! All Aboard with Roosevelt!," and they fired a shotgun and we went home to bed. Oh, I thought, if only I could be on that train, it would be *something*. It was the greatest day in my life at that age, and is still fresh in my memory.

Four years later, I took over Mark Jonson's spot as newsboy on the Dakota Mail. Then worked for Mr. Jack Roy, the Lakota agent, and finally I became a Trainman in 1923 and Assistant Conductor in 1928. The Mail was a good old train and the Flyer too—the Best in the West—so when the GF & M became the North Dakota State Railroad (1930), of course they kept the old crews, and on March 10th I drew my Conductor's cap and braid from Mr. R. G. Houtek, President and General Manager, in person, and boarded the Prairie Queen in Fargo for her first run—the beginning of twelve great years for the most part, certainly for those of us who loved her.

She was new then and oh, what a Beauty. Blue the color of a clear summer sky, with dazzling white running stripes and the red-crown insignia of the N.D.S.R. or "Andy Yes Sir," as we called it, "Yes Sir" for short. Rosewood and spruce and mahogany trim, and crystal lamps, red and blue plush seats, brass fittings, the ceilings of molded copper with tiny electric stars, and underfoot a deep carpet of green and brown in all fourteen cars, each car named for a county—and me and Mr. Houtek giving the Highball as she steamed from Fargo station for Grand Forks, Minot, and Williston, full of Politicians, Railroad Bosses, and Canadian whiskey.



It was the Queen I loved and not the Yes Sir, so a full account of that bunch of crooks I will leave to someone with a strong stomach, except to say that the North Dakota people had long been gouged and stripped by the Rail Monopolies to the point of agitation for state ownership, which was the battle cry of the Popular League when it made quite a dent in the 1928 election and scared the Railroads up a tree. One year and six months later, the spring of 1930, the Yes Sir was brought forth with great benedictions and anointing of feet, the Railroad Trust donating to the State the GF & M, plus the Queen, to be operated as the State Railroad by a Board of Directors to be appointed by the Governor and purchased by the Trust, which would make it the Greatest Train in the World, and operated all for the People's profit and welfare, minus a modest return on capital investment, etc., etc., and subject to other conditions, stipulations, understandings, etc. . . . Yes, that N.D.S.R. Charter was a wonder. Three volumes plus and not light reading even for the Lawyers, it was a by-God Tabernacle in the Desert, built just so and the parts joined tight, and great was the wealth thereof and all was pleasing in the eyes of the Law, including much that the human eye could not see: long strings and little traps and sieves and siphons built in by Houtek and his crack attorneys, besides which the Railroads' tax would be fixed low, and all to be in effect until three months before the Second Coming. But the State of North Dakota was helpless as an old maid asked to dance and bought the deal on sight alone and overlooked the smell. It was hard times in a poor country, and the N.D.S.R. would give jobs to thousands, and the Queen would be a Great Draw and Natural Asset in a land with no mountains, forests, or ocean. Our people were then migrating in droves to the San Joaquin Valley, and this would help keep some home by showing that North Dakota could do great things.

I took this at one-half face value at

"This is my wife, and I love her."

• •

first, my faith going down from there, but when you were on the Queen, boy, she took your mind away. She was the fastest thing on wheels—could hit 130 some places, and rode as smooth as if standing still. You see, North Dakota is a flat state, and then too Houtek spared no expense on tracks, so they were the best. We were proud of the fact she was the only train to ever carry a billiard table, and one could enjoy a good game anywhere on the route except one curve north of the Forks named the "Debs Transit" for its tendency to redistribute the balls. Many rode the Queen for the restfulness alone—in fact, we carried a special sleeper Friday nights out of Fargo and dropped it in Grand Forks for the eastbound to take back, arriving at Fargo at breakfast time. Many others were bound, summer and winter, for the Dakota Hot Springs resort and baths near Devils Lake, to take the health cure, but believe me, the real attraction was the Queen herself.

TO the older person especially, who knew the privations of homesteading in the "little old sod shanty on the plains," a ride on the Queen was Heaven at Home, and we spared no effort to please the people. We were ever prepared to stop at pleasure's call, knowing the time could be made up quickly later. Not a day passed but what we would pull up four or five times so the people might stroll by the track to gather wild flowers or photograph scenic spots, the "Poplar Grove at the Geographical Center of North America," near Rugby, being a favorite. In season, we paused to hunt pheasant and ducks, and west of the Forks slowed to a crawl, permitting passengers to troll in the adjacent Trans-Dakota Canal from the observation-car porch. Many towns along the line threw gala dinners and receptions for the Queen. A station agent would put out the message on a forked stick "Knox invites you to dance Saturday," and we'd pick it up and go, of course, and bring one of our bands—the Kolachy Brothers, the Big Pisek Hot Band, Cecil Pootz and His Grafton Spuds, the Wonderbar Orchestra, and yes, the great Bill Baroon and His Paloreenies. We had the best playing nightly in the dance car, The Club Dakota, and were happy to share.

Yes, the trip was considered *quite* the deal then and fun for one and all, and of course the fun didn't stop when the train was in motion. In addition to billiards and poker, there were regular meetings of the Camera, Norwegian, Kiwanis, Writers, Old Settlers, and Fargo Clubs. Liquor flowed at the bars, and we had the Queen's own brand of spirits brewed in a "baggage car" ahead. In the dining cars, one found culinary delights beyond compare: Prairie Queen ribs with candied yams, sauerbraten and hot potato salad, blueberry pancakes rolled in sugar, sweet rhubarb pie, Polish peppers, and fresh canal fish. And then there was Houtek, quite a fellow and a show in himself.

Houtek was a Railroad Baron and acted the part, but he liked to make others feel important too, I will say that for him. He kept his office back in the last Pullman, never missed a run, and as the Board of Directors seldom caught him for a meeting, ruled with a free hand. He walked through twice daily with his black spaniel, General Sheridan, tasting the pie and rubbing

"Oh, that wasn't me talking. It was the alcohol talking."

• •

the nap and analyzing the liquor, and woe befall the man who slipped from his standards, but to the faithful servant he extended an arm of Brotherhood and Trust. Seemed like his arm was *always* around somebody, and always there was the smell of his rich wool suit, the flash of a pinkie ring, a cloud of Havana, and Houtek's barony voice saying you and him were friends, understood each other, and knew what Railroading was all about. No matter what your name, you were either Bill or Jim to Houtek—I guess he liked those names—and you stayed Bill or Jim and answered to it. I was a Jim.

Houtek had a grand manner. He wrote the souvenir booklet that we gave free to passengers. "Men travel far and wide to see and ride upon this Train," it said. "They marvel at its Speed, its Comfort, its luxurious Appointments. Racing through the Heartland of America, it strikes Confidence and Determination into the heart of every Native Son. Truly, it may be called

The Train of The Century
and
The Jewel of The Plains."

There were also two pages on the Hot Springs baths—how they cured arthritis and other ailments brought on by cold weather, and promoted restful nerves and invigorated the marital relationship—and a big spread on Houtek, pictured at the throttle: "North Dakota's Efficient Public Servant."

(Did we have any idea Houtek *owned* 36% interest in one of the biggest Hot Springs spas and held partnership in the Springs itself? No, but when this came out, about in 1946, it was like we had always known it. In a way, it fitted him.)

Well, I will say this. Houtek was King, and when you rode his train, why, you felt like a Prince of the Realm, and all of us enjoyed it to the hilt and none would say a word against him on *that* account. When you rode the Prairie Queen, employee or paying customer, why, the state of North Dakota rolled along beneath your feet. You sipped Houtek's prize bourbon and looked out across at the farms dried up and the farmers still poking the dust—a little white house out in the middle of nowhere, and not a stick of shade, and a lady's pale face in the window, her raggedy kids lined up by the track where they'd put pennies, all of them wishing they could be on the great train—well, you did feel like a Prince with a noseful of diamonds or a Potentate on Tour, and I guess that's how we looked to them too. They probably thought we were *all* Houtek. As I say, I don't claim not to have enjoyed this as much as the next one. Or to understand it any better or think, Oh, it was Houtek, Houtek did it—we had no idea.

On account of her irregular schedule and high speed at night, the Prairie Queen killed more people in her twelve years than floods and blizzards put together. She must have wiped out half a county. Crossing-lights were rare items then and people just never got used to expecting her. A little bump was all we felt. We'd pull up slow in the night and back her up, me and a trainman walking alongside with flares, a mile or so back to the crossing. Most often, we'd find a little coupe, with a young couple in it, or an old farmer in a pickup, and most of the time they were busted up bad and beyond help. But now and then we'd find a breather and haul him up into a Pullman and go on to the next town, and it was amazing how he'd seem sort of awestruck, *proud* even, to have been hit by the Queen. Houtek would come to his bedside as we started up again, and lean down and shake the hand of the victim and shout, "You are aboard the Prairie Queen! You are going to be all right!" And the poor bleeding soul would look up with whatever sense he had left and sort of *thank* him. Oh, it was strange business and would tear at your heart to see it, but there it was. There it was.

And now this brings me to certain events of 1940-42.

One fine summer night in 1940, we attended an Indian Corn Dance near Minnewaukan. Houtek and I rounded up the stragglers near midnight and hiked back to the Queen through a horse pasture. We came up over a hill, climbed through some barbed wire, and there, far off, were the lights of the waiting Queen and the faint low hiss as the big ten-wheeler fired up. She lay out there in the dark looking like a whole city, and I felt like I just wanted to spend the rest of my life on our beautiful Prairie Queen.

Houtek saw this—he had been advising me on investments, telling me to put my extra dollars into chemicals because the war was coming and we would be in it soon—and he added, "By all means, don't invest in that," meaning the Queen.

"There is no chance of that, I'm afraid," I replied. "The Queen is owned by the State of North Dakota."

"Well, there is more to it than that," he said. "Just don't you get involved in it in any way. I have made a couple mistakes in that department—

and they are going to cost me in the end."

That was about it, but even that little remark gave me a stir. Houtek was not one to gab about business. He always kept his hands in his pockets and had a pair of adder eyes for anyone whose mind should wander into the executive domain. For example, the Queen carried an extra "mail car" (which was not a mail car), which was kept locked and to which Houtek alone had a key. Now, every man on the Yes Sir roll knew that that car was full of Railroad files and papers. Many times we saw Houtek and his assistants take stuff out and put it in, but once, when a brave engineer asked him if indeed those were Railroad papers in there, Houtek gave him both eyes full-face and dead poison. "You keep your hand on the throttle, Jim, and I'll take care of the line," he said.

So we made it a habit not to see or hear too much. Oh, we thought the contracts were funny—some of us had to sign for loads of groceries and various other train supplies, and the prices were ridiculous—and we noticed all the Lawyers on board and the agents for companies nobody'd ever heard of. They were perfectly obvious. These were men who'd warm up their voices in the morning—those rolling Episcopalian tones—and then gather round and lie in wait for Houtek, spreading out their papers on a table in one of the dining cars and listening, heads down and tails up, waiting for his "Morning, gentlemen!" Then it was every man for himself.

They'd walk right up each other's backs to get close to Houtek's ear. They fussed over General Sheridan—what a fine dog he was, if he ever sired pups to let them know, and so forth and so on—and now and again Houtek would take one of these grifters and make a pet of *him*, let him eat at the Houtek table, give him some choice concession, or so we guessed.

And then, too, there was the thirty-five miles of track east of Williston that got heaved up in the 1941 thaw something awful and never did get fixed. The dining cars had to shut down on that stretch and the band took a break, for though the Queen slowed to yard speed, she rode as if in a cyclone. It was a nightmare, screeching and scraping and clattering along like an old milk train and everybody hanging on to the seats and it was shameful and just made you *sick* to see her suffer that way. And then there was a stretch east of Stanley, and later the whole Hillsboro section went bad. Now, some thought the whole mess was due to the steel shortage—maybe some old rails hadn't been replaced. But in actual fact the rail was practically new, laid the previous summer and obviously not up to grade—inferior light-gauge rail you'd use for siding at a pillow factory, maybe. Why? We didn't ask why, nobody asked. We knew. Deep down in the marrow of his bones where it is dry and cold and he keeps a little hard common sense the size of buckshot, the Railroad Man knew. Houtek was a crook—how else could you figure it? A plain out-and-out thief and egg-sucker like every other Railroad Boss or Lawyer, though you still hear a few fellows speak fondly of "Old Hooty," and many North Dakotans today will solemnly swear the Queen would be running yet if Houtek had not been hog-tied by the Labor Unions! Yes, this was the line put out by the Republican newspapers—in an editorial paid for by the Trust and issued annually like a Valentine. Come spring and time for the Directors' meeting to set rates and see the books, those papers would say the Queen was losing money due to Political Interference. Time to give Free Enterprise room to do the Job, they'd say—the government knows nothing about running a Railroad, but here we have Politicians dictating from Bismarck decisions that are not sound Business Practice, such as featherbed work rules and lavish pension benefits for the B.N.D.S.R.E. freeloaders.

I am never surprised by anything I read in a newspaper, nor do I blame them any more than I would hold a grudge against a goat. But just to set the record straight, the Yes Sir Board of Directors was strictly on the tit and regarded the Trust with humble piety and obedience and never sat but what it knelt, and as for the Brotherhood, why, it was about as powerful as the United Orphans & Widows. A Republican court had found us to be state employees and thus made it illegal for us to have collective bargaining or to strike. We were Houtek's Boy Scouts and that's gospel truth, but just you try telling truth to someone born and raised on a bed of lies. You can lay it at their feet, draw pictures, say it in Swedish, spread it with jelly, or put it in a knuckle sandwich—they will always think it was us in the Brotherhood that ran the Prairie Queen out of business.

75th
MADISON
STEINBERG

WELL, it wasn't. It was that bone-cracking rail east of Williston, to begin with, that busted the eggs in Houtek's basket. At the time, in the summer of 1942, I was absent—off fishing on the beautiful Lake Lakota with my good friend Ramon Kilgore—but as I understand it a loose coupling was spotted on a coach a few minutes before the Queen's scheduled departure from Williston. The yard crew took a long while deciding they couldn't fix it, and by the time the coach was pulled and the Queen remade, the Trainmaster hadn't time to make a final inspection. If he had, he surely would've seen the bolt was not dropped in the lock on the "mail car" door.

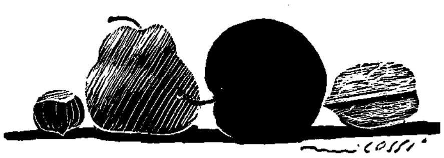
When the Queen hit bad track and went into her regular convulsions, the "mail car" bounced around, shaking loose the catch, and the door slid open. When she came to good track and the engineer put the coals to her—well, they say it was Houtek saw it first: what looked like a funnel cloud of paper boiling out that car and up over the prairie, where a strong wind took hold and carried it off southeast. They say Houtek saw it and stood up and fell against the window and his knees buckled and he caught the emergency cord on the way down. They thought he was dead of a stroke. His face was blood purple, and four men hauled him to his bed.

The Queen stopped there three hours on a little rise looking east, and every man, woman, and child aboard went out and combed the grass for loose paper. Oh, it was a sight, they say, how boxes jumped from the speeding train, fell to the ground, and burst like bombs, and the written history of the N.D.S.R., its coin, its harvest, its every bill of theft, the index of its lies, the worthless bonds, in short The Goods, all was released and flew away and scattered itself over thousands of square miles of North Dakota to be plowed under as compost, and so poisonous was the ink that crops were thin for years thereafter. Oh, I wish I had been there to see it, it was *something!*

Meanwhile, Houtek came to and went out of control. They had to lock him in his office with a bottle of whiskey and hope for the best. He was hollering and kicking the walls and firing people through the door, but then finally he calmed down and began to brood. Of course, it's only a guess, but I tend to think he got to missing all that paper something fierce now it was gone. Maybe he feared it was lost, maybe he feared it would be found, maybe he saw blackbirds swooping at his head and other voracious creatures come to meet him now that he had nothing to beat them back with, but mostly I think he just grieved. I believe he went some kind of loony in there, though among powerful men it is not so noticeable. He was silent, unlike himself, and wouldn't be roused.

"Mr. Houtek, shall we move?" the conductor called again and again through the door. No answer. Up ahead, the engineer, "Captain Jim" Hinkley, hauled on the whistle, wanting to be off. Finally, orders or no, the Queen started up. Houtek stayed hid through Minot and was not seen until Devils Lake. It was dark and the yard lights were blacked out, but they say it was him who snuck from the Queen to the station office and stayed locked in there for 25 minutes, until a car came for him—a black Chrysler.

The scheduled stop was ten minutes and the Queen was set to leave when smoke was noticed coming from the "mail car." It was a smoldering fire. They had it almost put out, but it flamed up again, and all passengers were taken off as a precaution. Just then a Yes Sir detective appeared from the station—a short man with a big cigar—and took charge, said all crew was to report to the desk immediately, Houtek's orders. This was contrary to rules, to order the crew off a standing train, and Captain Jim demanded to have it in writing, so the detective wrote it on the back of a freight bill: "Crew relieved, Queen/11:24P by RGH." She was burning, the mail and the first baggage, and Jim was cursing and crying, but the old veteran took his orders and, with his fireman, Steve,



CHILDREN OF DARKNESS

If groves are choirs and sanctuaried fanes,
What have we here?
An elm-bole cocks a bloody ear;
In the oak's shadow lies a strew of brains.
Wherever, after the deep rains,

The woodlands are morose and reek of punk,
These gobbets grow—
Tongue, lobe, hand, hoof, or butchered toe
Amassing on the fallen branch half-sunk
In leaf-mold, or the riddled trunk.

Such violence done, it comes as no surprise
To notice next
How some, parodically sexed,
Puff, blush, or gape, while shameless phalloi rise,
To whose slimed heads come carrion flies.

Their gift is not for life, these creatures who
Disdain to root,
Will bear no stem or leaf, no fruit,
And, mimicking the forms which they eschew,
Make it their pleasure to undo

All that has heart and fibre. Yet of course
What these break down
Wells up refreshed in branch and crown.
May we not after all forget that Norse
Drivel of Wotan's panicked horse,

And every rumor bred of forest-fear?
Are these the brood
Of adders? Are they devil's food,
Minced witches, or the seed of rutting deer?
Nowhere does water stand so clear

As in stalked cups where pine has come to grief;
The chanterelle
And cepe are not the fare of hell;
Where coral schools the beech and aspen leaf
To seethe like fishes of a reef,

Light strikes into a gloom in which are found
Red disc, gray mist,
Gold-auburn firfoot, amethyst,
Food for the eye whose pleasant stinks abound,
And dead men's fingers break the ground.

Gargoyles is what they are at worst, and should
They preen themselves
On being demons, ghouls, or elves,
The holy chiaroscuro of the wood
Still would embrace them. They are good.

—Richard Wilbur

• •

The report that 8 million persons are unemployed . . . is a false picture. Most people recorded as unemployed are between jobs or between entering the labor force and finding a job.
—*Milton Friedman in "Newsweek."*

• •

stood off across the platform from his cab, and Houtek's man climbed in and he was shutting her down, loosing steam, they *thought*, and then she began to roll. They dashed for the engine, and Steve had one hand on the ladder when the dick stepped on his hand and jumped clear and fell on him, and 11:30 P.M. of June 14 the Prairie Queen slipped out the station on her final journey.

The word went down the line that she was coming, and coming fast. In several towns, straw bales were piled on the tracks to slow her down, and in Lakota the Volunteer Fire Brigade stationed themselves with a pumper by the depot to cool off her firebox, but she came by going 60, her whistle moaning and fire glowed in every window, and we knew, and some wept, that we would never see the Prairie Queen again.

The call went down to the Forks to open switches all the way to Fargo, but the great crowd that had gathered at the Debs Transit curve was not to be disappointed. They say she hit the curve at 80—some say 100—and her wheels screamed as she jumped the track. She dug a double furrow three feet deep in the ground, and flew from the high bank of the Red River. They say she was airborne for only four seconds but it seemed like a week. They say a million birds rose from the valley and all was suddenly silent but for the rush of wings and the cry of a child in the crowd, and then she hit water. Hit so hard, they say, she sent a three-foot wave two miles upstream and four down and the steam was so thick the eastern shore could not be seen until noon of the next day. There, they say, rests the Prairie Queen today, and they say on a quiet day if you put your head underwater you can still hear the slow tolling of her bell rocked by the current and the groaning of her joints as she sinks ever deeper in the mud.

I have not done so myself, nor have I seen the wreck, though maybe I have looked in the wrong place. Nor did I see Houtek again, though I heard he died some years back in Minneapolis, where he had become rich again and a pillar of the community. Anyway, after a few years and the general excitement of the war, he was forgotten by the people of North Dakota—all except us. We sit in our shack, we old Railroad Boys, and now and then remember him to the extent of wishing him safely in Hell. May his soul be forever tormented by fire and his bones be dug up by dogs and dragged through the streets of Minneapolis, and God damn his name and wipe it from every account and take all his money and that of his heirs and put it in a Certified Check made out to the Brotherhood of North Dakota State Railroad Employees (B.N.D.S.R.E.).

—GARRISON KEILLOR

•

BOOKBINDERS, OLD ORIGINAL, 125 Walnut St. (WA 5-7027). This is the town's most famous restaurant; it has an international reputation, and with good reason. The specialty is seafood, including lobsters you can pick out of a tank. They've been at the same address for 100 years.—*Adv. in Philadelphia Magazine.*

Step right up to the tank, folks.

TOMORROW'S CELEBRITIES TODAY

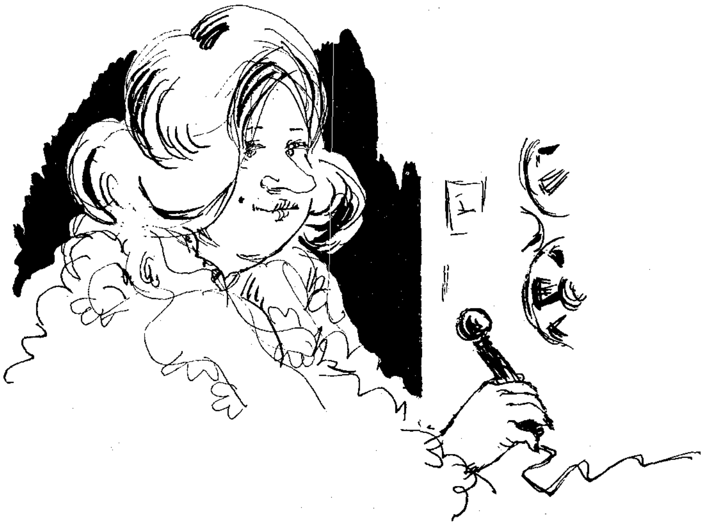
One of the few fields still expanding despite the blasts and pestilences of the current economy is Celebrity. Once a phenomenon restricted to such exclusive vocations as crowned head, field marshal, and assassin, Celebrity has exploded to include such down-to-earth occupations as quarterback, anchorman, and hooker.

The marvel of television is largely responsible for the Cinderella-like transformations achieved by many formerly unheralded occupations. With slow motion to provide grace to the clumsiest gesture, instant replay to reëxamine what Marcel Proust knew only as "*temps perdu*," as well as laugh tracks and the rest of TV's magic, almost anyone can entertain us.

And yet millions of Americans still go to bed at night obscure. One reason is that most people pursue fame in the most difficult and unimaginative way. Rather than attempting to be something you're not, be it rock musician, pop writer, or simply divine-looking, why not consider seeking fame in less competitive fields?

Extrapolating from the quantum spread of Celebrity over the recent past, it's safe to guess that many currently banal activities will soon be avenues to star (or even superstar) dom.

Here are capsule bios of some clever people who have already staked claims in what may be tomorrow's Celebrity Bonanza.



DEBBIE DARE

From the age of six, through piano lessons, elocution lessons, dance, makeup, and singing lessons, Debbie Dare has been trying to break into show business. Her three marriages to lying deadbeats claiming to be entertainment biggies, her countless hours waiting for the "big chance" (Debbie holds waiting-room records at Warners, Fox, and M.C.A.), and the heartbreak of the aging process led Debbie to consider early retirement. Then one day inspiration struck, and success was almost immediate.

"I was in an elevator that was playing 'It's Only a Paper Moon' when I got the idea for what I now call the Public Recording Field. I pressed the button for the executive offices, and the very next week I was the voice of the floors at Macy's! From there it was a short step to supermarket specials, political-campaign trucks, and time zones. I've done both the Mountain and Pacific Standard time zones. (I think everybody in the business ought to do an occasional gig on the Coast.)

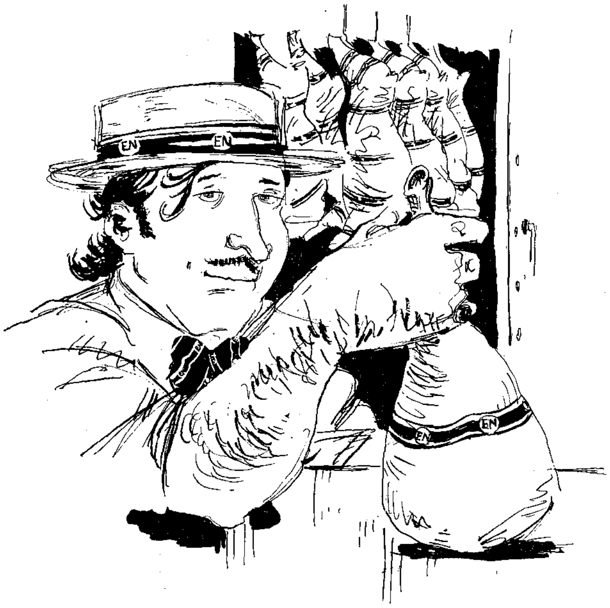
"I've also done some Off Broadway—you know, the 'Please stand back from the moving platform' in the I.R.T. down on Fourteenth Street—some weather in Central Park (without word one from Joseph Papp, by the way), and some spiritual things for Dial-A-Prayer.

"Really, there's been so much work I've decided to get out of town with my plants and cat, put my feet up, and just take a rest. But," she added with a twinkle in her eye, "I'm taking a briefcase full of scripts with me."

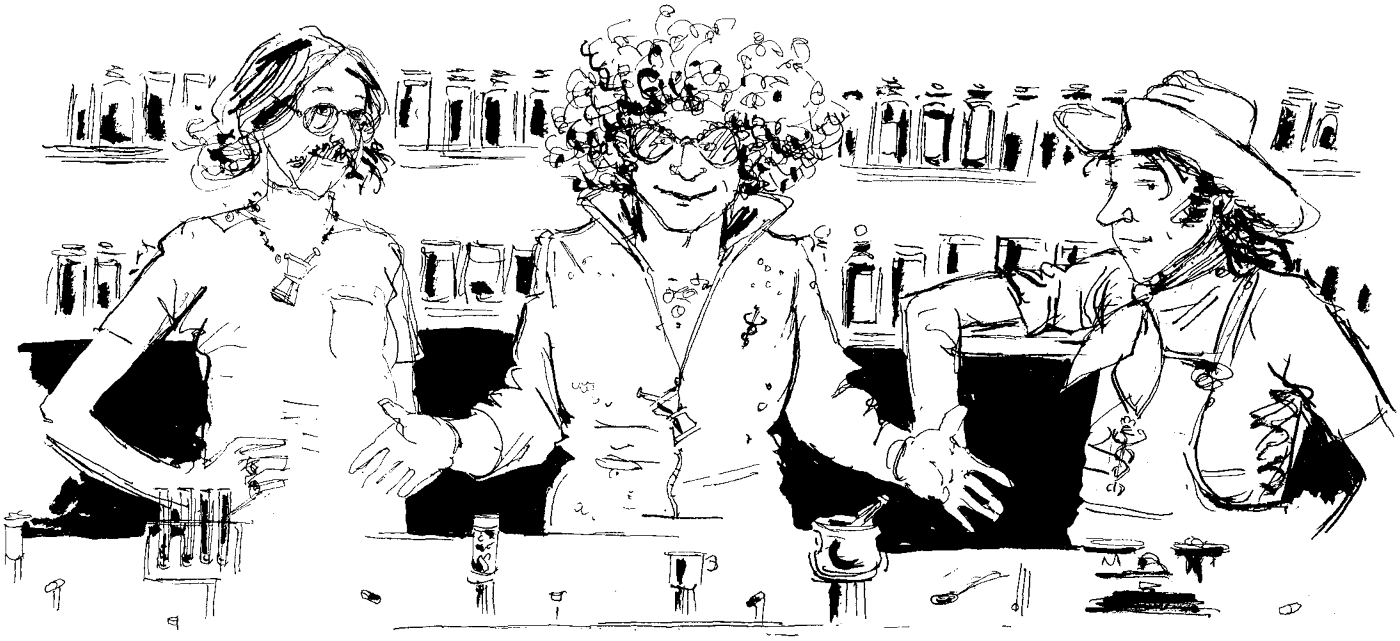
ERNIE NAVONI

"To get famous today," says Ernie Navoni, "you got to deal with women. Look at your barbers, look at your tailors. The most they can get is successful. But your hairdressers and your fashion designers, they get *famous*. The reason is they deal with women, and women like to read about and deal with celebrities, so they make the people they buy from famous. And who deals with women who isn't famous yet? Butchers.

"When a butcher sharpens a big knife, an electric current runs through the ladies. The conversation is hot stuff, and I don't mean just oven temperatures. Butchers routinely discuss such sensual items as taste and tenderness. Now, you can't tell me a man with a nice pair of forearms and big slabs of naked meat hanging all around him is not a sex object! Ask your psychiatrist. Butchers are ready for the big time, the talk shows, the as-told-tos, throwing out the first ball—the whole side of beef.



"The question is: How do I elevate meat from a comestible to a status symbol? How do I make meat chic? Answer: I do just what the footwear and handbag guys did. I personalize meat! The trick is distinctive stripes, and my initials applied in such a manner that they won't cook off in the oven. Now the lady can lay out a dish that everyone recognizes as an Ernie Navoni. Mark my words. By the end of the year, people will be complimenting the hostess by saying, 'My dear, I *loved* your Ernie Navoni.' "



The Drugstore

Six months ago, Norm Stockton, Ken Childs, and Ned Bevens were three unkindled rock stars watching the sunset of their youth take place behind the mountain of anonymity. Unskilled beyond the rudimentary musical and electronic know-how required by their trade, they faced an uncertain future. But things have changed for the trio. They've moved out of the overtravelled rock rut and into a new groove, which seems destined to lead them to a different kind of stardom.

Norm, Ken, and Ned, formerly known as Vortex, The Megatons, Summer Trip, and Mold, have sold off their Fenders, Gibsons, and platform shoes and enrolled at pharmacology school!

"One day, we were kicking around some new names for the group," Ken explained, "and Ned came up with The Drugstore. Then Norm says, 'Hey, wait a minute! Why don't we really *do* a drugstore?' "

"I got this great flash!" Norm added. "A kind of head-shop-style drugstore that kids can get next to. A whole chain, with these wiggy pharmacists in sequined white pharmacist outfits, who, like, laugh insanely while they prepare your prescription. I mean, the kids will freak out. And Ned and Ken and me, we image the thing. We do the appearances, like Vegas and the talk-show trip, and franchise the whole insane number."

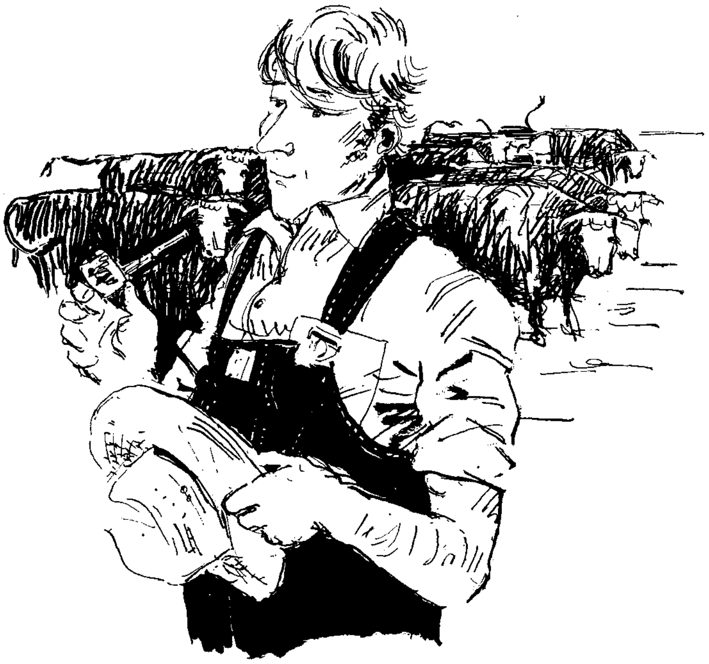
"Can you dig it?" enthused Ken. "See, the current heavies of drugstore franchising, they got your Geritol crowd, which is cool with us, because, like, we're going after the kids. See where I'm coming from? They can have the crowd getting old now, because we will have the crowd that is going to get old in the future. It's like Walgreen's and Rexall are the Mills Brothers of pharmaceuticals and we are the Rolling Stones."

Cal Crocker

Ten years of scrounging for bit parts and food in southern California persuaded Cal Crocker to try an area less crowded with charisma than the one covered by *Variety*. Cal has traded the cattle calls of casting for the archetypal cattle calls of actual cattle. Although yet to land his first part in agriculture, Cal is enthusiastic about getting in at the beginning of an industry he believes will soon be as big as film, recording, and pro sports.

"The Russian wheat deal is typical of the agricultural spectaculars coming down on viewers!" exclaimed Cal as he tried on his new denim overalls. "I like the costumes and the organic angle. And between appearances you've got the basic gig of farming to keep body and tan together."

—William Hamilton



OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

RUNNING

IN selecting those who might occupy the most important office in this country—the Presidency—we put our potential leaders through a process that is both strange and brutal. The people who might make crucial decisions about war and peace, about our taxes, who will have enormous effect on the quality of our lives, our social order, the civility of our public discourse, undergo an experience from which few human beings could emerge whole. Some do not. The evidence of the damaging nature of modern political campaigns—the scarred veterans, the burnt-out cases, the bitterness—is all about. "They never come out of it the same," one senator said of colleagues of his who had run for the Presidential nomination or the Presidency. Moreover, the pressures on those who undertake Presidential campaigns are growing. In 1960, John F. Kennedy ran in only seven primaries. Now, as a result of subsequent political reforms, there are twenty-nine Democratic primaries. In addition, the Democrats' reform rules have led to more open processes for choosing delegates by convention or caucus in the other states. As politics has become more open, the growth in participation has led to growth in demands on candidates. Other developments have added to the strains a campaign imposes on the candidate. One is the growth in the variety and skill of pressure groups. Another is the education of the populace—which is increasingly well informed about politics. Intensified coverage by the press intensifies the stress. One mistake and a candidate can be destroyed. Those relatively modern inventions—television and the jet plane—have added not to the politicians' ease but to the demands that are put upon them or that they put upon themselves. One gets the impression that the entire Presidential-selection process is about to snap, and that new forms and styles must emerge.

Curiously, the questions of why people run and why the race often leaves such deep scars may have common answers. Running for the Presidency appears to have an impact on the ego that is unlike that of any other endeavor. *Homo candidatus* might be said to undergo a unique human experience. There are some exceptions, but many candidates for the Presidency seem to react with strikingly similar emotions—even those who enter the race with the best of motives, who are thoughtful people, who care deeply about their country. They feel an extraordinary exhilaration in making the race—a great lift, an unparalleled expansion of self-esteem. It is as if the limits on ambition and ego were removed. All this is reinforced by aides and backers who are themselves susceptible to expansion of ego and fantasies of power. They are investors in power, who stand to gain if the candidate wins. The aides and other investors fuel a candidate's ambition and flog him on. After a while, the candidate, caught in a web of ambition (his own and others'), begins to believe that he can win—has to believe it in order to go through what he does—and begins to picture himself in the Oval Office. In the deepest fatigue, he continues to function on an unnatural flow of energy—a kind of high. It is the only way to get through it. Set against this is the devastation of losing—the deflated self-esteem, the bitterness, the sheer physical difficulty of adjusting to the sudden cessation of activity. Two years after his unsuccessful race for the Presidency was over, one former candidate told a Senate colleague, "I still wake up nights campaigning."

Almost every campaign eventually generates uncommon stress: there is infighting among the staff and the reaction of an exhausted candidate to that infighting; failures in staff work (often caused by rivalries); unfair attacks by opponents; the necessity of appealing for money and other forms of help from people whom one holds in low esteem or people who may exact an exorbitant price—not just in commitments to policies but also in promises of federal appointment or demands on a candidate's time. There are constant pressures to take various positions on issues—to win one constituency but do it in a way that does not lose another. There are pressures to be something one is not—to change everything from one's haircut to one's personality. There is pressure to be shallow, sensational, so as to get press attention. Aides grow

"You're next, Mr. Hepple. Right after his yogurt."

quarrelsome and suspicious. And all the while the candidate is being asked to undertake more than human flesh can endure. Understandably, the self-pity that is endemic among politicians—who feel overworked, underappreciated, and misunderstood—reaches great intensity in the candidate for national office. As a result of the pressures, candidates get derailed from their strategies—if they ever had them. Concentration on substance—even for those who wish to engage in it—becomes increasingly difficult. Planning for what one would actually do if one should win the Presidency becomes almost out of the question.

A losing campaign as often as not leaves an atmosphere of bitter recrimination. Political defeat really is an orphan. Former aides and advisers go about telling how it could have been otherwise if this or that piece of advice had been followed. Participants in campaigns write whole score-settling books. Candidates go through self-doubt, rationalization, and examination of the "but for"s that stood between them and victory. The "but for" exercises prompt them, often successfully, to run again; having experienced the stratosphere of a Presidential campaign, many—most, it seems—find it difficult to readjust to previous routines. Of course, good things also happen to people who run in Presidential campaigns. They can receive a political education that is unequalled. They can learn unforgettable lessons about their country—about issues, about constituencies. They can learn about the mood of the people and the subtleties of that mood. They can gain a better understanding of where they can lead people—if they choose to—of how to lead them by gaining their trust and unlocking their higher aspirations and motivations. And they are given some preparation for the pressures involved in trying to govern a complicated nation. But—in the very nature of contemporary campaigning—the costs seem to outweigh the benefits. Good people can get through campaigns and survive, but at a heavy price—for them and for us. And some good people—after a close look—count themselves out. Campaigns have become a screening process that does not always screen out, or in, the right qualities.

CONVERSATIONS with former candidates for the Presidential nomination and for the Presidency and with several former campaign aides give one a striking picture of what can happen to a candidate who seeks the highest office. "It leaves scar tissue," one former campaign manager said. "There's no way it can't have a deep impact on the candidate's psyche and physical condition. For a person in public life, it is the aspiration to the ultimate. There is no way a losing candidate can pick himself up and pretend nothing has happened to him. Even though you haven't lost your public position, you feel you're a loser. It hurts. You wonder what you did wrong. There are all the self-doubts. The system rewards success. There is no second place."

Another man who has participated in several campaigns said, "Everyone at the end of a campaign has blown off at his staff every night—thinks his mother is going to vote against him and his wife is trying to subvert him."

"It's the way they lay their egos on the line," said Mark Shields, a heavy-set, thirty-eight-year-old man who has worked in several campaigns. "It's a terribly vulnerabilizing experience."

I asked Shields at lunch one day to tell me something about how campaigns work.

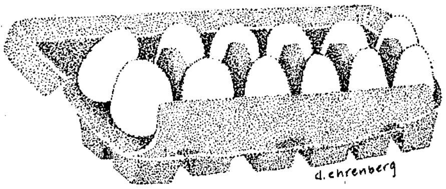
"Most of them don't work," he replied. "Everybody in the business is an amateur. Everybody looks at the last campaign. Most people have only one good campaign in them or maybe, if they're lucky, two. It's a total absorption of emotional, psychic, physical energy. It's not like being in the Senate. The Senate is bad preparation for a Presidential campaign. A senator can say 'Let's have hearings on tire safety' or something else and issue a press release and in three months hold hearings and issue another press release. In a Presidential campaign, issues are thrust upon you—a Middle East crisis, a public employees' strike. The press wants to know what you would do. That's more like the Presidency. You get too many easy answers as a senator. A senator can make statements, offer testimony, send a letter to the Internal Revenue Service. He can be for housing, but he doesn't have to say where it's going to be built. He can't do that in a Presidential campaign." Shields continued, "The toughest thing in running for President is to understand the fact that there are millions of people who are going to make a judgment about you who don't know you. And then you have to ask people you don't like for their help—that's tough. How many fools can you suffer in one day? And how many speeches can you give? How many days can you take away from home and still feel good? Can you resist trying to be your own campaign manager? All day, you'll get complaints about those dopes who did this and that. How good are you at raising money? How many people can you be nice to? Can you convince other people that you are worth their time and money?"

Another former campaign manager told me, "The physical, emotional, and energy strain is so staggering that you end up with a person whose emotional and physical level has to be beyond human—it has to be animal. Look at the candidate as a person. Quite often, he's a husband; he's a father; there are problems at home. There are financial problems, if he's honest. Quite often, there are arguments with the family, or there is a distance from the family—an emotional acceptance of a dreadful circumstance. There is a terrible emotional drain on the candidates. They are like an automobile whose lights have been left on overnight—and just maybe you can start it. The whole thing is excruciating. I wish to Christ you could spend just one whole day on the inside of a difficult campaign. At the end of the day, the candidate used to look at me with red eyes and say, '*For what?* How much more do I have to do?' "

"A lot of them go into a Presidential campaign with the idea that the United States might be one big congressional district or state," said a man who was active in the 1972 campaign. "They begin by thinking they can wander around the country the way they wandered around the state. Then the shock sets in. Frankly, what it takes out of them is a great deal. Most normal people can concentrate on only one thing at a time. The candidate has to realize that the only thing he can handle is being an articulate, good candidate. He can't think about whether the mail is going out or the money is coming in. The biggest thing is fatigue. The staff sits around and says, 'Can the candidate do this?' or 'Can the candidate do that?' The candidate can hardly walk."

An aide to one of the current candidates, when I asked him what candidates have to go through, replied, "They have to go through a whole lot of— a lot of running around. You really have to want to be President. We run our guy; we really run him. You just have to come to grips with the fact that your life is not your own for some period of time. We run him a lot harder than we should. He's good about it, but every once in a while it has an adverse impact on his performance. He begins to answer questions too long; his speeches become too long; he becomes less precise."

"Here is a truism about politics," said one former campaign manager. "Candidates' wives hate schedulers and advance men. They always think their husband is being overscheduled."



IMPRESSIONS

Thanksgiving Saturday, dark wind, Detroit.
Sue, your college-roommate and one confidante,
a sculptor, married twice and forty now, wants
to make life-masks of us. Next spring she'll have
them in her show, patined a stunned lead-brown,
mounted on Modigliani necks. You'll laugh,
but be unnerved if they're bought. Old sheets around
me, I lie down. Time to begin. Adroit

and quick, her fingers splatter plaster down
my cheeks, the mold starting to set, the cool
and chalky damp stretching my skin, like washed wool
returned to shape. And then—everything shifts.
The drying grout begins to build its heat.
With each new weighted smear thoughts form, then drift—
to when I had my tonsils out . . . or Cheated
Death when pulled from under a diving raft . . . now, gowned,

unfixed, I am Millais' Ophelia. The eyes
are covered last: all is made plain, all dark.
Or nearly—studio noise about me, whose remark
is whose? And is it you who takes my hand,
or Sue? Suddenly, I know: it feels
like that of . . . my spinster orthodontist, standing
beside me as with water she anneals
another impression of my teeth. Surprised,

my adolescent daydreams twisting round,
I watch her take my hand. She lets her thumb
play on my palm. What can it mean? Some
weeks ago, I now recall, her breast
pressed a moment against my cheek, the white,
starched cotton of her Vestal (& Co.) Dental Dress
yielding to . . . to . . . I don't know what. It's night
within this mask; older, I've not yet found

motives for her, nor should. Her metamorphosis—
three times my age, her vestal thirty years
consumed, she was in life fine-boned, removed—inhered
in my desire: awhile, my thoughts uncrossed,
I supposed her young, in love with me. Today,
nothing's resolved or straight, except that lost
and final model of my lower teeth, those grayed,
unbraced, still-crooked teeth you'd sometimes kiss.

—David Sofield

• •

ONE day in October, I asked George McGovern to give me some of his impressions of what it was like to go through a campaign. We talked during lunch in the senators' dining room in the Capitol. McGovern began by talking about his experience in 1972. Understandably, he said he thinks that the system of primaries and state caucuses is "pretty good," but he feels that the general election gives all the advantages to the incumbent. "I suppose I reflect the bias of someone who won in the selection process and lost so disastrously in the general elec-

"I love the Big Bands, but I don't care much for this one."

• •

tion," he said. Still, McGovern has some things to say about running for the Presidency that illuminate what a candidate goes through.

"I think running for the Presidency is different from anything else," McGovern said. "Maybe it isn't that it's so different but that the stakes are so much higher. You always know when you're in a Presidential campaign that a slip of the tongue or an ill-advised statement can be devastating. In a statewide race, you have time to make up for such a thing. But in a Presidential campaign it's as if you were always in the seventh game of the World Series—one error and it could all be over. The sense of excitement and tension is always there—day and night. It's physically exhausting on the one hand and exhilarating on the other. You literally live for months on the flow of adrenalin. I was tired, but I went at a pace that couldn't be sustained at any other time. It couldn't be sustained by the staff, by the press—they had to be rotated. The great weakness is that there is seldom any opportunity for reflection. Even when there is a rest time scheduled, your mind and your emotions are racing ahead, and you're anxious for some scheduler to give you something to do, so you don't have to go through the pain of thinking about what you're doing. And there's always some scheduler with extra things for you to do."

McGovern continued, "One of the cruellest things that go on in Presidential politics is the struggle for the candidate's body. It goes on from the county chairman to the campaign manager. The handshaking tours have to be drastically curtailed. They're really a lot of baloney. They don't add very much to the process in terms of the candidate's security and the candidate's dignity, and they really don't make sense. The candidate arrives at the airport and sometimes spends half an hour shaking hands with the first three rows of people. Candidates do it for two reasons: one, to show how democratic they are; two, to inflate their egos. It's pretty heady stuff to have dozens of people waving their hands in the air to touch you. It makes you feel you're some sort of gift to them. But it really doesn't contribute to the education of the public or the candidate." Candidates also go through the handshaking routine because it gives them a chance to show their popularity to television audiences.

McGovern offered an example of the kind of incident that can cause havoc in a campaign and irritate a candidate's already raw nerves. Toward the end of his election campaign, he decided to interrupt his scheduled appearances in various towns and "media markets" to do some nationwide telecasts. (This decision itself was much disputed within the McGovern campaign. One former McGovern campaign official still talks of it as "disastrous," causing as it did the unmaking of so many commitments, and he blames other McGovern advisers for the decision.) "The first television address was highly successful," McGovern recalls. "It was on the Vietnam war. The second was on economic problems. I had numerous meetings with economists and staff members who were travelling with me, and I cleared it at one o'clock in the afternoon, and we dispatched it back here to be put on the TelePrompTer at the Capitol, in time for the taping at nine o'clock. Well, when we landed and I was all made up and ready to go at seven o'clock, there was nothing on the TelePrompTer. The staff back here had decided they didn't like the speech and were fighting about it. So, after fuming for an hour, I said, 'I want that speech I cleared this afternoon.' But there was no time to rehearse or go over it. I was mad; I was exhausted; I was unnerved. That kind of thing happened a dozen times; it draws every ounce of energy out of you."

Edmund Muskie now has sufficient seniority in the Senate to have an elegant hideaway office in the Capitol—actually, Sam Ervin's former hideaway. As we sat there—in a high-ceilinged room with chandeliers, brown leather furniture, and a spectacular view of the Mall leading to the Washington Monument—Muskie, relaxed, sometimes with one of his long legs slung over an arm of his chair, talked about his 1972 campaign for the Democratic nomination. He offered a number of insights into the experiences of a candidate.

"The most difficult problem—and I wish I'd seen it in advance as well as I do in retrospect—is for the candidate to control his campaign and be himself and be sure the campaign reflects that," Muskie said. "People don't buy an organization—they buy a candidate, his philosophy, his character, his goals. But the campaign starts to overwhelm the candidate." Referring to his role as Vice-Presidential candidate on Hubert Humphrey's ticket, Muskie continued, "In 1968, I went in at the top. It was a new experience, a liberating experience, and the organization responded to me pretty well. It was a pretty good start. Odd as it may seem, the bad start for 1972 was the Election Eve speech"—the televised speech he gave on the eve of the 1970 congressional elections, which was in sharp contrast to a poorly delivered speech on law and order by Richard Nixon, and increased the talk of Muskie as the probable candidate in 1972. "All of a sudden, I was the front-runner—without the resources, *without the organization.* There was a tidal wave of people wanting to respond, to be involved, and we didn't have the physical capacity to handle it. Being front-runner made me defensive, overprotective, and too damn structured. I suddenly got up there on a high wire and wasn't sure enough of myself to take it and handle it naturally. People have reported that my staff acted as if I were already President." In a characteristically different perception, or assessment of blame, some members of Muskie's campaign staff say that it was Muskie who acted as if he were already President. Muskie remarked, "People in Maine say, 'You weren't the Ed Muskie we knew.' I suspect that's still some of my problem in Maine." Muskie is up for reëlection to the Senate in 1976. This is seen as a reason for him to remain out of at least the early primaries next year, even if, as many people believe, he would *like* another chance at the Presidency. If he does not face substantial opposition in seeking reëlection to the Senate seat and if the situation seems opportune, he could still enter some of the later Presidential primaries. In the meantime, he can stand apart from the melee and win national attention as chairman of the Senate Budget Committee while other candidates battle it out.

I asked Muskie what his major problem was in 1972.

"The pressures on your time and energy," he replied. "That's always the problem—so many people seeking access to the candidate. And then there is the physical need to get around the country and get exposure. Those are the pressures that the staff sees and responds to. They have a very useful tool—*the white space* on the calendar. When the white space is full, they've done their job. The candidate has his own priorities in regard to where he should go and whom he should see and finding time to think through a program for the country. The staff doesn't consider this. Their candidate is a mechanical

JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 & BROOKS

Jingle Bells

A great way to ring in the holidays.

RARE
J&B
THE PRINCE OF WALES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
RARE SCOTCH
RARE SCOTCH

The gift of rare taste.

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH

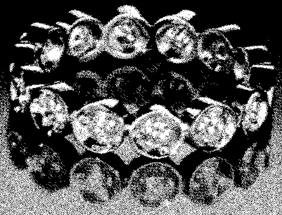
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1975 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

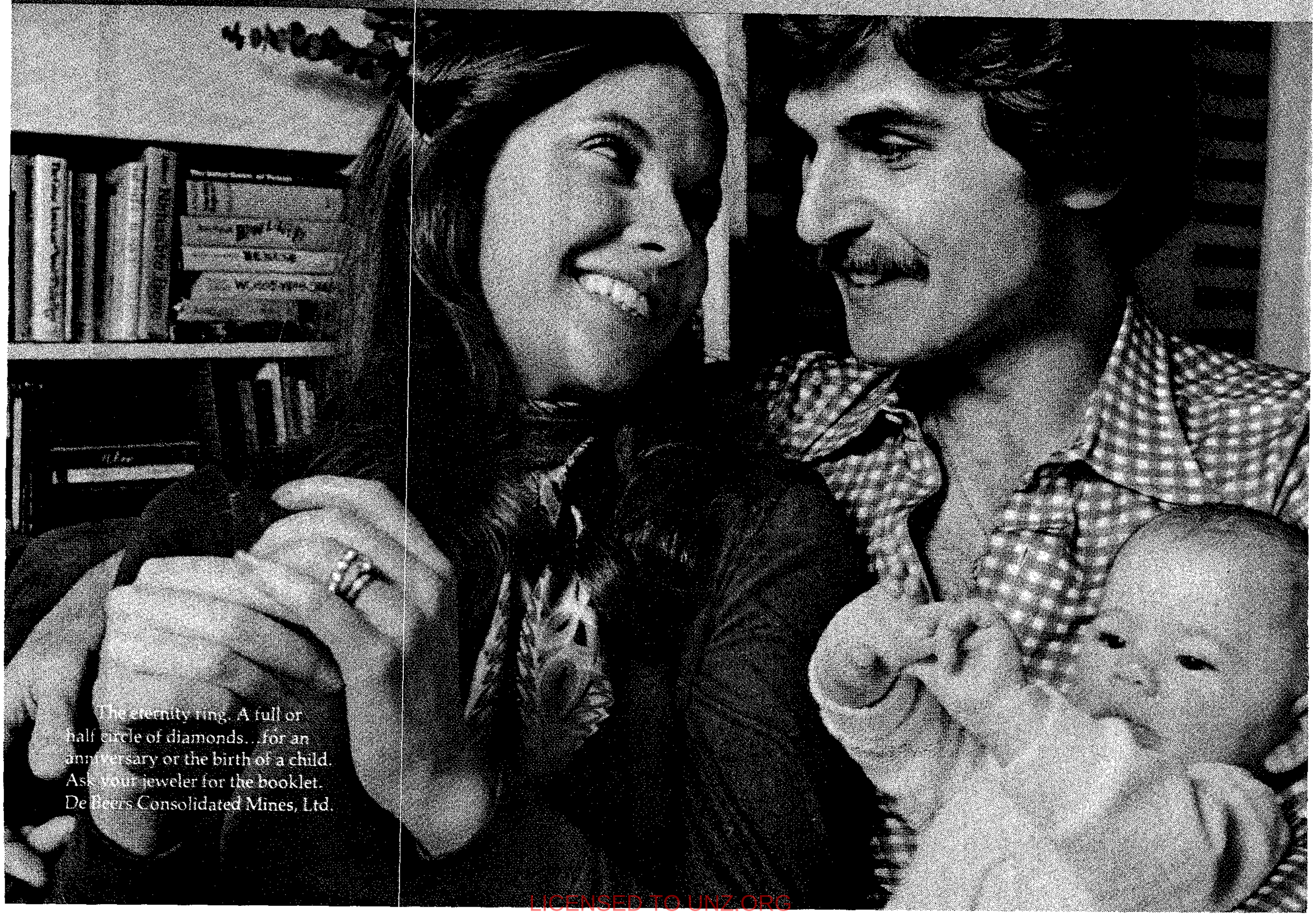
JUST MARRIED

We were on the move.
Two free spirits off to seek our fortune.
And after three years of time
and space to ourselves, the moment is right
to give you this.

It's called an eternity ring. And it celebrates the good fortune we found, in a baby's smile.

A diamond eternity ring.





The eternity ring. A full or
half circle of diamonds...for an
anniversary or the birth of a child.
Ask your jeweler for the booklet.
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

man who can find the time to think through his positions on abortion and the gay movement, on the economy. These are the things the candidate doesn't get time to think through. I look at these guys who are running now, and wonder how they can do it. The press wants instant responses to everything, and if you don't give them instant responses they believe that you haven't thought it through, that you don't have any answer. Those are the kinds of things that frustrated me. Unless you've got the time to think, to formulate your own policy, you've missed the essence of it, the excitement of it, and you've become a frenetic thing moving around the landscape proving you've got more energy, more charisma, more instant answers than anyone else."

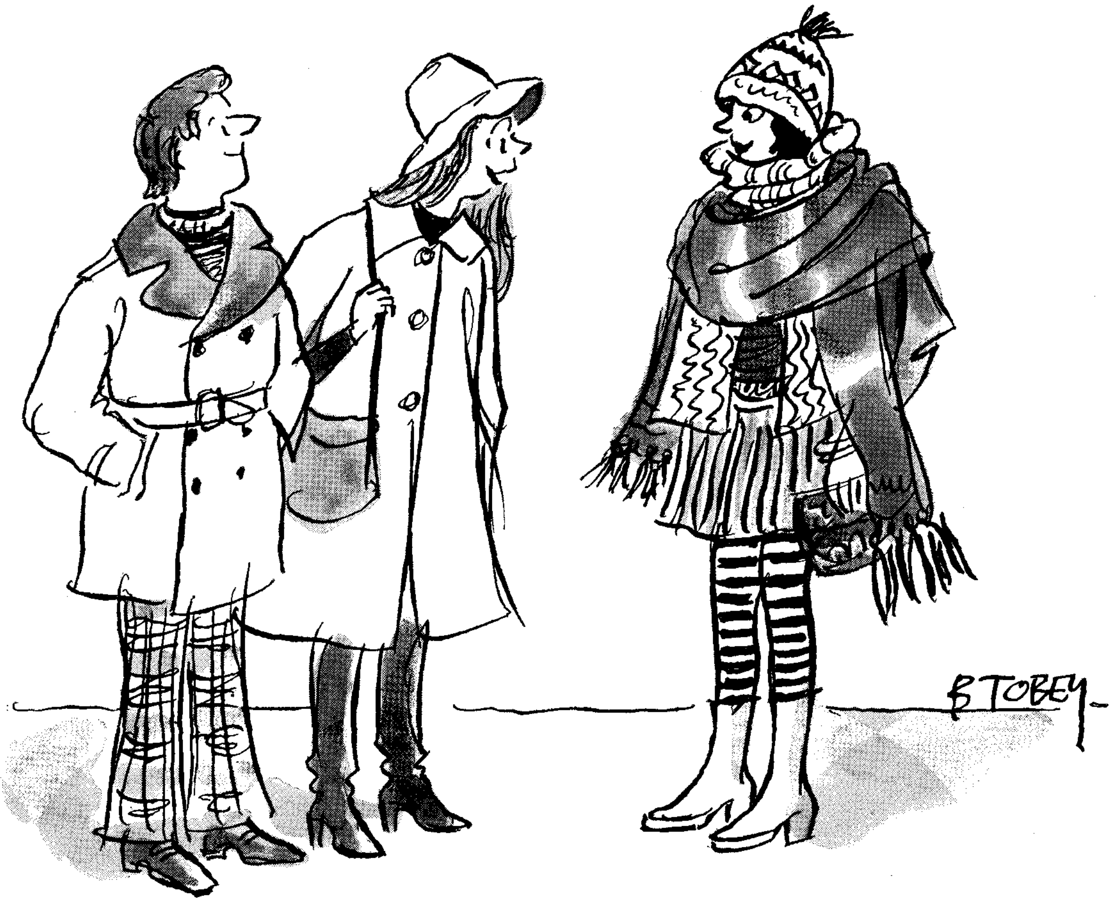
Muskie paused, and then continued, "The exposure to crowds is exhilarating, and is useful if you don't overdo it. I can understand why President Ford likes it; he probably didn't have much as a congressman from Michigan. It gives you some feeling that people respond to you, they think they need you, they can believe in you. There's nothing like that to give a man the adrenalin flow that permits him to believe in himself. But we do overdo it. We need to change the balance, to get more of a dialogue. Think back to Franklin D. Roosevelt and Al Smith. We didn't have the jet plane. There wasn't this constant rush to get around the country and get near the people. It was so much more leisurely and there was so much more communication. F.D.R. and Truman travelled on trains; they didn't plunge through crowds. Television is supposed to reduce the expenditure of energy. It seems to have done the opposite. I wonder whether, if the candidates could get together and agree on a pace and a style, it wouldn't work just as well. Or if one candidate did it—reduced the running around—I'm not sure it wouldn't take."

I asked Muskie about the problem of raising money.

"That's going to continue to be a problem," he answered. Like several politicians, Muskie has misgivings about the new law to reform financing of campaigns, which limits individual contributions to a thousand dollars and requires Presidential candidates, in order to get federal matching funds, to raise at least five thousand dollars, in contributions of no more than two hundred and fifty dollars, in each of twenty states. (The new law, which is under review by the Supreme Court, also sets limits on how much may be spent in each state.) It was far easier for some politicians to go to fewer contributors for larger sums—which is precisely what the new law is designed to prevent. Therefore, while from some politicians' point of view the old money-raising system had its difficulties, some of them don't like the new one much better. "It costs a lot of money to raise money from the grass roots," Muskie said. "The methods, such as mass mailing, can be overused and lose their productiveness. You'll have every candidate in the land sending letters." Muskie laughed, and added, "We'll have to raise the postal rates." Of his own experience in raising money in 1972, Muskie said, "I'd spend days and days going to see one individual—travelling to New York, travelling to Chicago, to see one guy who was a potential contributor. Being the front-runner was very costly. We had to keep it going for two years. You have a tremendous organization to keep going, and at the first signs of stumbling the money starts drying up. That's what brought us down eventually. The New Hampshire and Florida primaries were tremendously expensive and didn't raise much money. We had to spend money we'd raised in New York and California. Wisconsin was pretty tough. In Illinois you can raise the money, but Pennsylvania—when the outcome of that primary was disappointing we had to fold. It was a classic case of too much too soon, of peaking too soon. Adlai Stevenson"—the Democratic senator from Illinois and son of the former Presidential candidate—"used to say, 'Cut off and run from the Senate floor.' That would be easier to do this year than then."

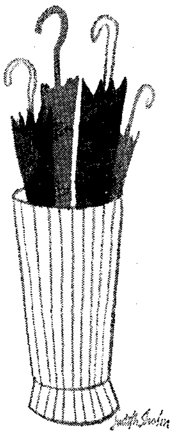
I asked Muskie why, given the strains he had described, people run for the Presidency—especially more than once.

"It's a very heady business, really, to suddenly find yourself near the top, and to breathe constantly the atmosphere of those who simply take it for granted that you're going to be the next President of the United States—not just the staff but also the press and your foes," Muskie replied. "It does things to you. You begin subconsciously to believe it yourself. You begin to consider the heavy responsibilities you have before you announce your position on something. It was the source of a lot of



"Dynamite, Maura! It's now, it's you, and it's credible!"

my difficulty, I fear, but at the same time it was a rather wonderful feeling. It would be nice if you could go through an experience like that on a trial-run basis—psychologically, mentally, physically—before you actually do it. In so many ways, I could do it much better now. But that's true of so much of life—you can't live it twice. The really invigorating parts of a campaign are the exposure to crowds and the all too scarce opportunities that you have to actually sit down with people and thrash out policies for the country—the chance to get into it and get good brains you can bounce off of. And so much of what we did of that ended up in the Democratic platform in 1972. I know I was perceived as not being issue-oriented, but I think the problem was that we tried to cover too much. We weren't identified with *an* issue, and people want to associate you with one issue or stand. George McGovern created that; George Wallace created that. What I was trying to do apparently isn't doable. I was trying to project the image of someone who could reach out to all segments of the Democratic Party and establish a common cause with them. I managed to come out second with all of them."



Muskie laughed, and continued, "I came out fourth in the Florida primary. A Yankelovich survey a couple of days later showed I was the only one who could get more Democratic votes than Nixon there. And I'll tell you a historical footnote about New Hampshire. There was this game about the percentage by which I had to win New Hampshire. After starting out with sixty per cent, the press settled on fifty per cent. I got forty-six per cent, and it was decided I'd lost. Later, it was found that I actually got forty-nine and nine-tenths per cent of the vote. I just found that out this spring. I got some satisfaction out of that, but it wasn't of any practical use."

Muskie continued, "Right after the Manchester *Union Leader* incident, I was not aware that it bore the seeds of disaster." His public display of emotion when, shortly before the New Hampshire primary, he attacked the *Union Leader* for printing a story taken to be critical of Mrs. Muskie and broke down and, according to some press reports, cried, was considered nearly fatal to his election chances. "As a matter of fact, my understanding as I went through New Hampshire was that it made a very favorable impression," Muskie told me. "I thought it was a bit of a triumph. That shows you how the candidate's perception can be off. I also found out later that the press had a different perception of what happened from mine. The press thought I cried. I didn't. I was madder than hell, and I choked. Up to that point, I was perceived as able, controlled, disciplined, stable, strong, and the image of that incident undermined what had been my basic strength. Which comes back to my basic point—you have to be yourself and have to be seen as that, or you're sunk. The more people there are who see what you are and decide they're for you, the firmer your base is. There's a lot of accident to it. Take my 1970 Election Eve speech. That did more than anything in my political life, but there was a lot of chance to it—the juxtaposition with the President. Unless there is that kind of fortuitous circumstance, then I guess you have to run around to get known, unless someone comes out of the first primary with a big margin. Then the press will give him big coverage—and he may become another George McGovern, or an Ed Muskie and stumble. The press is another problem. It's so easy to become defensive, guarded, suspicious about the press, and also to regard it as conspiratorial in a loose kind of way. And I'm sure I felt all those things in 1972. But that's a mistake. A candidate tends to overlook the fact that most of the members of the press never get a chance to meet him and talk to him and get to know him, so they write what they can or pay attention to those they believe to have access, or they want to be sensational and get attention for themselves. It must be very difficult for reporters to cover this passing scene. They don't have as direct access as we do to the facts on which we have to act."

Muskie returned to talking about the 1972 primaries. "We decided to start in New Hampshire and Florida on successive days," he recalled. "It was tough to do both states well. In Florida I never could catch up, and in New Hampshire it was an effort to get up to the standard the press had set. I was discouraged the night of the Florida primary, and sort of had a feeling that the whole thing had ended. *Illinois*, the next week, was a great primary. We never got credit for

See Bang & Olufsen products at any of these fine audio specialist stores

New England
Sounds Incredible
Danbury, Conn.
Fred Locke Stereo
Fairfield, Conn.
Stereo One Inc.
Fairfield, Conn.
Fred Locke Stereo
Greenwich, Conn.
The Radio Shop
New Canaan, Conn.
David Dean Smith
New Haven, Conn.
Fred Locke Stereo
Stratford, Conn.
Sound Ideas
West Hartford, Conn.
New England Music Co.
Bangor, Me.
New England Music Co
Lewistown, Me.
New England Music Co.
Portland, Me.
New England Music Co.
Waterville, Me.
Eardrum
Boston, Mass.
Tweeter, Etc.
Brockton, Mass.
Tweeter, Etc.
Brookline, Mass.
Eardrum
Burlington, Mass.
Eardrum
Cambridge, Mass.
Tweeter, Etc.
Cambridge, Mass.
Tweeter, Etc.
Chestnut Hill, Mass.
The Music Store Inc.
Greenfield, Mass.
Malco Electronics Inc.
Lawrence, Mass.
Tripod Camera
Northhampton, Mass.
Audio Design Inc.
Pittsfield, Mass.
Manchester Music
Manchester, N.H.
The Listening Post
Woonsocket, R.I.
Audio Den Inc.
South Burlington, Vt.

Middle Atlantic
Sound Studio, Inc.
Newark, Del.
Sound Studio Inc.
Dover, Del.
Myer-Emco Inc.
Washington, D.C.
Shrader Sound Inc.
Washington, D.C.
Sound Gallery
Washington, D.C.
Audio Associates
Washington, D.C.
Shrader Sound
Annapolis, Md.
Custom Music Systems
Baltimore, Md.
Sight & Sound Ltd.
Bel Air, Md.
Audio Associates
Bethesda, Md.
McGuires Audio Shop, Inc.
Bethesda, Md.
Sound Gallery
Camp Springs, Md.
Audio Associates
Hagerstown, Md.
McGuire's Audio Shop, Inc.
Rockville, Md.
Sound Gallery
Rockville, Md.
Sound Studio
Salisbury, Md.
Audio Associates
Wheaton, Md.
Custom Sound Assoc.
Ho-Ho-Kus, N.J.
Audio Lab
New Brunswick, N.J.
Leonard Radio of N.J. Inc.
Paramus, N.J.
A.C Recording
Raritan, N.J.
University Stereo
Ridgewood, N.J.
Hal's Stereo Sound Center
Trenton, N.J.
House of Hi Fi Inc.
Trenton, N.J.
Harvey Sound
Wayne, N.J.
Jericho Audio
Alfred Station, N.Y.
Transcendental Audio
Amherst, N.Y.
Stereoland Inc.
Binghamton, N.Y.
The Stereo Emporium
Buffalo, N.Y.
Sound Experience
Huntington, N.Y.
Stellar Stereo
Ithaca, N.Y.
Transcendental Audio
Jamestown, N.Y.
Audio Workshop
Latham, N.Y.
Audio Breakthroughs
Manhasset, N.Y.
Sound Mill
Mt. Kisco, N.Y.
Electronic Workshop
New York, N.Y.
Grand Central Radio
New York, N.Y.
Harvey Sound
New York, N.Y.
Lyric Hi Fi
New York, N.Y.
Park Avenue Audio
New York, N.Y.
Seaman's Photo & Hi Fi
Newburgh, N.Y.
The Sound Room
Plattsburgh, N.Y.
J. B. Sound Systems Inc.
Rochester, N.Y.
Maynard's Sound World
Rochester, N.Y.
The Listening Room, Inc
Scarsdale, N.Y.
Clark Music
Syracuse, N.Y.
Arnee Audio
Wappingers Falls, N.Y.
Audio Experts
White Plains, N.Y.
Lyric Hi Fi
White Plains, N.Y.
Harvey Sound
Woodbury, N.Y.
Harte's Sound
Allentown, Pa.
Bryn Mawr Radio & TV Centre
Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Holiday Electronics
Greensburg, Pa.
Holiday Electronics
Indiana, Pa.
Holiday Electronics
Johnstown, Pa.
The Stereo House
Kingston, Pa.
Bryn Mawr Radio & TV Centre
Malverne, Pa.
Barnett Bros. Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Danby Radio
Philadelphia, Pa.
The Listening Post, Inc.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Bryn Mawr Radio & TV Centre
Quakerstown, Pa.
Stereoland
Reading, Pa.
The Stereo House
Scranton, Pa.
Robert M. Sides, Inc.
Williamsport, Pa.
Music and Sound Ltd.
Willow Grove, Pa.
D S Audio Inc.
Wyomissing, Pa.

Midwest
Midwest Hi Fi
Addison, Ill.
Midwest Hi Fi
Arlington, Hgts., Ill.
Diener Stereo Inc.
Carbondale, Ill.
Midwest Hi Fi
Champaign, Ill.
Midwest Hi Fi
Chicago, Ill.
Audio Enterprises
Chicago Heights, Ill.
Big Sound Co.
Danville, Ill.
Midwest Hi Fi
Downers Grove, Ill.
Audio Consultants
Evanston, Ill.
Columbia Hi Fi & TV
Highland Park, Ill.
World of Music
Joliet, Ill.
Audio Dimensions
Moline, Ill.
Hi Fi Hutch
Mt. Prospect, Ill.
Midwest Hi Fi
Niles, Ill.
Glen Poor's Audio Video
Normal, Ill.
Electronics Diversified
Peoria, Ill.
Columbia Hi Fi & TV
Rockford, Ill.
Glen Poor's Audio Video
Urbana, Ill.
Hi Fi Hutch
Villa Park, Ill.
Sound Productions
Carmel, Ind.
Hi Fi Gallery
Evansville, Ind.
Classic Stereo
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Stereo Components
Hammond, Ind.
Hi Fi Gallery
Indianapolis, Ind.
Hi Fi Buys
Muncie, Ind.
Stereo Studio
Terre Haute, Ind.
Audio Junction
Valparaiso, Ind.
Sound Productions Inc.
West Lafayette, Ind.
Hi Fi Buys Inc
Ann Arbor, Mich.
World Camera & Sound
Birmingham, Mich.
Almas Hi Fi Stereo
Dearborn, Mich.
Disc Shop
East Lansing, Mich.
Hi Fi Buys Inc.
East Lansing, Mich.
Hi Fi Buys, Inc
Lansing, Mich.
The Sound Room
Grand Rapids, Mich.

i Fi Buys
ackson, Mich.
he Sound Room
alamazoo, Mich.
udio Craft
kron, Ohio
unningham Music Center
thens, Ohio
udio Craft
leveland, Ohio
npex Audio Center
olumbus, Ohio
larkston Audio
ayton, Ohio
incaid's Is Music Inc.
pringfield, Ohio
aragon Sound
oledo, Ohio
udio Arts
oungstown, Ohio
lanner & Hafsoos
ilwaukee, Wisc.

lains

he Stereo Shop Inc.
edar Rapids, Iowa
udio Odyssey, Ltd.
avenport, Iowa
he Stereo Shop
avenport, Iowa
udio Labs Inc.
es Moines, Iowa
ayes Record Shop
utchinson, Kan.
ief's Record & Stereo
awrence, Kan.
he Sound Shop
anhattan, Kan.
tereo Bug
ission, Kan.
ustom Sound Inc.
ichita, Kan.
ound Environment
inneapolis, Minn.
& M Sound Systems
olumbia, Mo.
avid Beatty Stereo
Kansas City, Mo.
est Sound Co.
St. Louis, Mo.
. C. Gordon Company
St. Louis, Mo.
The Stereo Buff
Springfield, Mo.
Audio Systems & Design
Hastings, Neb.
Audio Systems & Design
Lincoln, Neb.
Audio Systems & Design
Omaha, Neb.

South Atlantic

Stereo Associates
Altamonte Springs, Fla.
House of Sound & Sight
Boca Raton, Fla.
Dalton Audio
Clearwater, Fla.
Hi Fi Associates
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
Interiors Plus Sound
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
Hi Fi Hutch
Gainesville, Fla.
Stereo Systems
Jacksonville, Fla.
Stereo Associates Inc.
Merritt Island, Fla.
Arango Inc.
Miami, Fla.
Hi Fi Associates
Miami, Fla.
Sound Components, Inc.
Miami, Fla.
Stereo Associates
Orlando, Fla.
The Sound Emporium Inc.
Sarasota, Fla.
Stereo Sales, Inc.
Tallahassee, Fla.
House of Sound & Sight
West Palm Beach, Fla.
Frutchey Audio Inc.
Winter Park, Fla.
Athens Distributing Co.
Athens, Ga.
Hi Fi Buys
Atlanta, Ga.
The Sound Haus, Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.
Audio Outlet
Augusta, Ga.
The Sound Center
Columbus, Ga.
Audio Outlet
Macon, Ga.
Audio Outlet
Savannah, Ga.
Soundhaus
Chapel Hill, N.C.
Stereo Showcase
Charlotte, N.C.
Soundhaus
Durham, N.C.
MDS Sound Systems
Fayetteville, N.C.
Atkinson Electronics Sales
Greensboro, N.C.
MDS Sound Systems
Greensboro, N.C.
Soundhaus
Raleigh, N.C.
Trayer Yelverton
Winston-Salem, N.C.
Don Jones Custom Stereo, Inc.
Anderson, S.C.
Sunloft Inc.
Charleston, S.C.
Don Jones Custom Stereo, Inc.
Clemson, S.C.
Hi Fi Sound Distributors
Columbia, S.C.
Don Jones Custom Stereo, Inc.
Greenville, S.C.
Don Jones Custom Stereo, Inc.
Greenwood, S.C.
Don Jones Custom Stereo, Inc.
Spartanburg, S.C.
Audio Associates
Arlington, Va.
Sound Gallery
Arlington, Va.
Haynsworth's Inc.
Danville, Va.
Myer-Emco Inc.
Falls Church, Va.
Sound Gallery
Falls Church, Va.
Lakeside Audio
Lynchburg, Va.
Audio Associates
McClean, Va.
Sound Approach, Inc.
Newport News, Va.
Needle In A Haystack Inc.
Springfield, Va.
Audio Associates
Springfield, Va.
Sound World Ltd.
Virginia Beach, Va.
Hi Fidelity Center
Charleston, W. Va.
Hi Fidelity Center
Huntington, W. Va.

South

Stereo Components
Birmingham, Ala.
Hi Fi International Inc.
Huntsville, Ala.
Hi Fidelity Inc.
Lexington, Ky.
Hi Fidelity Inc.
Louisville, Ky.
Sound Concept
Johnson City, Tenn.

South Central

Custom Audio
Little Rock, Ark.
Custom Audio North
No. Little Rock, Ark.
Art Colley's Audio Specialities
Baton Rouge, La.
Willow Creek Stereo, Inc.
Lake Charles, La.
Imperial Sound
Bartlesville, Okla.
The Gramophone Ltd.
Norman, Okla.
Imperial Sound
Tulsa, Okla.
Sound Unlimited
Tulsa, Okla.
The Gramophone, Ltd.
Tulsa, Okla.
Village Audio
Corpus Christi, Tx.
Hillcrest Hi Fidelity
Dallas, Tx.
Nieman-Marcus
Dallas, Tx.
Recorder Center
Dallas, Tx.
Howell Electronics
El Paso, Tx.
Marvin Electric Appliance
Ft. Worth, Tx.
Home Entertainment
Houston, Tx.
Nieman-Marcus
Houston, Tx.
Metex, International
Laredo, Tx.
Hi Fidelity of Lubbock, Inc.
Lubbock, Tx.
Bill Case Sound
San Antonio, Tx.
Audio One
Tyler, Tx.

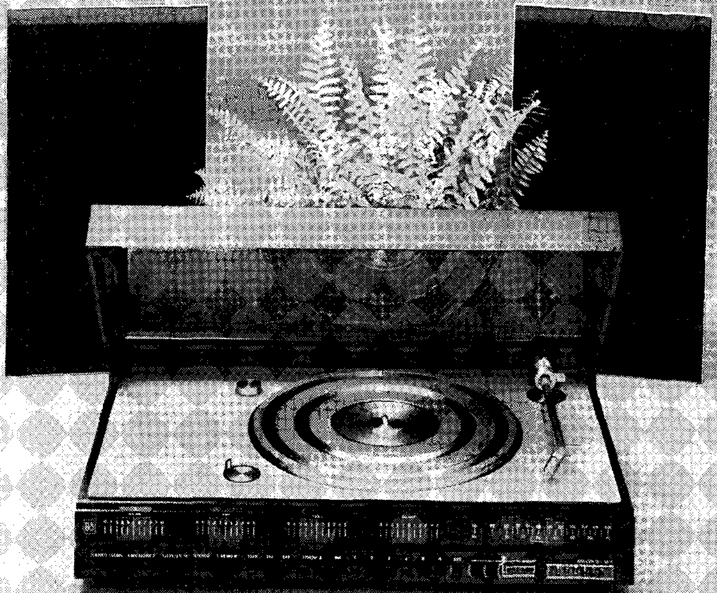
Rocky Mountain

Audio Specialists
Phoenix, Ariz.
Hessler's
Phoenix, Ariz.
Audio Specialists
Tempe, Ariz.
Boulder Sound
Boulder, Colo.
Listen-Up Inc.
Denver, Colo.
Hi Fi World
Englewood, Colo.
Hi Fidelity of Estes Park
Estes Park, Colo.
Western Slope Electronics
Gunnison, Colo.
Kyle Electric
Pueblo, Colo.
Kanned Sound Emporium
Sterling, Colo.
Sound World
Boise, Ida.
Sound World
Moscow, Ida.
Sound World
Pocatello, Ida.
Sound World
Billings, Mont.
Sound World
Bozeman, Mont.
Electric City Radio Supply
Great Falls, Mont.
Interior Systems
Las Vegas, Nev.
Tin Ear Sound Co.
Reno, Nev.
Stereo Den
Albuquerque, N.M.
Santa Fe Audio
Santa Fe, N.M.
Circle Sound
Bountiful, Utah
Hi Fi Shop
Ogden, Utah
Winterton's Audio Center
Provo, Utah
Winterton's Audio Center
Salt Lake City, Utah
Standard Audio & Hi Fi
Salt Lake City, Utah

Pacific

Henry Radio
Anaheim, Ca.
Bakersfield Audio
Bakersfield, Ca.
Honkers Sound Co. Inc.
Berkeley, Ca.
The Sound Center
Beverly Hills, Ca.
Audio Mart
Burbank, Ca.
Cherry Street Speaker Co.
Chico, Ca.
Omega High Fidelity
Claremont, Ca.
Hi Fi Matic
Culver City, Ca.
Photo Specialty Shop
Eureka, Ca.
Stereo Hi Fi Center
Gardena, Ca.
Audio Labs
Los Angeles, Ca.
Beverly Stereo Electronics
Los Angeles, Ca.
Henry Radio
Los Angeles, Ca.
Paris Electronics
Los Angeles, Ca.
Gramophones & Things
Monterey, Ca.
Pro-Audio Electronics
Oakland, Ca.
Beverly Stereo Electronics
Orange, Ca.
Western Audio Imports
Palo Alto, Ca.
Sound Systems
Palo Alto, Ca.
High Fidelity House
Pasadena, Ca.
Rising Sounds
Placerville, Ca.
Audio Cage
Sacramento, Ca.
Hermary's
San Carlos, Ca.
High Fidelity House
San Diego, Ca.
House of Music
San Francisco, Ca.
Sound Genesis Inc.
San Francisco, Ca.
Sound Systems
San Francisco, Ca.
Century Music
San Jose, Ca.
Catania Sound Inc.
San Rafael, Ca.
Stereotypes
Santa Barbara, Ca.
Bob Pilot's Stereo Center
Santa Monica, Ca.
Paris Electronics
Sherman Oaks, Ca.
Jack Hanna Music Inc.
Stockton, Ca.
Dimensions In Stereo
Torrance, Ca.
Stereo Hi Fi Center
Torrance, Ca.
Music & Sound of California
Woodland Hills, Ca.
The Sound Center
Woodland Hills, Ca.
McLains
Albany, Ore.
McLains
Beaverton, Ore.
McLains
Eugene, Ore.
Oregon Typewriter
Eugene, Ore.
Chelsea Audio, Ltd.
Lake Oswego, Ore.
McLains
Portland, Ore.
Electricraft Stereo Center
Bellevue, Wash.
Sound Center Inc.
Bellingham, Wash.
Music Bar
Lacey, Wash.
Sound Center, Inc.
Pasco, Wash.
Electricraft Stereo Center
Seattle, Wash.
Magnolia Hi Fi
Seattle, Wash.
Huppin's Hi Fi
Spokane, Wash.
Sound Center, Inc.
Spokane, Wash.
The Purple Olive
Tacoma, Wash.
Electricraft Stereo Center
Tukwila, Wash.
Wright's Music Co.
Yakima, Wash.
Electronics Corp. of Alaska
Anchorage, Alas.
The Audio Center Limited
Hilo, Hawaii
The Audio Center Limited
Honolulu, Hawaii
J. F. Acoustic Workshop
Honolulu, Hawaii

Simply beautiful sound, simply.



The Beosystem 3500.

By combining a high-performance receiver and automatic turntable, Bang & Olufsen has created the easy to operate space-saving, Beocenter™ 3500.

Logical controls reduce the steps involved in achieving true high fidelity. The touch of a switch on the tuner section instantly activates one of six preselected FM stations (or you can scan the full FM band). And one button controls most turntable functions. Just plug in a pair of Bang & Olufsen's new S-45 Phase-Link™ speakers and you have the Beosystem 3500, a complete music system for the home environment.

This tradition of logical design has placed eight Bang & Olufsen products in the permanent design collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

The Beosystem 3500. For the simple joy of listening.

Bang & Olufsen®

Narrowing the gap between man and music.

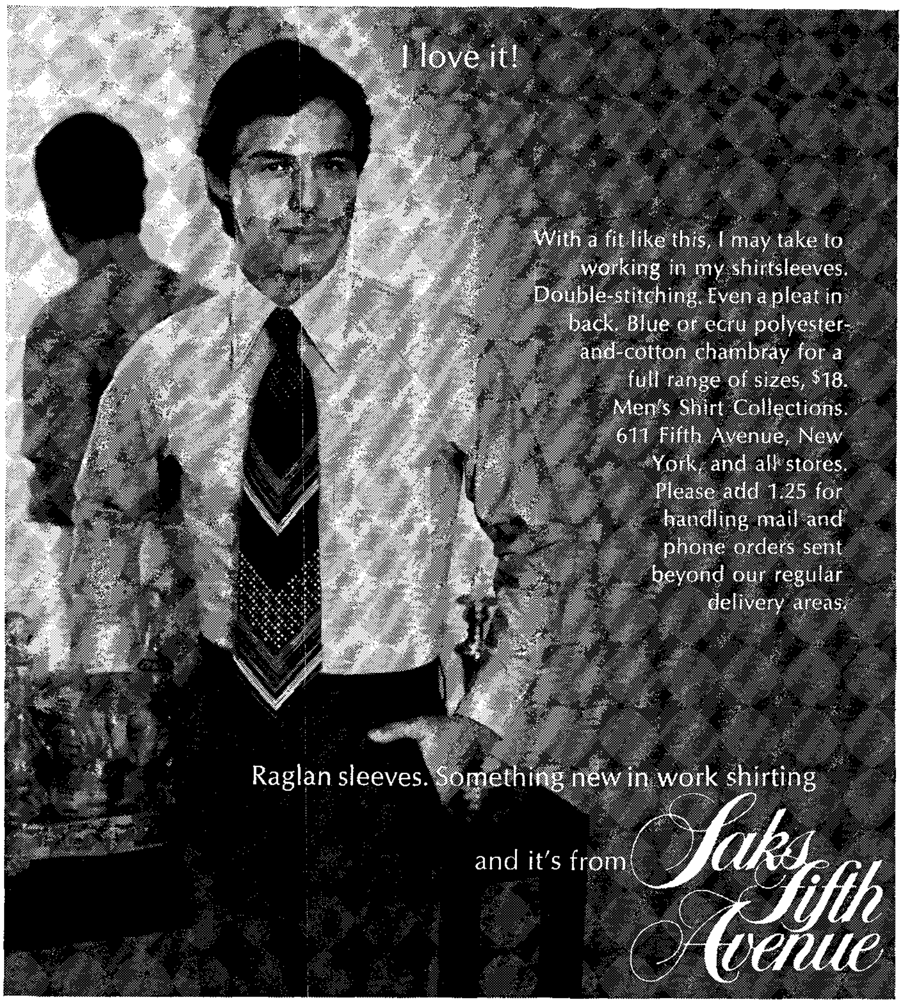
NY-4

For more information and our comprehensive catalogue, write to Bang & Olufsen of America, Inc., 2271 Devon Avenue, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007.

Mr. Ms. ______________________________

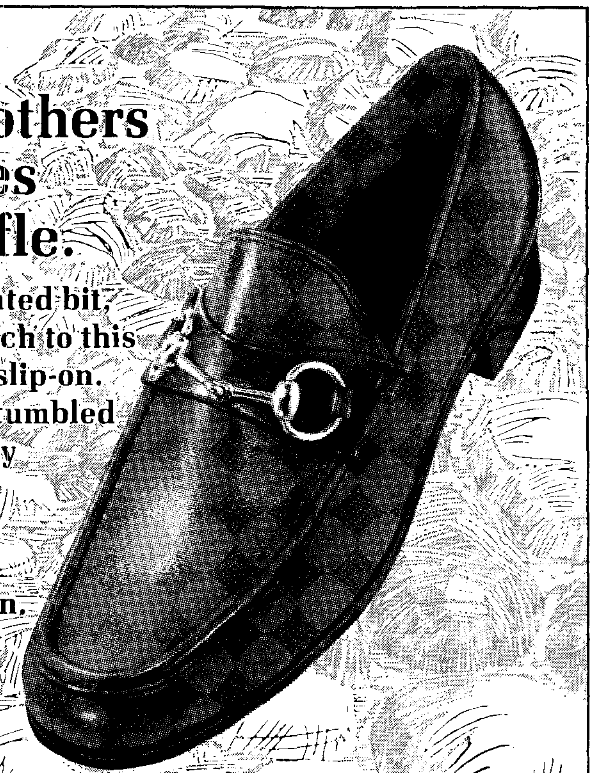
Address ______________________________

City ______________ State ______ Zip ______



With a fit like this, I may take to working in my shirtsleeves. Double-stitching. Even a pleat in back. Blue or ecru polyester-and-cotton chambray for a full range of sizes, $18. Men's Shirt Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Raglan sleeves. Something new in work shirting and it's from Saks Fifth Avenue



Frank Brothers introduces The Snaffle.

A snaffle, or jointed bit, add a sporty touch to this classic moc toe slip-on. Crafted of soft, tumbled calfskin and fully leather-lined. In chestnut, black, sorrel, white or smoked buckskin. Also in chestnut mink suede. $67.50.

FRANK BROTHERS

AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED SHOES

A Division of Genesco The Apparel Company, Nashville, Tennessee 37202

it." Muskie defeated Eugene McCarthy, his only real challenger, in the Illinois primary. "We did consider bypassing Wisconsin. The governors and senators who were supporting me met and opposed that. I think my instincts were right—to avoid another vulnerable situation, with Humphrey and McGovern coming from neighboring states. And I did not do well in multicandidate races. So Illinois was the only good primary, and now, historically, New Hampshire. Really, anyone who can do fifty per cent in New Hampshire—especially in a five-candidate field—is doing pretty goddam well."

Walter Mondale's face gets a pained expression when he is asked about his experience as a potential Democratic candidate in 1976. Reelected in Minnesota to his Senate seat by a wide margin in 1972, proclaimed a Presidential candidate by Hubert Humphrey that Election Night, Mondale spent a year exploring his chances as the Democratic nominee. On November 21, 1974, he announced that he was withdrawing, because, he said, "I found that I did not have the overwhelming desire to be President which is essential for the kind of campaign that is required." The interesting thing is that he was taken at his word. In the rather cynical political community, the word might well have been that Mondale had pulled out because he wasn't getting anywhere, but it was widely accepted that no such conclusion about his chances could yet be drawn and that Mondale had pulled out for exactly the reason he said he did—that he couldn't stand it.

One day this fall, I asked Mondale to talk about his excursion into Presidential politics. He had been talking easily about other matters, and it was clear that he would have preferred to continue to do so. But he agreed, reluctantly, to coöperate with my inquiry into the Presidential-nominating process.

"The Presidency is the most important office in the world," Mondale said. "The nominating system was unstudied and unanticipated by those who wrote the Constitution. There has been almost no study of it by a President, by Congress. It has just grown. Its growth has been malignant, almost. It's anarchy."

I asked what the process does to a candidate.

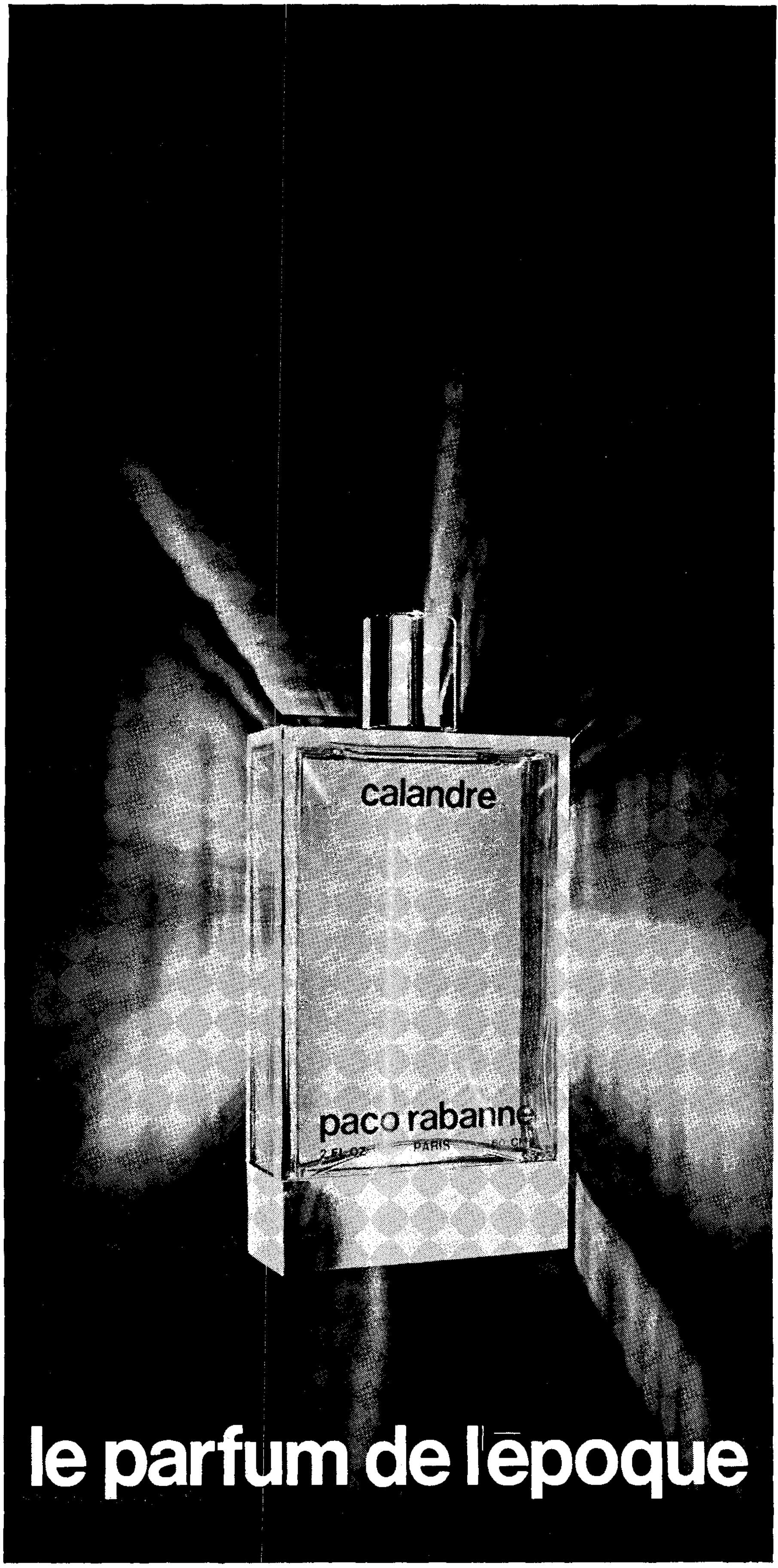
"Lots of things," Mondale replied. "One, fatigue. Look at the schedules, travel times, time changes, the absence of weekends for rest. It's not just the

50
10
20
30
40
ROLEX
25
30

"In the presence of the Great White... time suspends itself."
Peter Benchley

Few moments rival the excitement of meeting a Great White Shark face to face. For Peter Benchley, author of *Jaws*, survival depends on experience and precision equipment. Peter wears the gold Rolex Submariner. This Oyster Perpetual, an officially certified superlative chronometer, is carved out of a solid block of 18 kt. gold (1680/9290) $3,825. Also available in stainless steel (1680/9315) $490. Write for free brochure, Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Rolex Bldg., 665 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

ROLEX



MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

physical fatigue; it's the emotional pressure of it all. At every event you have to do exceedingly well—good isn't enough. You might never be seen there again. You have to be up for every meeting, be properly briefed, speak well. So the emotional, psychological pressure, which is hard to define, is worse than the physical fatigue, which is terrible. I was going through the easy, nice time when you can pick your schedule. What are these characters going to do when they get to the primary and caucus time—one primary or caucus on one coast and one on another? One on the Canadian border and one on the Mexican border—all with different rules?"

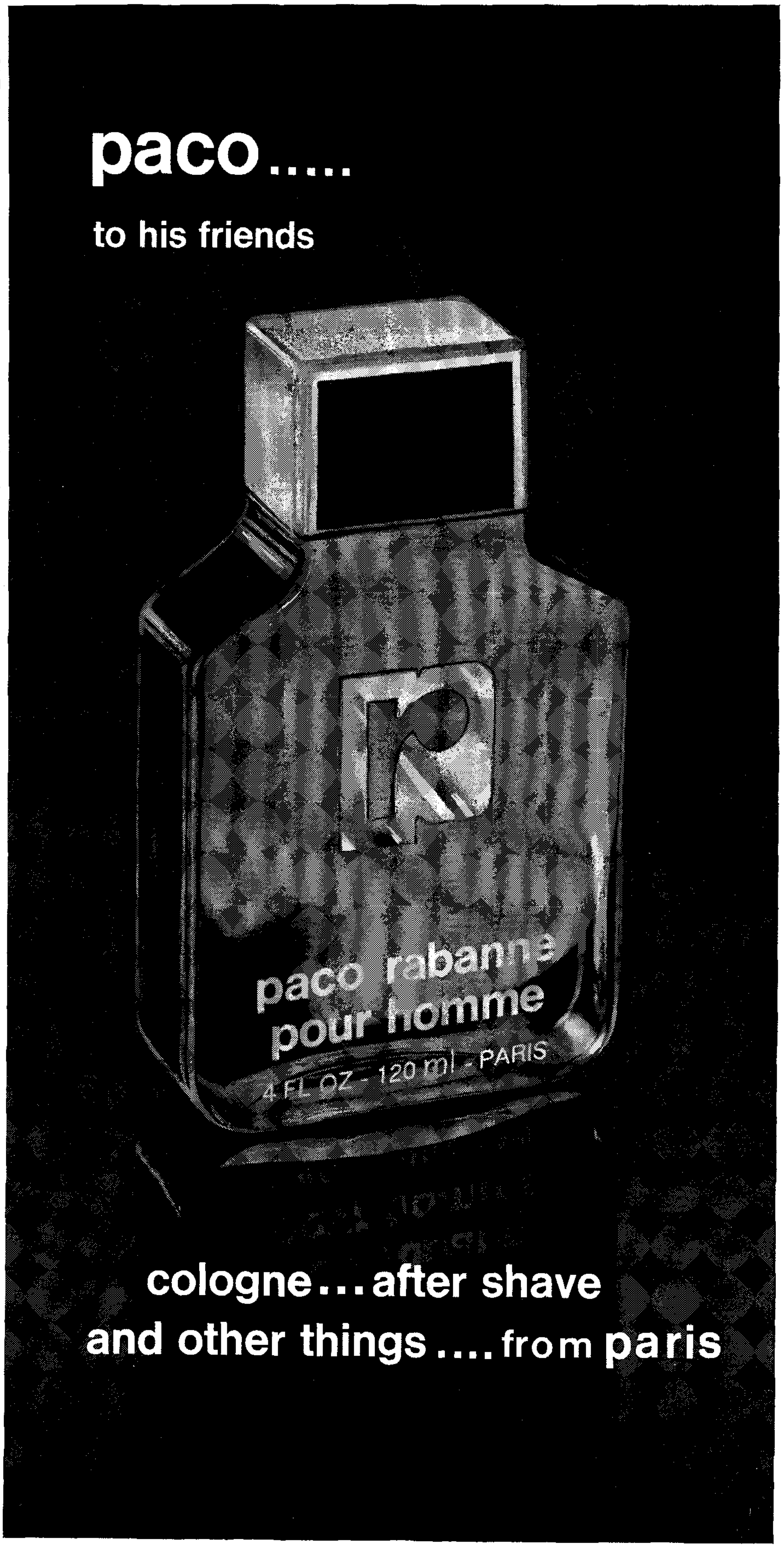
Mondale went on, "Then, you have the problem of money. You spend days and days and days pleading for money—answering questions, trying to make a good impression on people who have it. Even with the new limits on contributions, you have to do this. You need movers and shakers who can go out and help raise money in thousand-dollar quantities. When you get through with all this, you've got the conflict between what you have to do to be nominated and what you have to do to be a decent President. Some of it's the same. Some of the conflict and emotional pressure is a necessary test for the Presidency. I'm not for the greenhouse approach. You can't be inaccessible and be a candidate, and by being accessible you may learn more than you'll ever learn again. But the way you spend your time is irrelevant to issue development. It's a different life style. Politicians have to be persuasive and able to move people, but when you get to the national scene it's theatre. When you're running for the House or the Senate, you have to grow well on a number of people. When you're running for President, it's like a series of one-night stands in vaudeville—you have to have a good act every night. The good act may carry you farther than the good program."

Mondale continued, "The feeling that bothered me more than anything else was that we were in the control of events we were unable to stop or do anything about. Experts are coming and telling you what you have to do, what positions you have to take—usually it's what they want. Then there are the people who want you to get a speech coach and cut your hair differently. None of that's very important. What's really important is that the goddam news media won't pay you much attention until you've become big. You have to spend years on the road until you get enough percentage points in the polls. The national media won't give you a break until then, and their eyes turn glassy when you talk to them about it. They don't want to hear about it. That's because their business isn't electing Presidents—it's competing with their competitors. The result is that the nation is denied a look at new leadership. If you want to get on the evening news, you have to escalate your rhetoric in order to merit the time. If you're saying something rational and restrained, that's not news. That's one of the reasons politicians look so bad. They're always saying something wild. The news programs don't want to put someone unknown on, because their competitor might be putting someone well known on. It's understandable, but why shouldn't there be some national forum where who our next President might be is considered and among those considered are those who are not well known but who have great merit? Now there's no adequate forum for that. So what I had to ask myself was whether I wanted to go through all that was involved not just for two years but maybe for ten years—to get on that lifetime Presidential cycle that some get on. I didn't want to do it. I had to think about whether you should also have some time to be with friends, family, to fish, to have a little balance in your life, or whether the oneness of purpose should consume your life."

ONE man who has run for Presidential office said to me, "Rich people—you have to go to rich people. These were the worst, most humiliating experiences of my life. There is a certain feeling that they know best, that they're expert. Here I've spent twenty years in government, and some jerk whose father made a lot of money is lecturing me. He doesn't know up from down and he's lecturing me on everything. One time, I was talking with a car dealer. He said, 'You have to smash through with an issue.' I said, 'What issue?' He said, 'I'm not going to get into that.' He makes a lot of money, so he's a political expert. You spend too much time listening to people who have money. Not that they shouldn't be listened to, but they shouldn't have that special access to a politician's ear."

A MANAGER of one 1972 campaign, when I asked him what campaigns were really like, was fairly vehement in his response.

"You start with the basic proposition



MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

FLEE:

TO HAWAII FOR THE ESCAPE OF YOUR LIFE.

The Hawaiian Islands. They're on the escape route of more people these days than ever.

No wonder. People like you flee the routine to come here for as many reasons as there are waterfalls.

Sure, Hawaii is headquarters for the tan set. But if that's all it was all about, Hawaii would be just another warming ground with ample supplies of sun, sand and balmy nights.

No, people flee here for other reasons. Like the fact that we might have just about the happiest people-mix on earth. Come here and you'll delight in the enchanting differences offered by the Pacific's cultural heritage — from Oriental to Polynesian and all the in-betweens.

Each island is different.

Each has its devotees.

Even so, the islands have one thing in common and that's the conviviality known as the Aloha Spirit. It's here — alive and well.

Also alive and well, each and every Island. Look them over a minute. One at a time. Right here.

Hawaii. Hawaii is the name of the whole State but just one of the Islands. That's why local people call it the Big Island. Believe it or not, the Goddess of Fire lives here — in a bubbling volcano. Yes, you can see lava. You can also ski on the Big Island — snow skiing way up high on Mauna Kea. Colorful, too, the beaches. They're not just sand-white, there are black ones and green ones besides! The Big Island rounds off its diversity with field after field of lovely orchids. It's the favorite island of many a visitor.

Maui. Maui sprang forth from volcanic eruptions sometime during the dim, dim past. It was probably settled from Tahiti — about 750 A.D. At one time it was a Kingdom. All by itself. Back in the 1800's it was the whaling capital of the Pacific. Today the town of Lahaina has been restored in honor of the rough and ready whaler and his ships. Maui is indeed many things. Like the Seven Pools of Kipahulu. Or Hana, a remote coastal town that makes going back in time a true delight. Maui is also famous for Kaanapali Beach with its fabulous hotels, golf courses, and beaches — making it one of the world's finest resort areas.

Kauai. For lush natural greenery, visit this, the Garden Isle. They say it has more beauty than the eye can behold. One thing you can't miss is the tropical version of the Grand Canyon. And you've never heard the Hawaiian Wedding Song until you've heard it at the unforgettable Fern Grotto.

Molokai. They call it the Friendly Isle — and that it is. You'll discover a quiet island, one with lots of room and lots of scenery. No, there will not be a lot of people between you and the view.

Lanai. Three things make this island outstanding: pineapples, hunting and fishing. It's a beachcombers' paradise — especially with its Shipwreck Beach, where many a good and brave craft came to grief.

Oahu means the Gathering Place. It's Honolulu, Waikiki, the life of luxury and excitement, day and night. Oahu is sophisticated, part East, part West. It's bustling, a place to live it up or take it easy. Swing by night, tan by day. It's different. You'll see Buddhist Temples. And Palace grounds from the days of the monarchy. You'll see plain good old country-style environment. Just a few miles from the Jet Set setting of luxury hotels and discos.

Get yourself off to a good start in getting away to it all. Flee to Hawaii. Just ask your travel agent ...he knows.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

More than a pretty place.

On behalf of the people of Kauai, Oahu, Maui, Molokai, Lanai and the Big Island of Hawaii.

Flee the freeways

Flee the familiar

Flee the people

Flee the Forty-nine

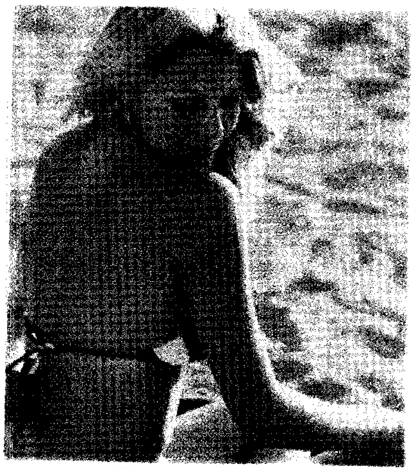
Flee for fun

Flee the humdrum

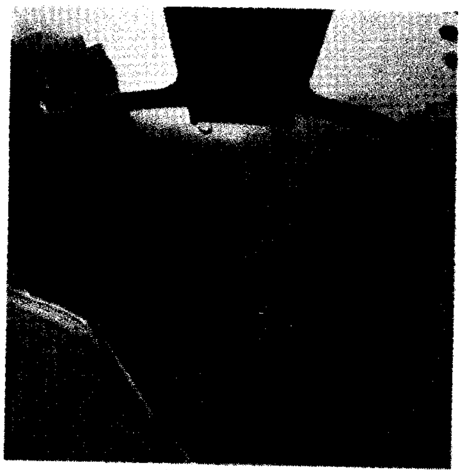
Flee the phone

Flee the reruns

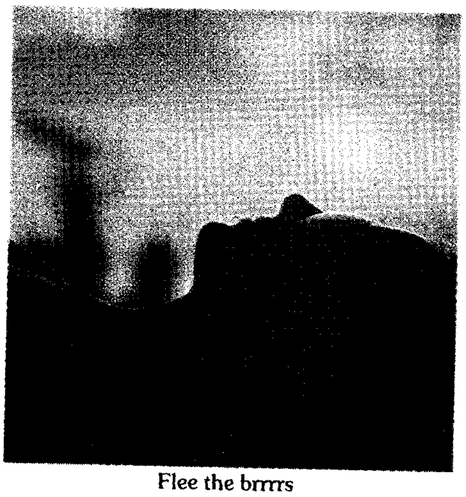
Flee the formal



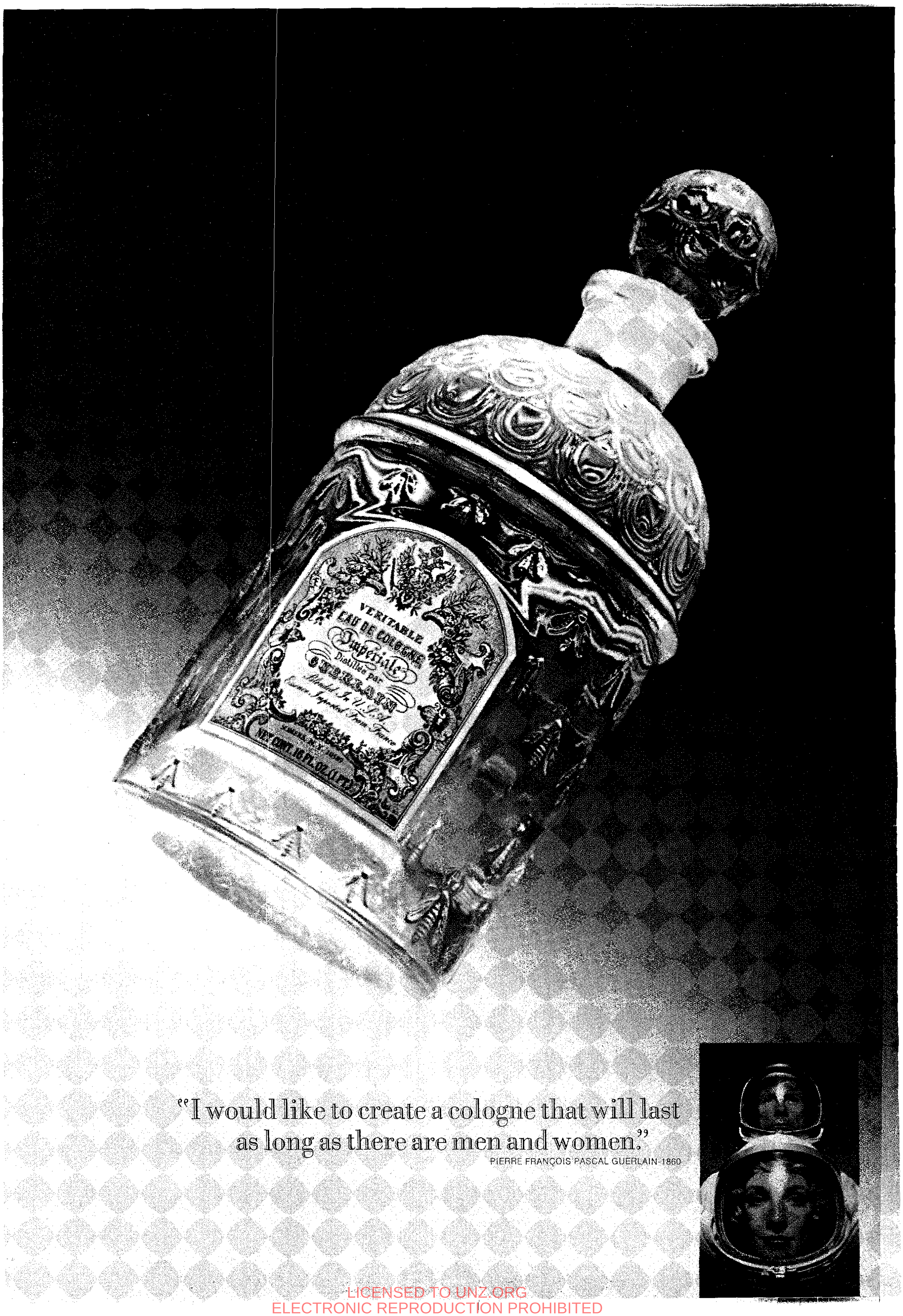
Flee the frost



Flee the flats



Flee the brrrrs


VERITABLE
EAU DE COLOGNE
Impériale
Distillée par
GUERLAIN
Blended In U.S.A.
Essence Imported From France
NET CONT. 16 FL. OZ. (1 PT.)
"I would like to create a cologne that will last as long as there are men and women."
PIERRE FRANÇOIS PASCAL GUERLAIN-1860

that, regardless of appearances, campaigns are, by their nature, disorganized, impossible to control," he said. "The better you appear to be doing, the more you attract the parasites, the so-called professionals, for whom you grow to have enormous disdain. There's no such thing as a professional in this business.

"Campaigns generate a king-of-the-mountain atmosphere: a contest to see who can become closest to the candidate—at the expense of someone else, which is the only way to do it. The interests of the candidate diminish at the hands of the staff. This has been true of every campaign I've heard about. The candidate has zero time; his life is no longer his own; he doesn't own his soul. Everyone is telling him what to do. The media managers tell him they need more time. You can't attract the kind of support and ideas you need from intellectuals without giving them time. The fund-raisers demand time. The speechwriters are in constant dispute. The upshot is that long-range planning is impossible. I've left out the constituencies that demand access—labor groups, women's groups, blacks, state leaders. And I haven't mentioned the grass-roots people or the schedulers. You have inherent chaos and conflict among all these warring groups, all of whom see in the candidate their tool to power, and want access, so that when Armageddon is won they will be up there with the heavenly angels."

I asked this man what to watch for in campaigns.

"Look for the obvious gap between the desire for an appearance of harmony and the undertones of conflict," he said. "This is symptomatic of all campaigns. There are always people on the edge of departure because they don't have access to the candidate. That's what matters. Then, there are the professionals, the hustlers. They hire out for pay, but they don't give any pleasure. They don't give a damn about the candidate. They bounce from one campaign to another. They flood the office with memos, and the memos just happen to leak out.

"There is an enormous distance between having a strategy and having the ability to carry it out. Things aren't what they appear. The successes, failures; the harmony, disharmony; getting money, not getting money; having grass-roots followers or not—campaign managers always want to give the impression that they are on top of all of that. The truth is that they are not. The difference in whether they

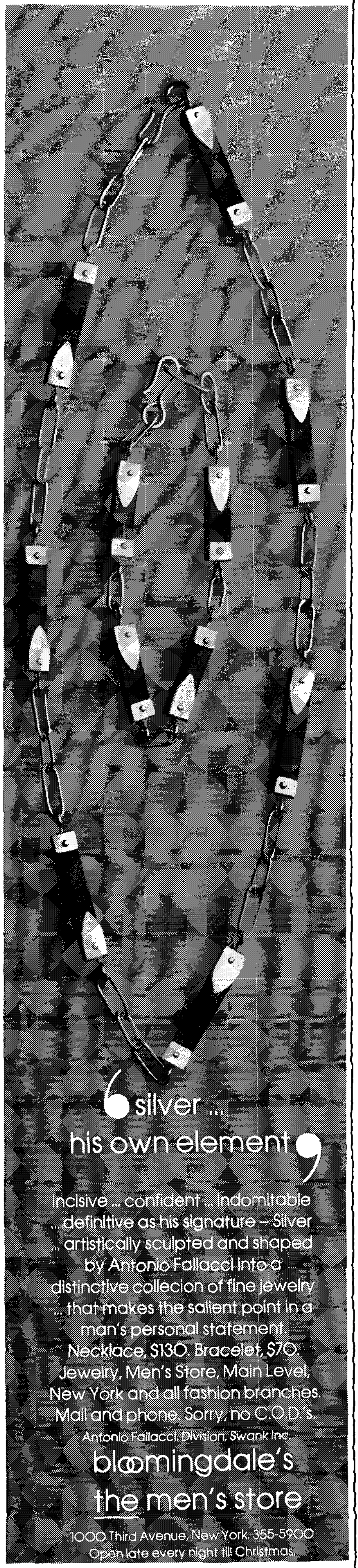
Qiana® or Dupioni Silk?

We'll give you a hint. It's completely washable. New twill of Qiana* nylon, enriched with tiny slubs and textures. Impeccably cut in the famous Weatherbee way, lined with taffeta and ZePel* treated to repel rain and stain. Wrap it up! In all the Spring-y colors. Sizes 6 to 18. About $95. Higher far west. *DuPont Reg. T.M.

At these and other fine stores: B. Altman & Co., New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Rich's, Atlanta; Margo's La Mode, Dallas; B. Siegel, Detroit; Frances Brewster, Florida; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Streets, Oklahoma City; Jos. Horne & Co., Pittsburgh; Nordstrom, Portland & Seattle; Livingston's, San Francisco; Bullocks Wilshire, So. Calif.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Montaldo's, All Stores.

Weatherbee®

Weatherbee Coats, Inc., 512 7th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018



silver ... his own element

Incisive ... confident ... indomitable ... definitive as his signature – Silver ... artistically sculpted and shaped by Antonio Fallacci into a distinctive collecion of fine jewelry ... that makes the salient point in a man's personal statement. Necklace, $130. Bracelet, $70. Jewelry, Men's Store, Main Level, New York and all fashion branches. Mail and phone. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

Antonio Fallacci, Division, Swank Inc.

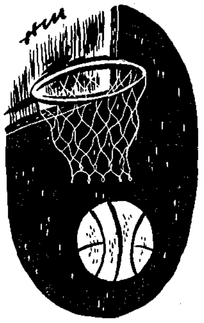
bloomingdale's
the men's store

1000 Third Avenue, New York. 355-5900
Open late every night till Christmas.

are or not is marginal and accidental."

I asked this man whether he or his candidate had had much time to stop and think.

"The problem amounts to more than that," he replied. "The problem is the system in a country as large as this, with differences in the rules of each state. It's the uncertainty about your allies and the question of whether they have their own axes to grind—whether they are using the candidate. You have to look at the local staff as well as at the national one. You get involved in the selection of campaign posters and pictures. It's a great shell game. It's a silly-ass system."



I asked him if it is possible to run a campaign and think through a program for governing.

He said, "No. No one knows what's going on. No one can monitor a campaign, because it is moving too fast. Almost every campaign tries to set up a system for gathering information—someone responsible for organized labor, a group responsible for blacks, and so on. You do that in the headquarters and in the states. The financial community is a constituency that has to be serviced—they have their views on how to run absolutely everything. If you try to get endorsements from political figures, you do it at the cost of also getting enemies, and then the endorsers want to run your campaign in their own communities, and do it in a way which may be in their own interest instead of the candidate's. It would be almost impossible to describe the day of a campaign manager. To say it's enervating understates the case badly. You feel like a punching bag that Muhammad Ali has been using for two weeks. You're pummelled by staff, by grass-roots, local people. To see to noon the next day is a feat of uncommon accomplishment. When someone asks at 11 P.M. 'What did you do today?' it's amazing if you can remember ten minutes."

Picking up an earlier theme, he continued, "I've overlooked the other constituencies—young people, the elderly. And you can't go on the assumption that labor's labor. There are all sorts of divisions within what is referred to as 'labor.' There's another constituency of the Democratic Party—the 'elder statesmen.' They drive you bananas. It's devastating. They can be ignored only at the staff's peril or the candidate's peril. They're the Washington lawyers who have been around, and there are also people in every state—an ex-Party chairman, ex-governor, ex-university president. Multiply this by every city and county in the United States and you begin to get the picture. They have something to offer, but they are not involved in the campaign. Some take you back to a campaign twenty years ago and insist that that's the way yours should be; some think everything you're doing is wrong."

I asked this man what effect all these elements had had on his candidate in 1972.

"As it grew clear that we wouldn't win, he became very concerned about what it meant to his capacity for continuing in public life," the campaign manager replied. "He would ask, 'Can I continue to be effective?' He would say, 'I've let people down.' It took an enormous toll. He wondered what his old constituents would think. There was lost time with the family to be made up. You either win or lose. That's all there is to it. You win because you're brilliant or clever or had superb media or great staff. He who lost had a lousy campaign, lousy staff, bad media. You start out saying, 'What does it take to get the voters to vote for me in New Hampshire, and what does it take to get them to vote for me in Florida the following week, and what will it take in Wisconsin?' By and large, people in Democratic primaries vote their strongest emotions, their insides: 'Send them a message.' What a way to pick the leader of this country! The whole system stinks. Crazy. Crazy. Crazy."

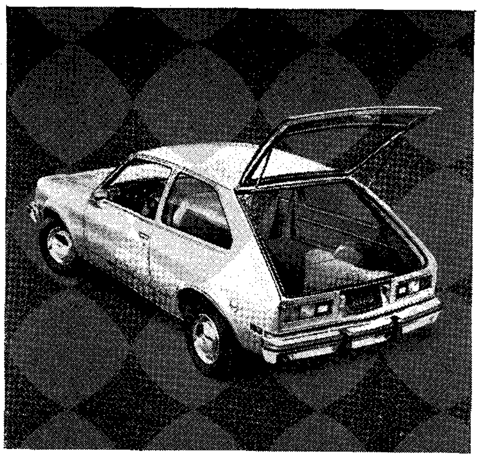
POWER struggles and ego bruises occur in any competitive situation—a business, a university, a church hierarchy—and perhaps it is only fitting that they seem to be most intense where the stakes are the highest: in the race for the Presidency of the United States. But their intensity seems to have grown—as have other problems, such as candidate fatigue—with the changes that have taken place in Presidential campaigns since 1960. In 1960, styles changed, and after that so did the rules—formal and informal. The dilemma is that many of the changes are for the better, but at great cost to the candidate's time and energy. In 1960, John Kennedy won the nomination by having won a few primaries and having had major states "delivered" at the Convention by those

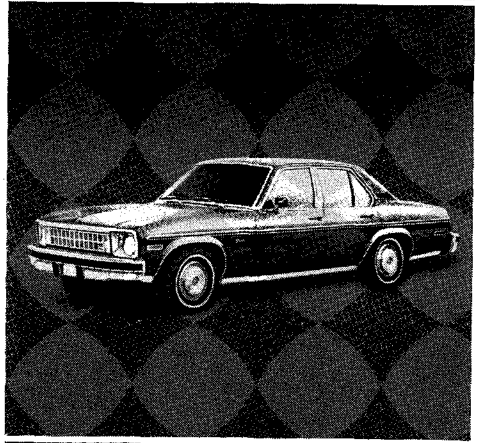
National Car Rental deflates rates.

$13.95 a day*

No mileage charge.

On GM's new Chevette or a Vega or similar-size car. Just pay for the gas used and return car to the renting city. At some locations the number of "no charge" miles may be specified.





$13.95 a day*

14¢ per mile.

On a car like a Chevy Nova; just pay for the gas you use. Ask us about one-way rentals.

$15.95 a day*

Plus mileage charge.+

On a car like an Olds Cutlass or a Buick Regal; just pay for the gas you use. One-way rentals available.

+Mileage rates vary from city to city—check mileage rate when you call for a reservation.

National has lowered rates on all size cars to save you money.

What else do you get from National?

We feature GM's great new '76 cars. Our Maintenance Check List assures you—in writing—of a car in top condition. And we offer S&H Green Stamps on U.S. rentals.

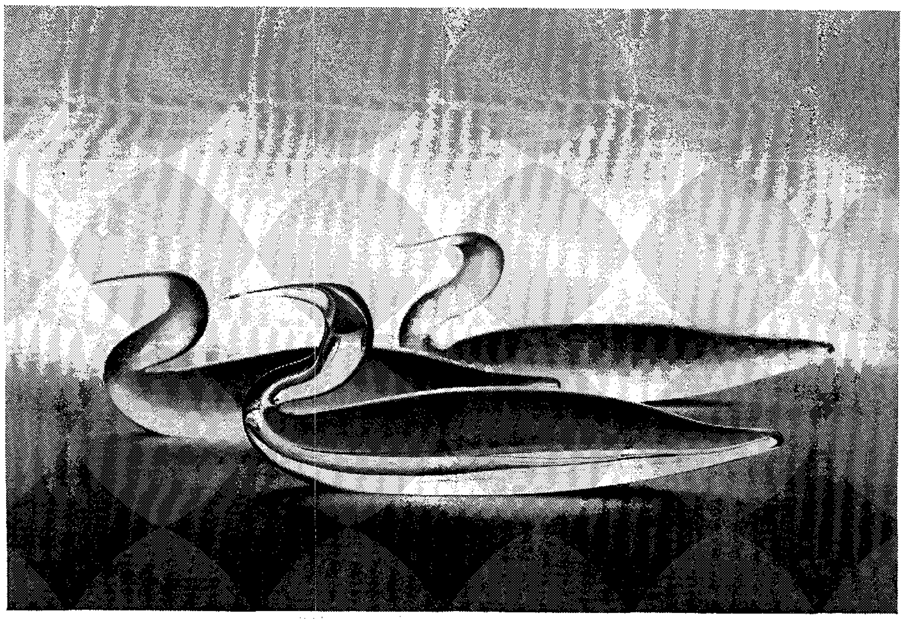
Call our toll-free number for a reservation (reservations on popular economy cars like the Chevette are subject to availability).

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL ®

*These "deflated" rates available at most National locations and are non-discountable. Rates subject to change without notice. ©National Car Rental System, Inc., 1975 (in Canada it's Tilden Rent-A-Car. In Europe, Africa and the Middle East it's Europcar).

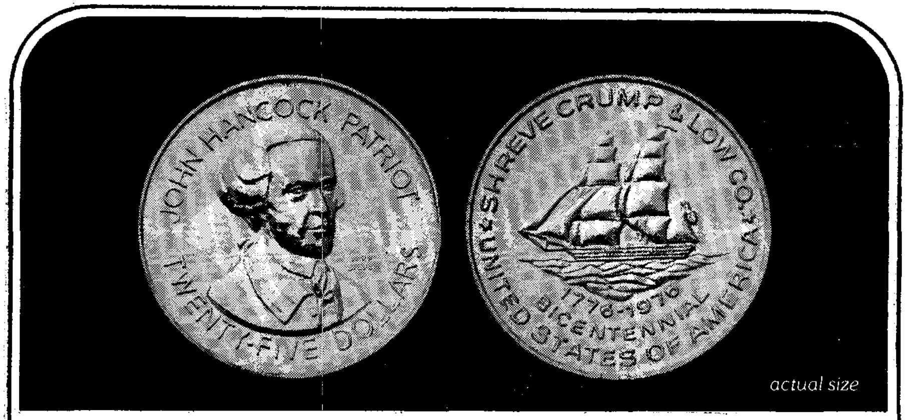
S&H GREEN STAMPS

Call 800-328-4567 toll free. (In Minnesota and Canada call 612-830-2345 collect.)



SNIPE: Length 8¼ inches • $155.00 each
Send $3.00 for 84-page Christmas Catalogue of Gifts

STEUBEN GLASS
A PART OF CORNING GLASS WORKS SINCE 1918
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • (212) 752-1441



Presenting a fine silver opportunity

NOW the second Bicentennial coin in .999 silver (sterling is .925) "John Hancock Patriot" in the series of five to be issued during the Anniversary celebration – a collector's item and an investment. The first coin, "Paul Revere Silversmith," while still available, and the second are exchangeable at any time for $25. in merchandise at Shreve, Crump & Low. Each coin has The Endicott on reverse side. Please specify. Comes with Limited Edition certificate. Give one or a hundred, $25. each. *Add tax where applicable, and $1.35 for handling and shipping. We honor Shreve charge, Master Charge and Am. Express. Please give all numbers and expiration date.*

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.
OUR 175TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR
ESTABLISHED 1800
330 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. 02116 (617) 267-9100
AND THE MALL AT CHESTNUT HILL 02167 (617) 965-2700

who controlled the states' Party machinery: John Bailey and Abraham Ribicoff in Connecticut; David Lawrence and William Green in Pennsylvania; Michael DiSalle in Ohio; Richard Daley in Illinois. The Party bosses could not deliver to a candidate with no support or stop a candidate with overwhelming support, but they were in a position to have a decisive effect on the outcome of a Convention. It was probably the candidacy of Barry Goldwater for the Republican nomination in 1964 that began to change the rules of the game. Goldwater's grass-roots organizing—a kind of guerrilla action by private individuals against the Party hierarchy—showed new ways to win state caucuses and primaries, and established a model that was followed by Eugene McCarthy in 1968 and by George McGovern in 1972 and is being adopted by a number of the current Democratic candidates. At the same time, after its 1968 Convention the Democratic Party began to establish ground rules for state caucuses and primaries. One result is that the processes are more open and democratic, and invite more participation by citizens. Another is a drastic change in the nature of campaigns.

In recent campaigns for both the nomination and the election, a number of practices have developed. To win in the primaries or the caucuses, candidates must—or think they must—build extensive organizations of people who will attend the caucuses, canvass, and get out the vote. In order to become known or to get coverage, candidates chase from "media market" to "media market"—preferably hitting three in one day, with at least two of the three in different states. If there is no particular reason for a candidate to turn up in an area, a reason must be devised. Finding the reason for a candidate to appear in Pittsburgh a fifteenth time can require some imagination. If there is doubt that the media will see fit to cover what the candidate has to say, or if he has nothing new to say, a "media event" may be concocted: the candidate rushes into a supermarket, holds up a package of hamburger, and decries the rise in the price of meat; the candidate milks a cow, descends into a coal mine. During his 1972 Presidential campaign, George McGovern stopped at a farm in Iowa so that he could be photographed on the porch of an old farmhouse discussing farm problems, and then, for good measure, proceeded, with the camera crews, to the farm's cornfield and pigpen, to be photographed there. What

American Express Presents

GREAT SHOPPING IN GREAT CITIES

One of the best things about traveling to new places is discovering new places to shop.

When American Express® Cardmembers go to a new city they're in for a pleasant surprise. They'll find they already have charge accounts at some of the finest stores. Simply because they carry the American Express Card.

If you're shopping in your own "great city" you may rediscover an old favorite. So don't leave home without the American Express Card. You can use it at the many fine shops throughout the world displaying the American Express Card emblem.

Something precious, something rare

Shreve, Crump & Low, Jeweler. 330 Boylston St., Boston; Chestnut Hill Mall, Chestnut Hill. Finest selection of diamonds and precious gems. Also china and crystal.

Wright Kay. Stores in Downtown Detroit, Grosse Pointe, Northland, Birmingham and Saginaw. Jewelry, china, crystal, silver and exotic gifts from many lands.

Illums Bolighus. Copenhagen, Denmark. Center of modern design. Terrific new fur shop and unusual boutique for style-conscious men and women, plus fashions, jewelry and home furnishings.

All under one roof

Garfinckel's. In Washington, Maryland and Virginia. This is the store for fine men's and women's fashions, home accessories and gifts, plus the utmost in service.

Kaufhof. In major cities throughout Germany. These department stores have everything from safety pins and silver to oysters and onions. You can buy a fur coat or a trip to Mexico in these permanent maximarkets. A shopper's paradise.

Just the gift you were looking for

Alfred Dunhill of London. Fifth Ave. at 50th St., New York, 212-684-7600. Also in London. Famous for fine lighters, pipes, cigars, and gifts of impeccable taste.

Mayor's. In Coral Gables, Miami, Hialeah, Hollywood, Pompano, Ft. Lauderdale, Orlando. Fine sterling, watches and diamonds.

Geary's. 351 N. Beverly, Beverly Hills, 213-273-4741. One of California's most elegant selections of china, silver, crystal, fine gifts and limited editions.

Charge on to the best-dressed list

Evans. Chicago and suburban locations, 312-855-2000. World's largest furrier. Also featuring cloth coats, dresses and sportswear.

Harris and Frank. Locations throughout Southern California and the Northwest. Famous selection of apparel for ladies and gentlemen.

Clyde Campbell. Clyde Campbell dresses its men "from college to career to Chairman of the Board." Its University Shops are located near the major Southwest campuses in Dallas and Fort Worth.

If you don't have the American Express Card, look for an application display wherever the Card is welcomed. Or call, toll-free, 800-528-8000.

AMERICAN EXPRESS®

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.℠

AMERICAN EXPRESS
040 ONE
100 AX
CHARLES F FROST

© American Express Company, 1975

such events do to the dignity of the candidates and also of politics, and how much they contribute to the enlightenment of the electorate, is questionable. In any case, they are part of what consumes a candidate's time, drains his energy, and exposes his nerves.

In late September, I had a talk with Kenneth O'Donnell, who was one of John Kennedy's chief political advisers. O'Donnell is now a businessman in Boston, but, like so many who have been in politics, he still hears its siren song.

"We entered only seven primaries in 1960," O'Donnell pointed out. "It was a very different ballgame. We had religion as an issue, age as an issue, and an incumbent Vice-President as our opponent. Then we had a beautiful candidate. Geez, we had a candidate. Now you're in a different situation. You have to divide the candidates into different groups. There are those who can wait for the Convention. Teddy Kennedy can, Muskie can, Humphrey can—they're known. Then, you have guys like Sargent Shriver, Morris Udall, Birch Bayh—they have to run. Henry Jackson is in that position."

Shifting back to the subject of campaigns, O'Donnell said, "You know what they care about in the Party? Who's going to be sheriff. If I'm sitting with Richard Daley, I'm looking for a candidate who helps the ticket—who elects me attorney general. I care about who's going to be the sheriff, the judge, the D.A. Do you know how much they cared in West Virginia who was going to be President? Zero. Now everybody's talking about SALT and détente—nobody cares about that in Boston. They care about busing and about jobs. About themselves. It's a terrible, horrendous course, you know. People expect you to do things every day. I don't think the fact that you went to three hot-dog plants in the morning makes you a better President. We did it, and it was almost embarrassing. John Kennedy opened his Wisconsin campaign at five o'clock in the morning at an Oscar Mayer plant. Do you think anyone cared? But if you don't do it people think you're lazy and arrogant. If you do it, it means you're willing to work, that's all. Estes Kefauver began it. But people do want to see the candidate and ought to see the candidate."

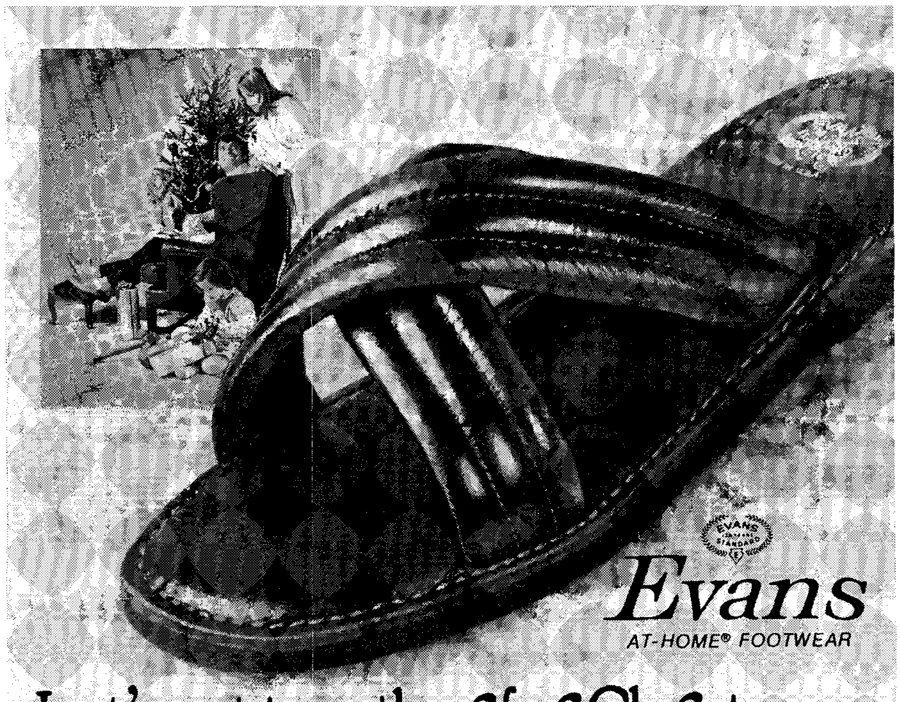
I asked O'Donnell where he would draw the line.

"I don't know," he replied. "There's a great deal of talk about the question of whether there should be a

Alan Paine

Alan Paine creates pure luxury in 4-ply camel hair.
The BARTON cardigan, about $65.
Also available, the ASHFORD pullover, about $47.50.

Paul Stuart, New York Sakowitz, Houston Frederick & Nelson, Seattle
or write Frank L. Savage, Inc., 17 East 37th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

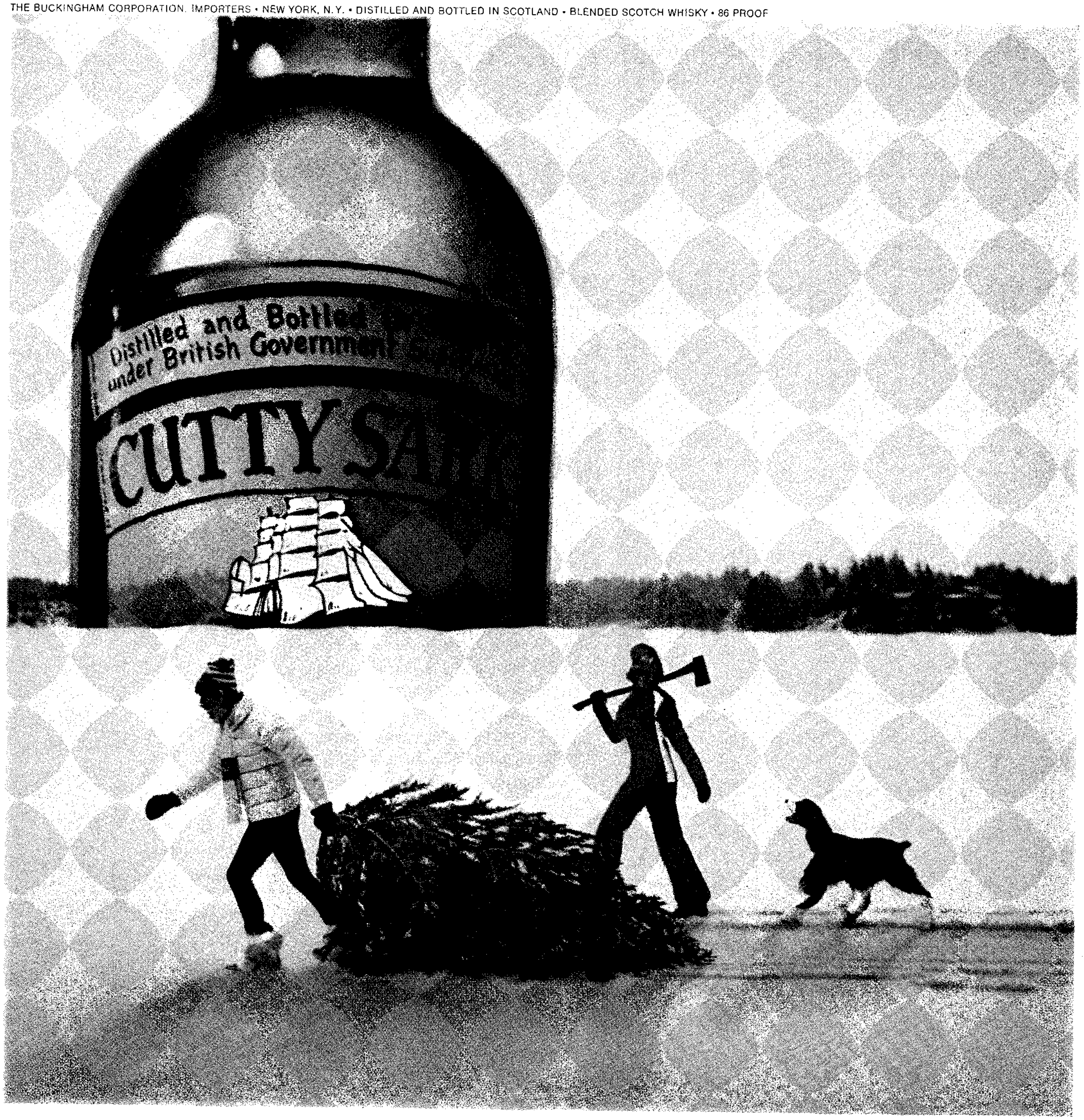


Evans
AT-HOME® FOOTWEAR

Let's get together for Christmas

Put our Puff Strap under the tree, and brighten his holiday. Its puffy dark brown glove leather straps and springy crepe sole make Puff Strap feel as comfortable as it looks. At most fine men's shoe or department stores. Or write, we'll tell you where. Made in the U.S.A. by L.B. Evans' Son Co., Wakefield, MA 01880.

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF


Distilled and Bottled
under British Government
CUTTY SARK

Cutty Sark
...and now
it's time to give Cutty.

Some things in life
speak for themselves...

AP

AUDEMARS PIGUET
AUTOMATIC
27
AP

The Royal Oak

Audemars Piguet
For the few who still care about perfection

GÜBELIN
745 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10022 (212) 755-0054

national primary or regional primaries. That's something we have to think more about. First, you have to get name recognition. The average guy in the street says, 'Who's Birch Bayh?' People say, 'Who's Scoop Jackson?' That's what the problem is. Everybody knows Ted Kennedy's name. They don't know if he's Jack Kennedy or Bob Kennedy or Ted Kennedy. In 1960, between Kennedy and Humphrey, it came down to who could lead the country. We haven't had that since. In 1968, the war was the issue, and Humphrey was trapped. In 1972, McGovern beat Humphrey in the primaries, but he did it in a way that lost him the election. This is a brand-new situation, and nobody knows what it's about. As of now, nobody knows anything."

Among the truisms heard currently is that within the Democratic Party in 1968 and 1972 the Vietnam war was a galvanizing issue, which stirred people into working for Eugene McCarthy and George McGovern, but that no such issue exists now. In those years, it was the cause more than the personalities that defined the Democratic struggle; at present there is no similar compelling cause. It has been the case that those wings of the major parties which are most driven by ideology—for the Republicans, the right; for the Democrats, the left—work hardest in the primaries and caucuses, and thus the results are skewed toward those wings. It was this phenomenon that caused the Republicans to nominate Goldwater, the Democrats to nominate McGovern—each losing disastrously in the general election. Nixon won the Republican nomination in 1968 by spreading himself across the "middle" of the Party, and now several Democrats are trying to figure out how to win the nomination without committing what has come to be known as "the McGovern mistake." The search is for a potion that will arouse nonideological passion.

FRED DUTTON is a Washington lawyer who has been involved in the Presidential campaigns of Adlai Stevenson, John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, and George McGovern. During the Kennedy Administration, he worked in the White House and the State Department. He is an unconventional man, and tends to think about politics in terms of mood and style rather than of mechanics. He is one of the people in Washington who are consulted by politicians and journalists for a sense of what to do or of what is going

"New York and I have this love/hate thing."

I go to New York five or six times a year. And I never want to go until I get there.

New York and I have this love/hate thing.

I know I'll work too hard, that I'll crowd as much New York as I can into just one week, stay up half the night, every night, go home exhausted, and love every second of it.

That's why I stay at The Biltmore.

It's as much New York as you can find in a hotel.

Something happens at The Biltmore that just doesn't happen in those plasti-glass, modular hotels that have plopped themselves down in every city in the country.

If I'm going to a city I love, why should I stay in a place I hate?

The Biltmore

43rd & Madison
(800) 221-2690. In New York State, call
(800) 522-6449. In the city 683-6620.

Wear test this jacket yourself. If you're not completely satisfied, return it to us postage prepaid for a full refund.

Close to 3 lbs. of wool for cold weather comfort.

Norm Thompson's Cruiser Jacket

Any experienced outdoorsman will tell you there's really no substitute for a good wool jacket. It'll cut the wind, shed rain, and keep the cold out. And even if it does get wet . . . wool will still keep you warm. Our Cruiser gives you the protection of 85% wool with the added strength of 15% nylon. We've found no better combination for foul-weather comfort.

Designed and sold only by Norm Thompson.

We had the Cruiser Jacket designed with a double layer of fabric over the shoulders for extra protection where you need it most . . . across the chest and back. A snug fit at the waist and cuffs keeps cold air out while the roomy sleeves and body provide plenty of action room. Combine this with four large pockets and you have one heckuva practical jacket.

Color: Navy. Sizes: S,M,L,XL,XXL to fit neck sizes 14-18½. Fabric: 85% reprocessed wool, 15% nylon. **$31.00 ppd.**

Norm Thompson

Dept. 01-32
1805 N.W. Thurman
Portland, Or. 97209

Order TOLL FREE anytime 800-547-6712
(Excluding Oregon, Hawaii, and Alaska)

	qty.	Neck size
Cruiser Jacket(s):		

☐ Check enclosed. Charge to my:
☐ BankAmericard. ☐ Master Charge.

Card #____________________
(Please include all raised letters and numbers)

Signature X____________________

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

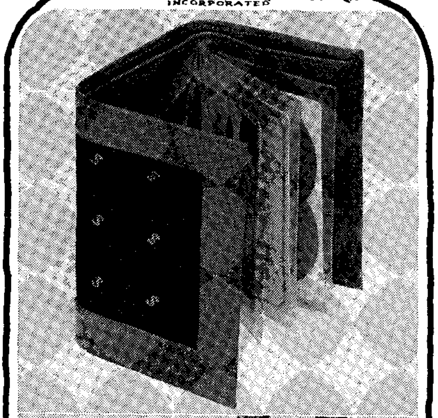
State__________Zip__________

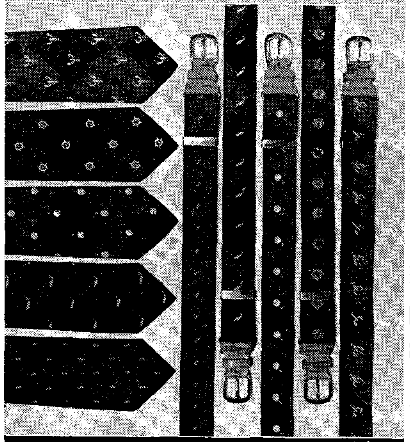
☐ Send FREE "Escape from the ordinary"® color catalog. *Save up to ⅓ on exclusive* fashions, sports equipment, and unique items for the home.

on. Over lunch one day, I asked Dutton to talk to me not about "who's ahead" but about campaigns.

"The present campaign styles were set by Nixon and Kennedy in 1960," he said. "Both were bright young politicians at the top of their form. The Eisenhower period had burned itself out. Robert Montgomery, as an adviser to Eisenhower, had been toying with TV. Kennedy and Nixon set the new style: standing at microphones, no heavy podium—all sorts of new techniques. They recognized that the idea was to sell themselves, to put across a style. We are still in the dregs of 1960. There is nothing creative. The current candidates are rote figures, automatons, responding in a hack way to 1960. The big changes came when Roosevelt made effective use of the radio, and Kennedy and Nixon used their new techniques in 1960. In fairness, campaign styles haven't changed very often. The early Presidents—Jefferson and the others—offered themselves to the voters in a lofty manner; they spoke from on high, were relaxed, cool. The first big change in style was by Andrew Jackson after he lost in 1824; in 1828 he campaigned like crazy, and personalized contact with the public. In the process, he expanded the electoral base. National political conventions began early in the eighteen-thirties, and then we started to get the bunting, the torchlight parades, keynote addresses. That was the beginning of P.R. in politics; of slogans—guys like William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor running on slogans. It was one of the most creative periods in politics, but it came about because the candidates couldn't come to grips with the emerging issues—the diverging economies of the North and the South, slavery. The slogans and the hoopla were to divert attention from substantive questions. In 1896, Mark Hanna, trying to get William McKinley elected, organized county chairmen and outside groups and sent them out on trains to Ohio to see McKinley. Mark Hanna is generally considered the first expert in organizational politics. Roosevelt was the first guy who used the radio effectively; TV wasn't really used with any imagination until 1960. Kennedy and Nixon pulled out all the stops, and we got to the jet-planing and the three stops a day. The problem is that style—the communication of the implicit—has become self-conscious. Everything has become organized, unspontaneous. The implicit and the explicit, the word and the picture should go together. What

OUTDOOR TRADERS
INCORPORATED





CLUB CHARACTERS

Now in belts and wallets to match your tie exclusively from Outdoor Traders.

CLUB WALLET double folds to hold bills, 2 leather compartments and credit card holder. Of finest pigskin with repp silk club motif outer cover. $14.50

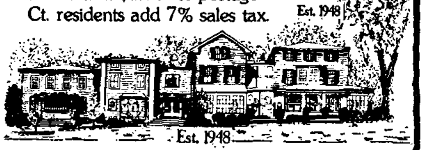
CLUB BELTS of repp silk are fully lined, having leather and brass fittings and brass slide adjustment to fit sm., med., and lg. $12.50

CLUB TIES are fully lined, bar tacked and silk tipped. $10.50

Everything is available to match. $ SIGN in gold on green - WHALE in gold on navy - SCREWBALL in silver on wine red - SHIPS WHEEL in white on navy - LOBSTER in silver on wine red.

Write for our brochure.

Please add $1.50 for postage.
Ct. residents add 7% sales tax.



Box 1608A Boston Post Road/Greenwich, Conn. 06830
Telephone: 203-869-5193
Branch Shops in Essex & Litchfield, Conn.

Seacoast Towers, the world's finest apartments.

5151 COLLINS AVENUE, MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA
RENTAL OFFICE PHONE: (305) 865-7461

VAS
FOUNDED
180
DED
WHIS

Now you have the glass to put it in.

The Great American Lead Crystal by Fostoria
We've been working on
your crystal for 88 years.

Shown: STRATTON pattern. Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, W. Va. 26041

I love it!

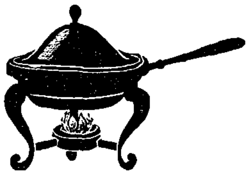
What a pleasure to slip into something comfortable and to be ready for a day in town or an evening with friends. A little accessorizing is all it needs, since the pinwheel print furnishes plenty of eye appeal.

Long sleeve, U-neck Antron® nylon knit dress in combinations of brown or black with white, 6 to 16 sizes, $56. Sportdress Collections, Third Floor, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

What a smashing print this is.

and it's from Saks Fifth Avenue

has happened is that they have diverged, and there is so much that is clearly phony. It is as if Kennedy, instead of relying on his good looks, had worried about getting his picture taken in front of the Statue of Liberty, as Lyndon Johnson did. The Statue of Liberty is a good thing. The Statue of Liberty with a politician in front of it is a phony. By the time Scoop Jackson makes a tour in California, all the humanity and spontaneity are gone. Everything is overorganized. It's the bureaucratization of politics. My guess is that in the next round we're going to get back to substantive people. Someone is going to have to get himself across as a real person. Campaigns should change. The country is going through a withdrawal. It's tired. I tell potential candidates, 'Don't be frenetic. Don't run around the country. Don't do three stops a day. You may have to get around and see power brokers and groups, but take the heat out of it. It's too frenetic.' Then they ask how they would get on television and in the papers. I tell them, 'Get some ideas; get good people around you.' They don't need the daily TV or press story. The real political animal needs to see his name in the paper. They lose all quality control. If they get on Cronkite or Chancellor three times a year with something classy it's better than fifty times a year."



Dutton continued, "People are looking for more spiritual qualities in their leaders. The guy who is going to break through is going to have fresh proposals, and is not going to fit the political stereotypes. All that the candidates are doing now, at a time when people hate politicians, is acting like politicians. These guys who are staying above the battle—the Hubert Humphreys, the Muskies, the Gaylord Nelsons—are being smarter. Mondale was very shrewd. He saw what kind of person he did not want to be, that he would get cut up by the meat grinder, that it was a demeaning process that would make him a lesser man. His was a shrewder judgment than people thought. The best strategy now is to stay out of it and take the chance that nobody will emerge from the primaries and caucuses in a position to win the Convention. Muskie and Humphrey can sit it out, make thoughtful speeches. Like de Gaulle in 1946, going off to the side and waiting to be called. It's one of the oldest tricks in politics."

Early this November, Humphrey, who was being widely touted as the possible Democratic nominee—as was Muskie four years ago—told Jules Witcover, of the Washington *Post*, "It's my judgment that right now the person that has no ambition, no declared ambitions, is more credible," and he added, "He's freer. You don't have to go around weighing every word as you inevitably do when you become a candidate. . . . The minute you get in it, you're just another one of them."

Dutton went on, "I favor the reform rules, but they are making politics more organizational, when what we need is more free form. And if the result is that apathy and cynicism become even greater, we may be worse off than ever. You have more midgets, more faceless people, surrounding campaigns. And the kinds of people you have around in the campaign can determine much more about a Presidency than you think. Nixon ran a Byzantine, secretive campaign and the same kind of Administration."

I asked Dutton if that was not a question of the character of the candidate himself.

He replied, "It's the individual verifying himself in the campaign and then in office. How good is he at putting together a staff? Can he move from state politics to shark-infested national politics?"

I asked Dutton if he felt that campaigns call for the wrong qualities in people.

He replied, "The White House operation is more like a campaign than people think: the number of hardball questions that come in to a President every hour; how much thought goes into a speech. Campaigns are highly imperfect schools for the White House. They are learning exercises. You learn that some issues go and some don't. You don't go out there to preach at people, you go out there to lead. You have to find out where you can lead them. How much stamina do you have? How much can you take the stress of a complicated society? The White House is a hurly-burly job. If you can't stand the strains, you shouldn't be in that league; you should do something else—be a senator, a preacher, a philosopher. A campaign is a frenetic, superficial, compulsive, neurotic process. Can you come across on current technology—not by being handsome but by coming across? Do you understand the mood of the country? The good candidate learns how far he can go, what his stamina is,

Each Christmas the grown-up Clantons created chaos.

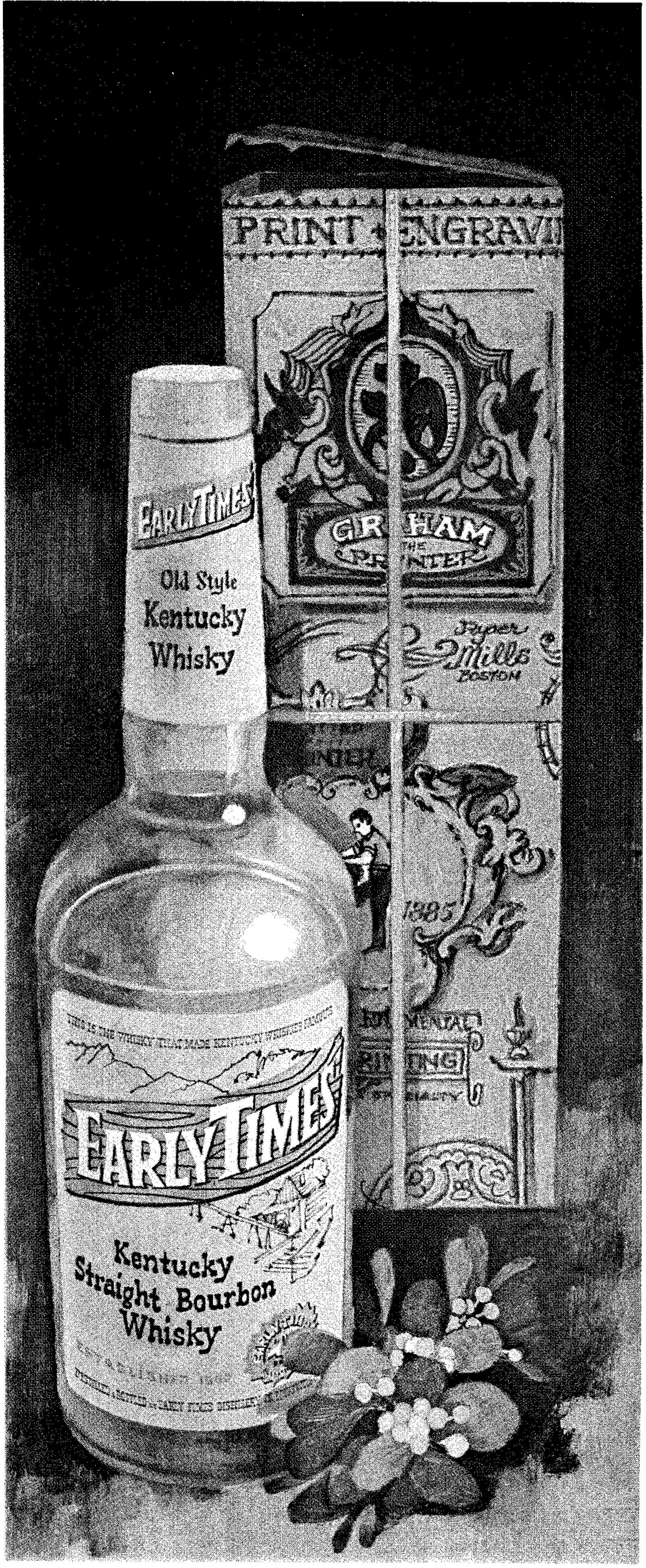
They played with the electric trains, the toy trucks, the balls and the bats. You name it.

The Clanton kids were left with nothing.

Last Christmas, Grandma Clanton saved the day. She put Early Times under the tree.

Early Times.

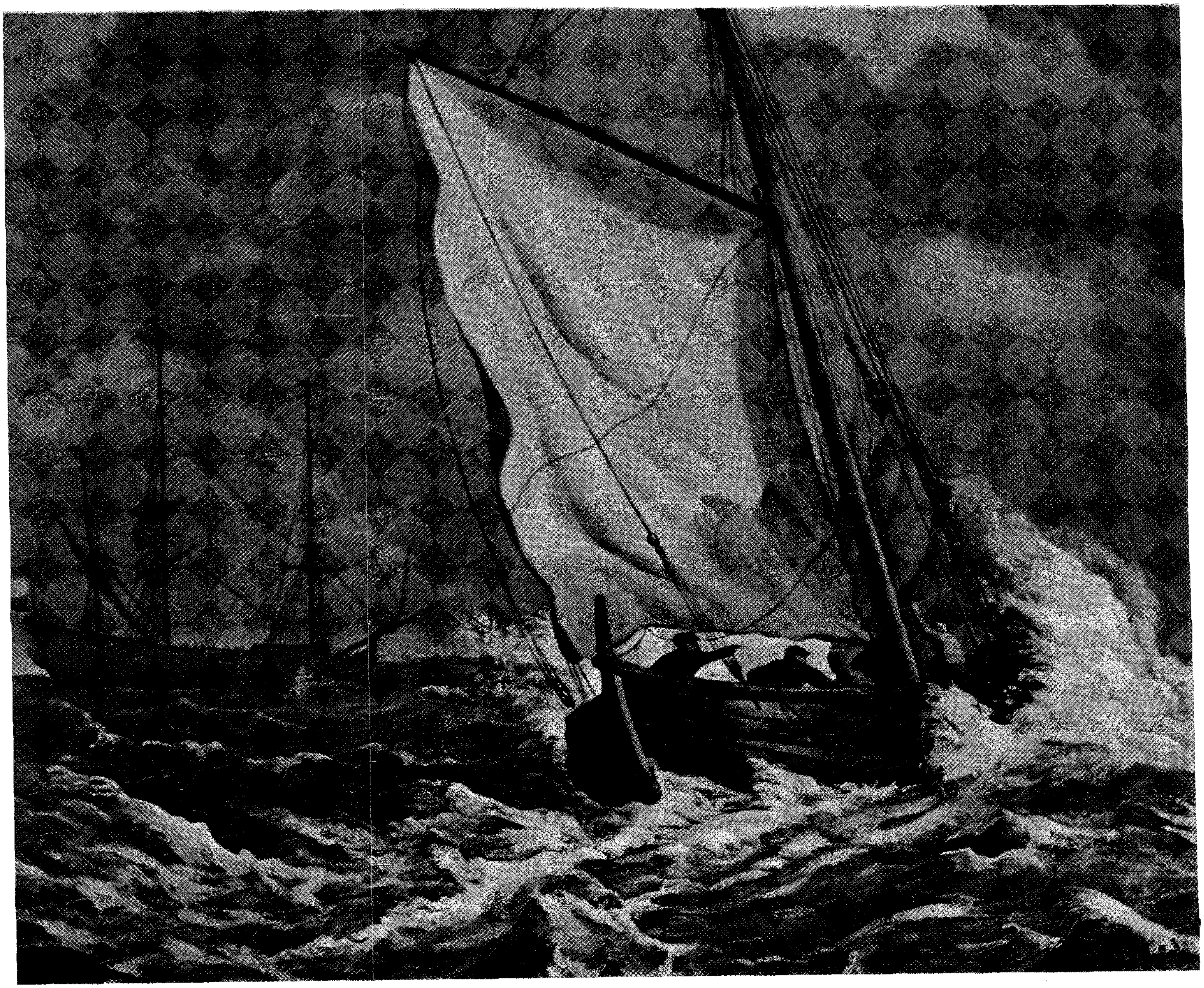
In the Clanton clan, it's the gift that separates the men… from the toys.


EARLY TIMES
Old Style Kentucky Whisky
THIS IS THE WHISKY THAT MADE KENTUCKY WHISKIES FAMOUS
EARLY TIMES
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky
PRINT & ENGRAVI
GRAHAM THE PRINTER
Paper Mills BOSTON
1885
PRINTING

Early Times. To know us is to love us.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 AND 80 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. © ETDC 1975

From what was once the Zuiderzee, the Dutch now harvest waves of grain.



Sperry New Holland machines help make the Dutch polders some of the most productive farmlands on earth.

The Dutch have a saying: God created the world, but the Dutch created Holland.

It's still happening. Every year, the Dutch Polder Authority reclaims another ten thousand acres from the sea.

These polders—"land inside dikes"—present some formidable problems. They must be drained, desalted, fertilized—reprogrammed as it were from sea bed to farmland. Yet they are among the most productive farmlands on earth.

Combines from Sperry New Holland help keep productivity high. These machines are so versatile

they can harvest any crop that grows in the polders—wheat, oats, barley, colza, even grass seed.

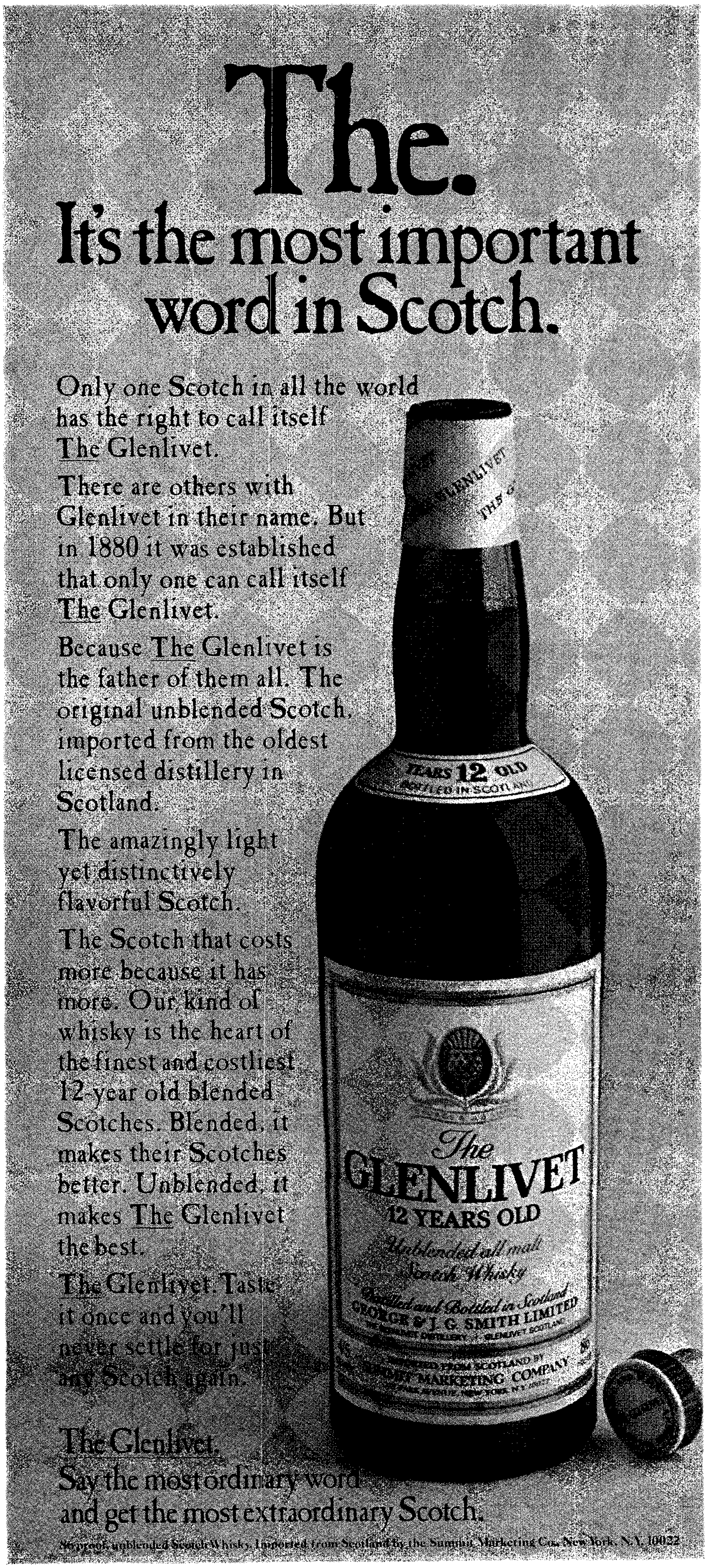
And they are so efficient and reliable that they can harvest tons of grain, even in the soft spongy soil of the polders that doesn't firm up for many years.

Another demonstration of the big idea at Sperry Rand Corporation: Making machines do more, so man can do more. It's the common purpose that makes Sperry, Sperry Remington, Sperry Vickers, Sperry Flight Systems, Sperry Univac, and Sperry New Holland add up to Sperry Rand Corporation, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

SPERRY

SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

MAKING MACHINES DO MORE, SO MAN CAN DO MORE.


The Glenlivet
12 Years Old
Unblended all malt Scotch Whisky
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland
George & J. G. Smith Limited
Summit Marketing Company

The.
It's the most important word in Scotch.

Only one Scotch in all the world has the right to call itself The Glenlivet.

There are others with Glenlivet in their name. But in 1880 it was established that only one can call itself The Glenlivet.

Because The Glenlivet is the father of them all. The original unblended Scotch, imported from the oldest licensed distillery in Scotland.

The amazingly light yet distinctively flavorful Scotch.

The Scotch that costs more because it has more. Our kind of whisky is the heart of the finest and costliest 12-year old blended Scotches. Blended, it makes their Scotches better. Unblended, it makes The Glenlivet the best.

The Glenlivet. Taste it once and you'll never settle for just any Scotch again.

The Glenlivet.
Say the most ordinary word and get the most extraordinary Scotch.

86 proof, unblended Scotch Whisky. Imported from Scotland by the Summit Marketing Co., New York, N.Y. 10022

what the good camera angles are. If you can't reconcile differences within your campaign staff, can't make decisions, you probably can't do those things in the White House. If you can't slow down the pace of a campaign, you can't slow down the pace in the White House. If you can't structure your emotional or decisional process in a campaign, you can't do it in the White House. Ninety-five to ninety-nine per cent of those who run don't think beyond the point of winning; they don't think about accumulating the authority and power to do things once they are in office. Just winning the election is not enough; you also have to come out of it with the power to govern. The candidates run as if they were running for sheriff, yet the next day one of them is going to take over the White House. Eventually, we'll move to new political forms, and then those will become trite, too."

DURING the month of October, Henry Jackson was in Pittsburgh; Columbus; Cleveland; Syracuse; San Francisco; McAfee, New Jersey; New York City; Seattle and Grand Coulee, Washington (where he dedicated a new powerhouse of the Grand Coulee Dam); Los Angeles; Las Vegas; Phoenix; Denver and Pueblo, Colorado; Sioux City, Cedar Rapids, and Dubuque, Iowa; Springfield, Worcester, New Bedford, Braintree, Boston (where he visited a service station that was selling gasoline at 1973 prices, and denounced the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries), and Waltham, Massachusetts; St. Louis; Des Moines and Ames, Iowa; Minneapolis; and Wilmington.

Birch Bayh was in Detroit; Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, and Waterloo, Iowa; Kansas City, Missouri; Manchester, New Hampshire; Syracuse and Suffolk County, New York; Lorton, Virginia; San Francisco; Hyannis, Massachusetts; Ridgewood, Teaneck, and East Brunswick, New Jersey; New York City; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; Boston; Los Angeles; San Diego; Keene and Claremont, New Hampshire; Cambridge, Quincy, and Braintree, Massachusetts; Evansville, Indiana; Chicago; Dubuque, Davenport, and Vinton, Iowa; Youngstown, Ohio; Anderson, Muncie, Fort Wayne, Terre Haute, Shirkieville, Indianapolis, Bloomington, and South Bend, Indiana; Topeka; Ames; Nashua, New Hampshire; Cincinnati; Charles Town, West Virginia; and Detroit and Lansing, Michigan.

Sargent Shriver was in Moscow;

Paris; Boston; Manchester; Syracuse; Chicago; Los Angeles; Denver; New York City; Annapolis; Ottawa, Illinois; Worcester and Needham, Massachusetts; Miami; Grand Rapids; Des Moines; Ames; Springfield, Illinois; Hyannis; and Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Lloyd Bentsen was in Centre County and Altoona, Pennsylvania; Syracuse; Pittsburgh; San Francisco; Los Angeles; Houston, Pasadena, and Dallas, Texas; Wichita, Kansas; Columbia and Jefferson City, Missouri; Chicago; Annapolis; Miami; Scranton; Kansas City, Missouri; San Antonio; New York City; Jersey City; and Fort Worth.

Jimmy Carter was in Durham, Manchester, Newport, Claremont, Hanover, Londonderry, and Rindge, New Hampshire; White River Junction, Vermont; Boston; Chicago; Des Moines, Marshalltown, and Ames, Iowa; Los Angeles, Long Beach, Brentwood, Hollywood, Sacramento, Fresno, Pebble Beach, San Carlos, Atherton, San Francisco, San Jose, Palo Alto, Berkeley, Walnut Creek, and San Rafael, California; Albany; Bennington, Vermont; La Grange, Savannah, and Columbus, Georgia (Carter's home is in Plains, Georgia, his campaign headquarters is in Atlanta, and there were several stops in these two places during the month); Jackson, Greenville, Oxford, and Clinton, Mississippi; Tampa, St. Petersburg, Sarasota, Belleair, Titusville, Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale, and Miami, Florida; St. Louis and Ladue, Missouri; and Tallahassee, Daytona Beach, De Land, Gainesville, and Homestead, Florida. As a rule, the candidates made more than one appearance on each stop.

I decided to take a look at what goes on in such a campaign for the Democratic nomination, and so between Sunday, October 19th, and Tuesday, October 21st, I accompanied Representative Morris K. Udall to breakfasts, brunches, lunches, coffees, meetings, press conferences, receptions, and dinners in New York City; Worcester, Massachusetts; Buffalo and Rochester, New York; Boston; Nashua and Salem, New Hampshire; and, again, New York City. In the week preceding this trip, Udall had been in Memphis and Birmingham, then had gone to his home in Tucson, where he stayed for two days, and then had flown in a privately chartered plane to New York—an all-night flight. After this three-day trip, Udall was to return to Washington, where on Wednesday he would work in his of-

BROWNSTONE STUDIO

A FLURRY OF RUFFLES

forms the collar and flutters down the front of this enchanting blouse by Wilroy. One little button at the neckline. Full sleeves are caught by narrow bands. Lustrous washable cream polyester satin. 6-20. $44.00 The gored skirt that makes you look inches slimmer is black polyester jersey, elastic waist, side zipper. 6-20. $40.00. Gilt doves form closing on Calderon's black stretch velvet belt that pulls it all together. S-M-L-XL. $14.00.

"UPSTAIRS"
the Brownstone Boutique on the
22nd floor at 342 Madison Ave.
Dept. Y1020 New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 687-0190

If you prefer shopping from home, write or call for our
FREE HOLIDAY BROCHURE

Add $1.00 per item for handling. New York State residents add sales tax. Check, M.O., American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge.

BUCCELLATI

Silver chains, from our extensive collection. Top to bottom [32"–$140] [32"–$320] [38"–$320] [33"–$140]. Catalog N available on request ($2). Major credit cards accepted.

JEWELER & SILVERSMITH 703 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 (212) 755-3253

Dalton

We recommend washing in Woolite®
For the clothes you care about

For the woman in you . . . for all the women you are. Dalton's multi-color boucle ensemble . . . as flattering as a compliment. Sizes 6-18. About $124. Featured at fine stores everywhere. Prices slightly higher in the West. Also makers of James Kenrob sportswear and Hadley Active sportswear. Dalton of America, Willoughby, Ohio and New York City.

fice and then attend a fund-raising dinner in his honor; then, on Thursday, he would be off to Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Iowa, Wisconsin, New York, and Massachusetts—and would return to Washington the following Monday night.

Udall is an intelligent man with a sense of humor, and he is relatively candid with the press. His problem, as a member of the House of Representatives and not a known national politician, was that he had to get "recognition" and to build an organization. This fall, the press began to realize that he had built an organization in New Hampshire, where, as usual, the first primary was to be held, and it began to take his candidacy more seriously than before. The early primaries are of special importance to those candidates who are less well known, for they provide the opportunity to "break through"—to establish "momentum." Momentum, in Presidential politics, is considered crucial, and can be a self-fulfilling thing. The candidate who is perceived to have won the early primaries wins press attention, campaign workers, allies, and money. Lyndon Johnson won the New Hampshire primary in 1968 and Edmund Muskie won it in 1972—but neither did it by the percentage that the political press corps had deemed necessary, and thus Eugene McCarthy and George McGovern were judged to be the "winners," each "victory" having fateful consequences for the rest of the nominating process. (Shortly before the 1968 New Hampshire primary, a study sponsored by the University of Michigan Survey Research Center found that most of those who intended to vote for McCarthy were more hawkish on Vietnam than those who said they would vote for Lyndon Johnson.) There is an absurdity in the significance attributed to the New Hampshire primary—fifty-five thousand people voted in the 1968 Democratic primary and about ninety thousand in the 1972 Democratic primary, and the state's population is more white and rural than that of the country as a whole. Yet because its primary is the first it is still considered to be of great importance. The people of New Hampshire are aware of their role and expect the politicians to respect it. One former candidate said, "New Hampshire isn't a primary, it's an ambush. They don't want to just see you, they want you to come out to the house and stay overnight and have breakfast. They exact what they can from you in exchange for their vote." In 1976, the

THE VOICE OF AMERICA HAS AN ENGLISH ACCENT.

TALK ABOUT
AMERICA
BY ALISTAIR COOKE
RECORDS

TALK ABOUT AMERICA
by ALISTAIR COOKE

Alistair Cooke talks about 250 years of American triumph. And tribulations. From the turbulent beginning until the turbulent now. It's a double album by the man who came from the country America came from, telling us where we've been and where we're likely to be going.

Available at: Doubleday Record Dept.
673 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10022
(212) 953 4804
Album 7.98 8 Track 9.98

CARPENTRY CLASS

The Swedish Carpenter's Shirt—a durable overshirt of heavy-duty cotton with three generous pockets to hold all the tools of your trade. For gardeners, artists, architects, photographers, potters, cyclists, filmmakers, teachers, young mothers, do-it-yourselfers – anyone who approaches work-a-day tasks with a subtle eye to the practical. One of the true indispensibles: a great-looking, comfortable shirt that works, or plays, anywhere. Navy with white stripes. Men's sizes: XS, S, M, L, XL, XXL. $25.00 (plus $1.50 shipping). N.Y. Res. Add Tax.

THE CHOCOLATE SOUP
249 East 77th Street New York 10021

Massachusetts primary will follow New Hampshire's by one week (in 1972, the Massachusetts primary was in late April), so the effect of the New Hampshire primary may be blurred this time around. At one point, Massachusetts had scheduled its primary to take place on the same day in 1976 as New Hampshire's, so New Hampshire, ever watchful over its place in American politics, rescheduled its primary to a week earlier. The proximity of the two primaries in both time and location permits candidates to hopscotch between Massachusetts and New Hampshire and to use some of the same "media markets" for the two events. Also, New York is scheduled to hold its primary on April 6th in 1976, instead of in June, as in 1972, and so that state will be of far greater importance than before to the candidates. Thus Udall's itinerary for October 19th-21st.

A few weeks earlier, I had dropped in at Udall's office, in the Longworth House Office Building, on Capitol Hill. Standing in a corner of an outer office were Udall's older brother Stewart, the former Secretary of the Interior; Stan Kurz, an old friend of Morris Udall's from the Army who is now an attorney and an accountant in New York and is Udall's finance chairman; and Terry Bracy, his legislative assistant. Stewart Udall, who has the title of campaign director, was rocking back and forth on his feet and appeared tense. "Only four months until the Iowa caucus," he said. "Wisconsin is seven months from now. By then, either we're out or we're in the final stretch." The Udall organization, after some reshuffling, was essentially under the direction of a twenty-seven-year-old man named Jack Quinn, in offices several blocks away from the Longworth Building. By September, the campaign staff consisted of twenty-six full-time workers and about fifteen volunteers, and the offices were filled with people, posters, papers; the telephones were busy, and the atmosphere was one of an organization with hopes. On a wall of Quinn's office was a chart, similar to charts in other campaign offices around Washington, indicating the dates of various primaries and caucuses and the deadlines for filing in them. Under Quinn's direction were five regional desks (which he hoped to increase to eight), headed by people who were working with co-ordinators in each state. Within each state, the goal was to have an organization in each congressional district and, by the time of the election, in each

American Express® discovers the Midnight Sun. In Atlanta.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN is a truly spectacular Danish restaurant. It's been described as one of the most outstanding restaurants in the world.

The cuisine is International ...featuring Danish and Scandinavian dishes. The very best of European fare.

Exotic Danish delicacies. Try the Medallion of Reindeer, Viking beef tartare, or a smorgasbord of Danish delicacies. Even the vegetables are exotic. Tangerine yams glazed with honey. Brussels sprouts sautéed with bacon. And there's a fantasy of desserts. Baked Alaska, Midnight Sun crepes, and a host of other delectable confections.

Dining by design. The Midnight Sun is a splendid example of award-winning contemporary designs by John Portman. From the graceful fluted columns to the classically beautiful tableware.

You'll dine around the tiered fountain in the open-to-the-sky atrium, at a table graced by modern Danish china, fine silverware, and fresh flowers. Order something from the connoisseur wine list, and stargaze.

Perfection and American Express. The Midnight Sun is sophisticated. Elegant. A unique combination of superlative cuisine, decor and ambience, in the heart of Peachtree Center.

Bring the American Express® Card. It's always welcome at the Midnight Sun, in the Garden Mall, Peachtree Center, Atlanta. Phone: (404) 577-5050.

AMERICAN EXPRESS ®

040 012 413 6 500AX
CHARLES F FROST
AMERICAN EXPRESS
500AX
040 012
CHARLES F FROST

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.

Sweater suit
has new narrowness
and the right stripes...
a spiced peach or
bright navy on white.
Acrylic and nylon. 4-12. $190.
St. John Knits.

Mail to 754 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10019
Phone 212-PL 3-7300
Please add $1.35
outside our delivery area.

Miss Bergdorf

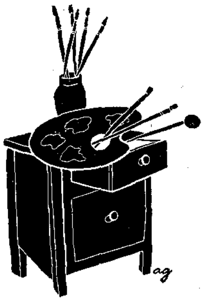
On The Plaza in New York
and White Plains.

BERGDORF
GOODMAN

precinct. Theoretically, the state and regional coördinators control Udall's schedule in their areas, but they have conflicts not only with each other but also with members of Udall's staff in Washington—with Quinn and others trying to mediate the competing claims on the candidate's time.

When I talked with Udall in his office, I asked him about his attitude toward running for the Presidency.

“I find that I went through stages,” he replied. “There's a real arrogance in saying, Nixon-like, to a nation of two hundred and ten million people, ‘I am the one.’ After some House members signed a petition asking me to run, my reaction was apologetic—‘Shucks, some of the guys have asked me to run.’ In the second stage, you get a little more confidence. You say, ‘If this is the field, I'm just as good. I'm just as good as Fred Harris, Scoop Jackson, Jimmy Carter, for God's sake.’ Finally, you reach the third stage, where you've been to all the states, and you've been tested and tried, and you have a lot of confidence. When you travel around, you not only get a chance to educate the country—the country educates you. You have a keener idea of what the country's all about—its diversity. Either you learn to knit together a coherent pattern out of all these diverse threads or you don't. You do change. The Hugh Careys and the Frank Churches who are waiting to be drafted don't have to go through this. There has been so much said about the ‘imperial Presidency,’ the ‘lonely burden,’ the ‘gruelling experience’ of campaigning. There's a tendency to overromanticize the ‘lonely burden,’ to overblow the ‘gruelling campaign.’ A lot of it is fun. Someone found that there have been only ninety men who got more than a hundred votes at a Convention. An opportunity to enter that company is a rare one. There's some exhilaration and some satisfaction—if you've been in public life—at being in these big events. It's like starting out in high-school football and ending up playing in the Super Bowl. While others are clucking and being sympathetic, some of us are kneeing and knuckling each other out of the way so as to be part of this ‘arduous’ experience. Some of it is arduous, but don't overdo it. I've always had a feeling that the ‘workoholics’—the Lyndon Johnsons and the Richard Nixons—are the worst Presidents. They don't have other interests. Maybe the best Presidents would be the gentle Phil Harts”—the Democratic senator from Michigan—“and the Walter Mondales. Thoughtful men. But they can't go through this kind of thing. So maybe you need someone in between—thoughtful men who can also go through this. The absence of desire to be President may be a problem in a man, too.”



Udall paused, and then said, “I went to Milwaukee last weekend. There's a headquarters there, with all these people in the streets, and I wondered what they were doing. You get out of the car and say to yourself, ‘I'm the person these people are all waiting for.’ You see yourself as a national candidate. That was my first experience with that. I've taken the view that if I'm going to put in fourteen, sixteen hours a day, the most desperate time is the ten minutes before I make a speech. You have to clear your head, and there's always some idiot beating on you to read this piece of paper or asking you if you know old Aunt Sophie from Phoenix. Hell, over a million people live there. So I've begun to schedule an hour of rest—to return desperate calls, rest, go to the john, call my wife. That's the time that always gets cut out. It's frustrating when it occurs, and I shout at my staff when it does.”

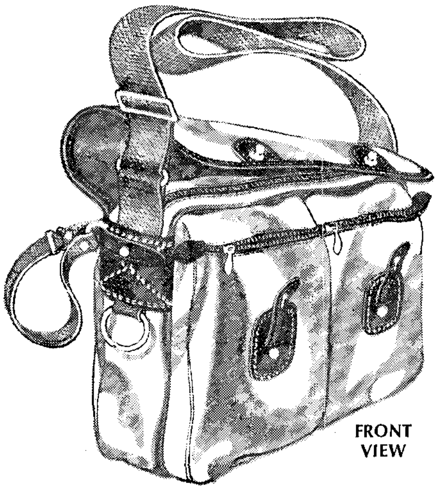
I asked Udall when he gets the time to think, to come up with programs. He has been what is known as an issue-oriented congressman, and for his campaign he has set up a research staff headed by Jessica Tuchman, a daughter of the writer Barbara Tuchman. Like other candidates, Udall can also call on lawyers, economists, and others, in and out of Washington, who are pleased to give their advice to a would-be President. Still, there is the problem of time.

“This is frustrating,” Udall replied. “It's really bugged me. I'm supposed to give a foreign-policy speech in San Francisco a week from today. I haven't the foggiest idea as I sit here what I'm going to say. I always take pride in writing my own speeches. The plain goddam fact is that if I spend fifteen minutes on that speech, I'll be lucky. One of the real tests is: Can you put together an organization and put together your life so that you can give a foreign-policy speech and meet a labor group earlier that day and get together with some fund-raisers that Harold Willens is arranging in Los Angeles

Spray on Trigère's newest design
trigère

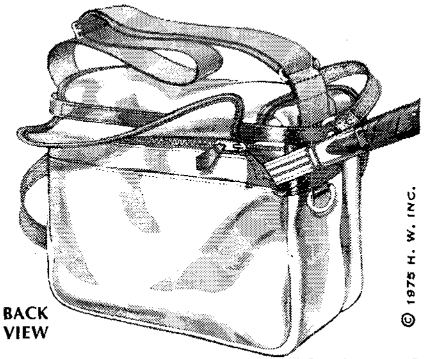
from her fragrance collection
of Liquid Chic.
Perfume 50.00 to 16.50.
Now available in a
new Natural Cologne Spray,
3 oz. 12.50.
At fine stores everywhere,
naturellement. . . . . .

IT'S THE REAL THING!



BOB LEE'S ORIGINAL EXPLORER'S BAG . . .
The World's Most Versatile Carryall; A Classic In It s Own Time

The famous bag that accompanies explorers, photographers, fishermen, campers, hunters, pilots, yachtsmen, artists, models and adventurers the world over.
WHY IS IT OFTEN CALLED OUR WAIT-LIST BAG? Because most of the time we've had a long waiting list of customers for this aristocrat of carryalls.
PROBABLY THE WORLD'S MOST COPIED BAG. The Authentic Originals are still made exclusively for us, by our meticulous craftsmen in England & France. The Copies Make Our Originals Look Better Than Ever! Why settle for less than the best? 3 zippered compartments, big back pocket, adjustable shoulder strap, removable waist-strap for steady, 1-shoulder carrying, plus snap-out washable liner.
ALL MODELS GENUINE LEATHER TRIMMED—FABRICS ARE WATERPROOF
STANDARD SIZE—Roomy 16½″ x 11″ x 6″.
TRIPLEX CANVAS—Brown or Beige—$125
ORIGINAL LETHERLUX® chocolate brown Scotch-grained leather-like vinylized canvas—$145



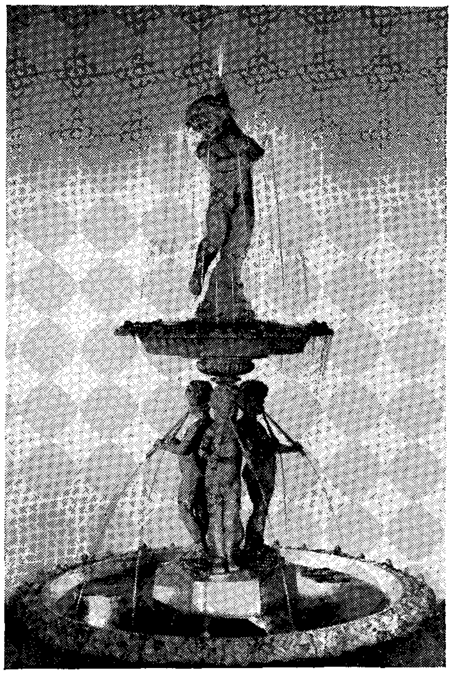
© 1975 H. W. INC.

TENNIS, ANYONE? Larger, with zippered back pocket for racquets; doubles as a practical shoulder attaché/brief case . . . makes every businessman look like a sportsman! About 17″ x 13″ x 6½″.
TRIPLEX CANVAS—Brown or Beige—$155
ORIGINAL LETHERLUX—Brown—$175
Add $2 Each on Mail Orders. N.Y. Res. Add Tax
Send $2 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 116-PAGE CATALOG
Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6
HUNTING WORLD®
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St., N.Y. 10022
N97

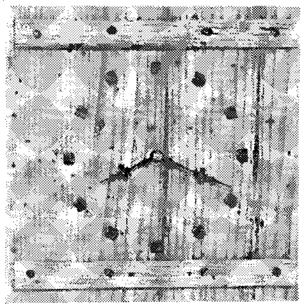
later that night?" Harold Willens is a California businessman and a member of what is known as the Malibu Mafia—a group of wealthy liberals who as an avocation back candidates and raise money for them. "There are the coups within your own staff. These are the kinds of things that test whether you can be President. You have this constant turmoil between your field staff and your Washington staff. A guy is trying to win the Wisconsin primary for me and he has three days of my time. He has promised to produce me if volunteers show up at a certain hour. Jessica Tuchman wants to talk to me about an issue. Tom Rees"—the House Democrat from the Southern California district that includes Beverly Hills—"told someone that he might help me in his area. That's a real breakthrough; I'm going to see him. I had a visit with George Meany last week. He has not anointed a candidate and has turned his people loose, so we woo the hell out of everyone we can. I'm leaving Washington at five this afternoon"—that was a Wednesday—"and I won't be back until one Sunday morning. There are more events than should be scheduled; it's really too much. We had a long meeting yesterday to see how these things get started. We're trying to get hold of this. John Seiberling"—a Democratic representative from Ohio—"saw I was coming to Ohio and said, 'Could you go out the night before and talk to a labor official?' It isn't really 'the night before;' it ends up making you leave the afternoon before. It wrecks the afternoon, and I can't see Tom Rees. But that's the process. It becomes a test of your ability to say no. You have to be able to say no to John Seiberling. Otherwise, what you're trying to do takes a back seat to the goddam scheduling. I would like to spend more time here with issues panels. I want Jessica to put together panels that I could talk to about the issues. Meanwhile, I'm bouncing around Boone, Iowa. Fortunately, I've been working on some of the issues for years. Issues will come along—like the Sinai accord, and decontrol of oil prices—but if you have your fundamentals down, you can adapt yourself to these things."

I asked Udall how much of his time is devoted to raising money.

"A hell of a lot of it," he replied. "The crunch is now. Twenty, thirty per cent of my time is devoted to that—going to cocktail parties where fat cats are, and some skinny cats, and making phone calls. A big McGovern backer sat here for an hour and said



PETER PAN FOUNTAIN
Complete with motor and pump. Overall height 7 feet 9 inches — basin 6 feet in diameter.
Visit our Galleries and see the World's most distinguished collection of fountains, statuary and garden ornaments in lead, bronze and stone. Send 50¢—stamps—coin for our 40 page *Illustrated* Catalogue.
The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926

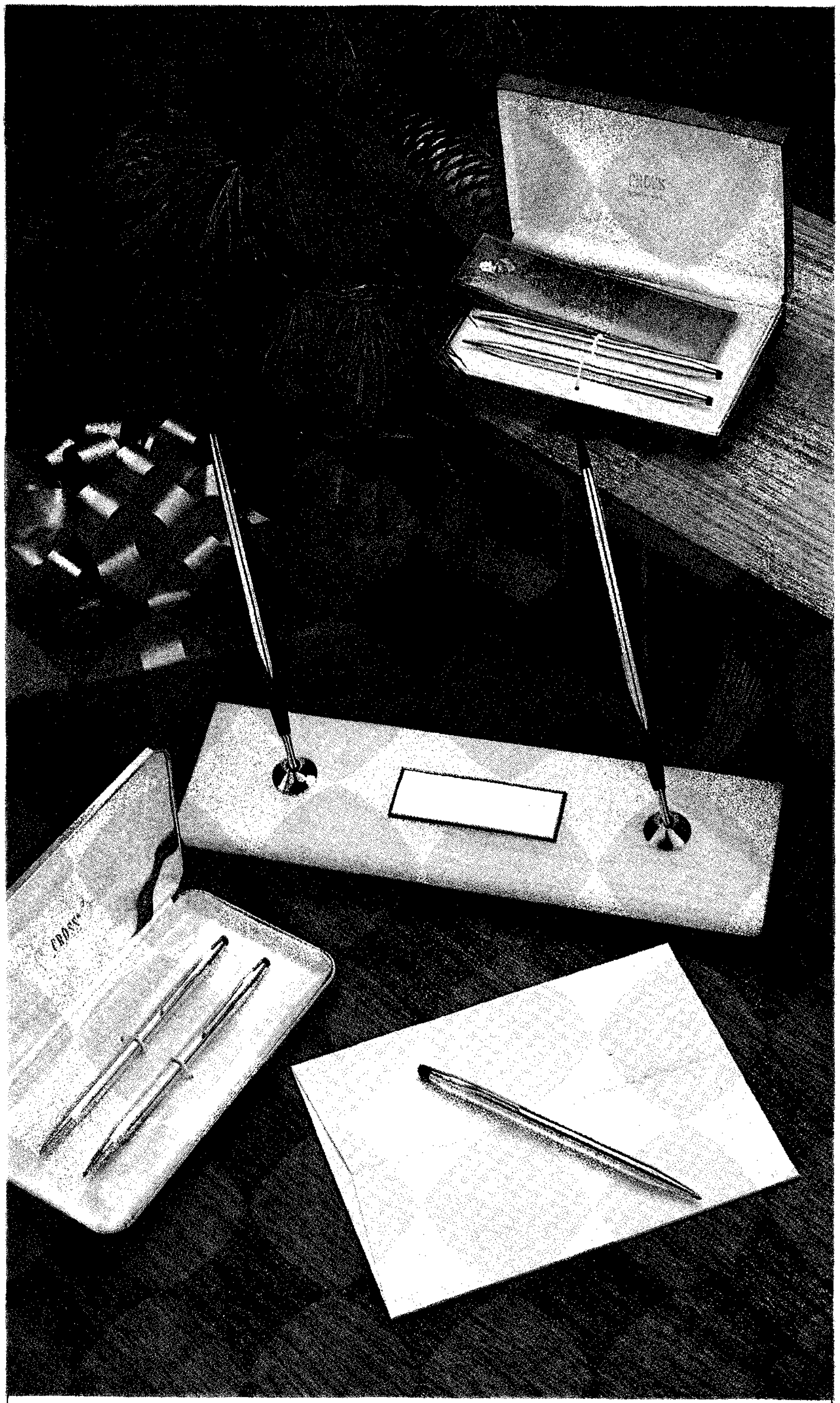


Custom-made to match your decor.
At last! Cordless wall clocks handmade with genuine solid hardwoods and quality components, then finished to emphasize Nature's beauty. Pictured: Wormy Chestnut 11″ square with wrought iron bolts, ppd. $32
Order now for Christmas delivery.
Suburban Enfield Mall
Hazard Ave., Enfield, CT. 06082
Mail orders to: P.O. Box 190
Old Greenwich, CT. 06870
Londonderry Clock Works

he'd give me five hundred dollars now and five hundred later if I got going. Big deal. It was a waste of time. He lectured me about his business. If I took an hour, I ought to be spending that time putting together a reception in Beverly Hills."

As a result of the new rules on fund-raising, candidates are increasingly turning their attention to people who not only will contribute a thousand dollars but can reach other people who might do so. Robert Keefe, Jackson's campaign manager, recently put it like this: "You have to go after money in a totally different way. In the past, a thousand-dollar contribution wasn't a tip, but it wasn't a big chunk of money. Before, you had to find the key twenty or thirty guys who could contribute or lend or perform the various tricks of the trade. Now you have to find tens of thousands of people. It takes a lot more time and effort." Udall, using "targeted" lists—environmentalists, peace groups—has made successful use of direct-mail solicitation of contributions. But he also goes to fund-raising gatherings, and seeks out the contributors who can reach other contributors. "You've got to use the old leverage principle," he says.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19TH: New York. Udall is at the first of two brunches held by members of the New Democratic Coalition, a group of liberal non-"regulars" which grew out of the McCarthy campaign. Only one brunch was on the schedule, but since the Lexington Democratic Club of the N.D.C. has so many members, and since some N.D.C. members who support Udall wanted him also to meet West Side N.D.C. members, a second brunch was added to the schedule. It is a rainy day, and because of the bad weather Udall landed in New York—having flown all night from Tucson—more than an hour late. Therefore, an hour's "private time" scheduled at Stan Kurz's apartment has been cancelled, and now Udall is here at Sharon Lauer's apartment, on Central Park West. Casually dressed young and middle-aged couples—about a hundred people in all—are drinking Bloody Marys and munching bagels, cheese, and coffee cake. The second brunch will be at Bruce Slovin's apartment, also on Central Park West. The N.D.C. is to meet to endorse a candidate on December 6th—or to vote to withhold an endorsement. The N.D.C. endorsement is considered important for creating momentum and rallying workers for New York's April

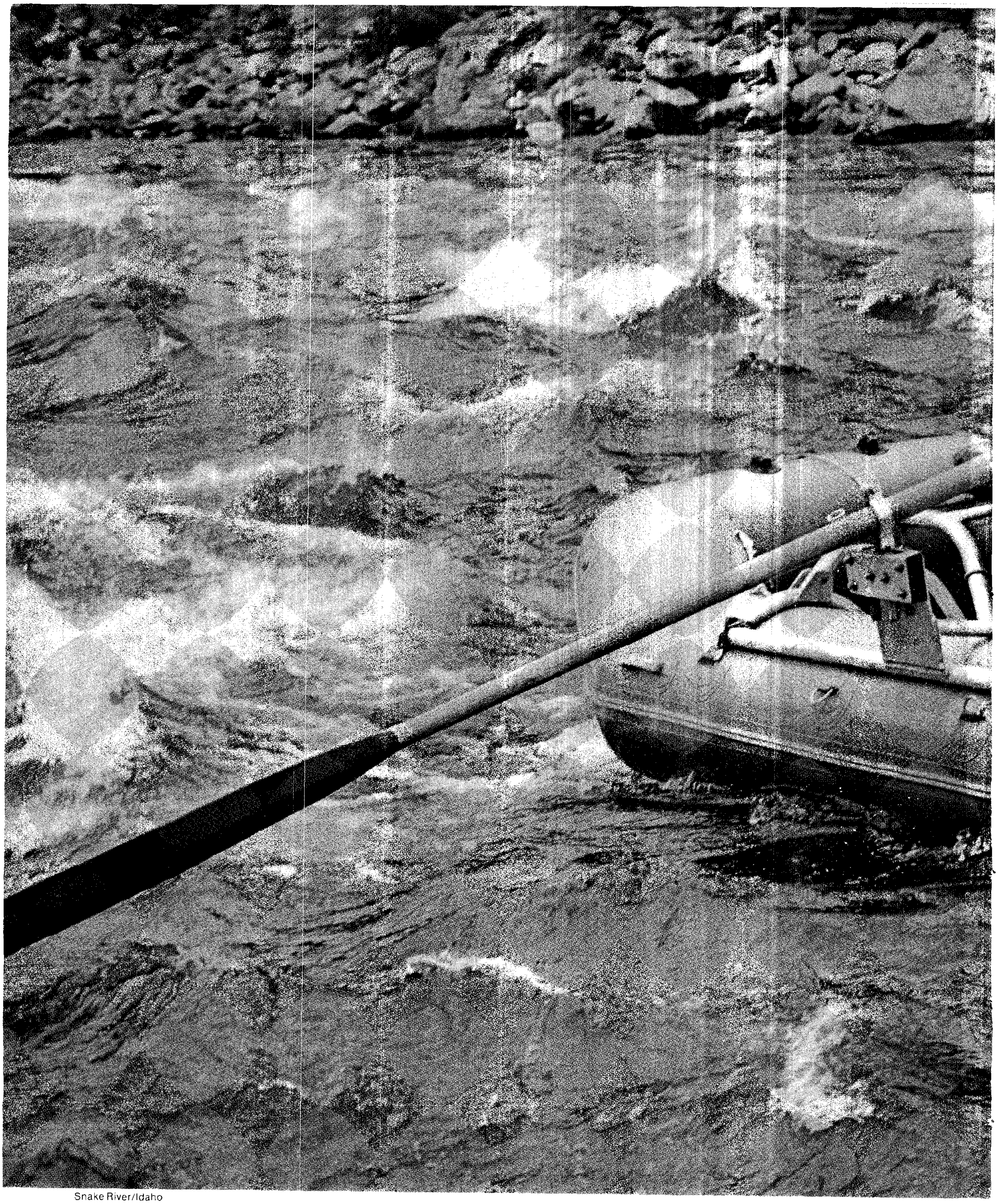


FOR THOSE YOU CARE ABOUT MOST...

an ideal holiday gift suggestion. Whether you select Cross Writing Instruments in gold filled, sterling silver or solid gold, your thoughtfulness will be remembered each time they are used. Suggested retail prices—Pens and Pencils from twelve dollars. Desk Sets from thirty-five dollars.

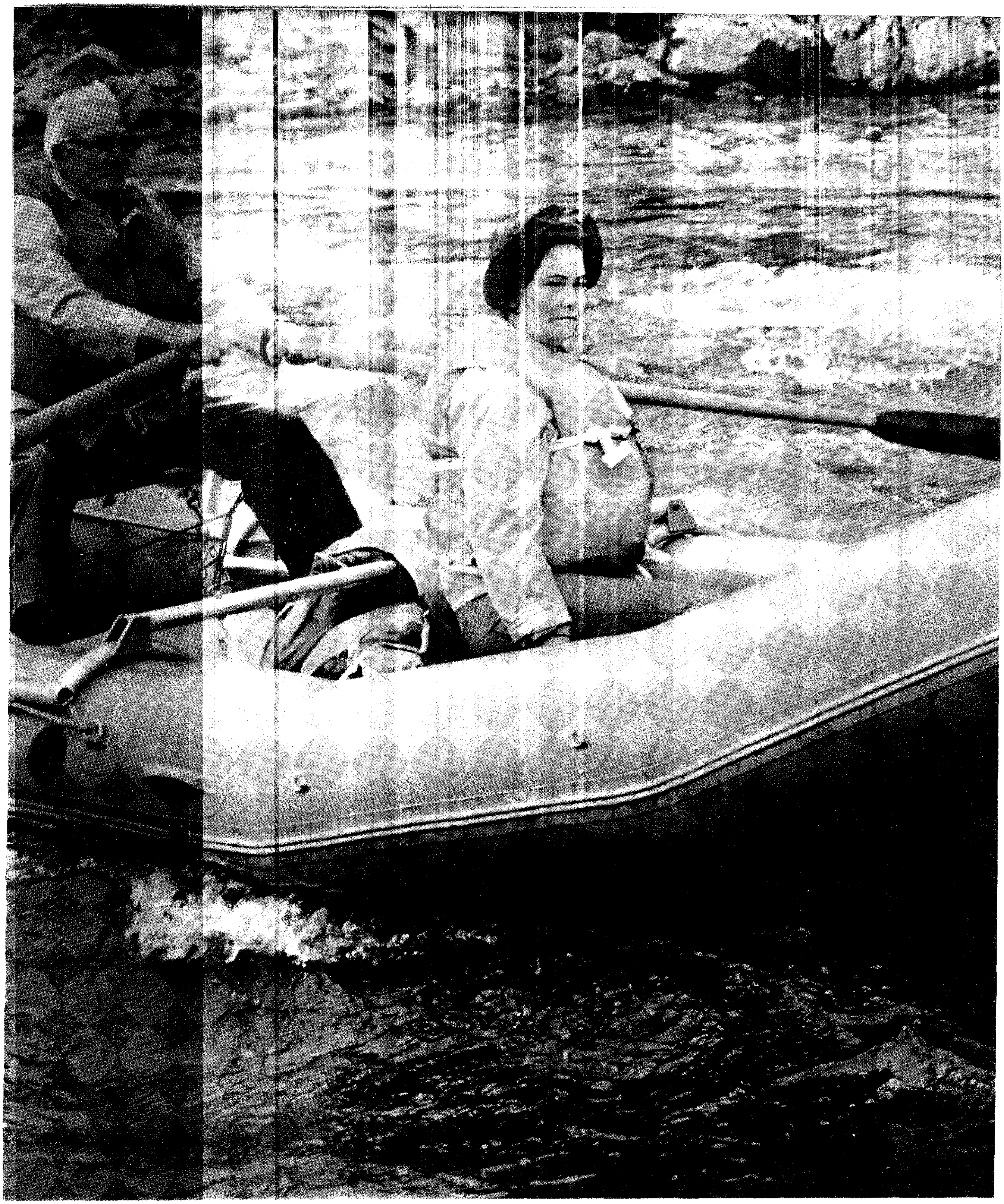
CROSS®
SINCE 1846

Mechanically Guaranteed For A Lifetime Of Writing Pleasure



Snake River/Idaho

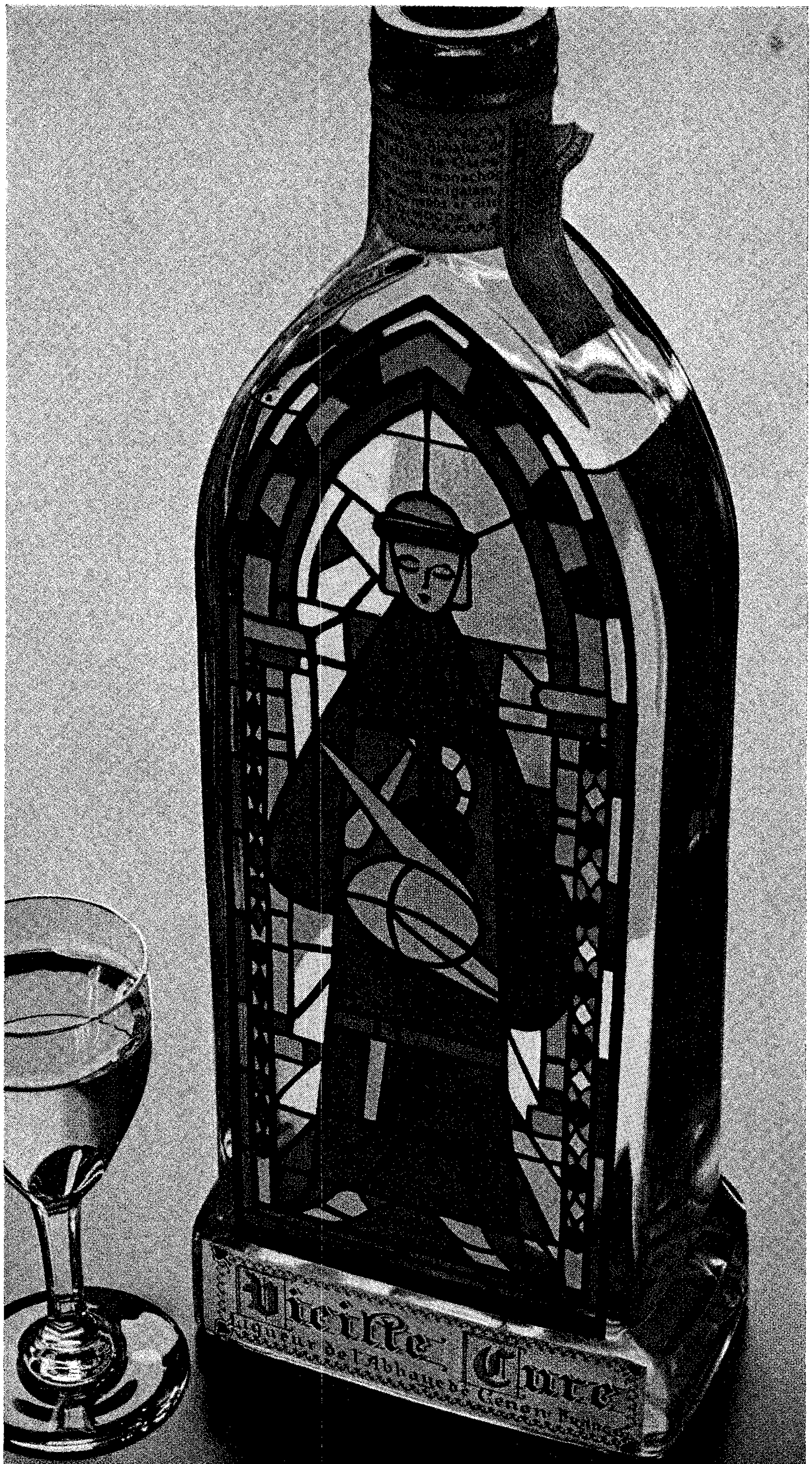
The Accomplishers...



...Our Trust Division manages some $9-billion in assets, providing income to pensioners and other individuals throughout the U.S. and overseas. Consider the source.

Manufacturers Hanover

The financial source. Worldwide.



Vieille Cure.
It's like a stained glass Christmas card.

The incomparable Vieille Cure liqueur (pronounced Vee-ā Kūre). Still prepared according to the original recipe handed down from the ancient Abbey of Cenon in France. The flavor is softly sweet with a unique, lingering quality—ideal for sipping after meals or during conversation. Such a tasteful way to remember someone for the holidays.

IN LIMITED SUPPLY, IMPORTED FROM FRANCE EXCLUSIVELY BY AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY. 100 PROOF & 86 PROOF.

primary. Robert Abrams, the Bronx Borough President and an important member of the N.D.C., has endorsed Birch Bayh, and Udall backers are concerned that this will create momentum for Bayh in the N.D.C. Fred Harris and Bayh have also been meeting with N.D.C. members. Ramsey Clark is at the brunch to lend his support to Udall. Udall, a tall, slender man, stands on a chair to make himself heard. Nearby are Secret Service agents. (Right after the second attempt on President Ford's life, in San Francisco, Secret Service agents were offered to Presidential candidates—earlier in the process than usual.) Udall tells the group that the "shake-out" of the Democratic candidates "is already under way," and that the N.D.C. endorsement "is a very critical part of that operation." He tells his listeners that "there are good men in this race," and then he suggests some criteria by which the listeners should make their decision. "First is the basic issue of honesty," he says, and he tells them of his record as one of the first members of Congress to disclose their income and assets, and as a backer of the law to reform campaign financing. He suggests "courage" as the second criterion, and tells the assembled brunchers that he opposed the Vietnam war while his brother was in Lyndon Johnson's Cabinet, and that he fought "this miserable seniority system that dominated the House." And then he tells the group that the nineteen-seventies are going to be a different time and a "tough time," and that the nation will need new ideas. Finally, he says, there is the issue of "electability." He tells them, "In order to be a great President, you've got to be great and you've got to be President." The group, which has been listening intently, laughs when he says this. Udall refers to a story in the previous Friday's *Times* that told of his trip to Birmingham, where he tried to appeal to the Southern liberal tradition. (The *Times* story, headlined "IN LION'S DEN OF SOUTH, UDALL IS A LIBERAL DANIEL," has been reproduced and distributed by the Udall staff.) "I laid it on the line about George Wallace," Udall tells the N.D.C. members, and he explains that he said he would not want George Wallace on his ticket and would not run on George Wallace's ticket. "I believe I can bring all the diverse elements together without compromising things the N.D.C. believes in," he says. He is asked questions about corporate crime, New York City's financial problems, his economic program, public employees' strikes, NATO, arms sales abroad, pending legislation to revise the criminal code, aid for Israel, and the redistribution of wealth. Then he proceeds in a motorcade (the Secret Service has one car in front of the candidate's and one behind) to the second brunch, where he makes several of the points he made at the first one, and is asked similar questions.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON: Udall has had lunch at the apartment of Henry Loeb, of Loeb, Rhoades & Company, and is now seated, along with Loeb, on a dais at the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel for an awards ceremony of the American Council for Émigrés in the Professions, one of Loeb's pet projects. The Council provides training and assistance to immigrants who were professionals in their homeland. Udall sits stiffly as four awards are presented, and then, after being introduced by Loeb, makes a speech in which he discusses "the troubles of New York City." He criticizes President Ford for opposing aid to New York City, and says that he thinks there was mismanagement at Lockheed and mismanagement in Saigon, too. This gets a laugh. "It was not Abe Beame's decision" to make Puerto Rico a commonwealth and enable its citizens to emigrate to New York, he says, nor is it Abe Beame's fault that there are such disparities in the welfare system throughout the country. Udall says that he favors, over the long term, federalization of the welfare system, federal creation of more jobs, and national health insurance, and then he offers some short-term proposals for helping New York City. He talks of the necessity of facing up to new realities of the nineteen-seventies and nineteen-eighties—that the Cold War is over, that the "imperial Presidency" must be ended, that there will be no more cheap resources or cheap energy. And he calls for more trade with the Soviet Union, in exchange for more concessions, and for a broader policy for political refugees. He closes by saying, "America is great because America is good. If America ever ceases to be good, America ceases to be great."

Paul Tully, Udall's regional coordinator for New York and New England, is standing in the back of the room, perspiring. Tully, a friendly, beefy young man, who worked as an advance man for George McGovern and Sargent Shriver in 1972, has been trying to figure out a way to get Udall to Worcester this evening. The weather has become so bad that the Worces-

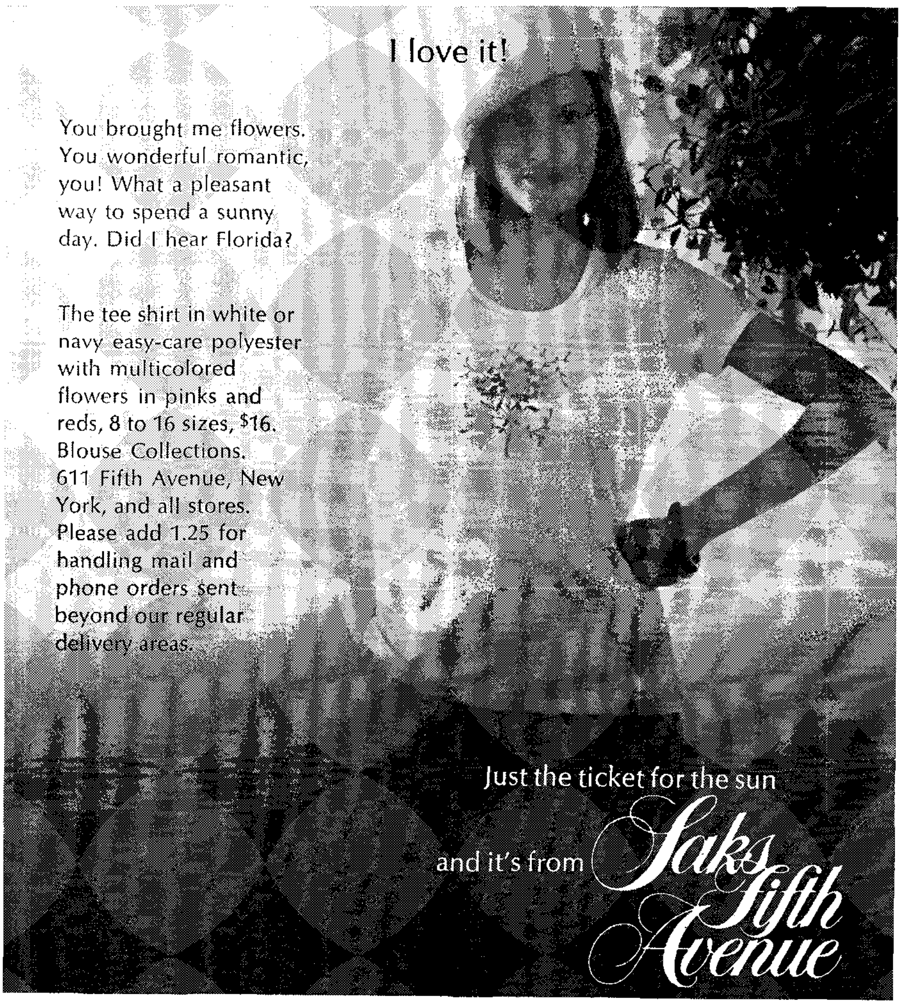
A SEASON WELL CHOSEN

PATEK PHILIPPE

Links elegant fashion with world-famed performance in this ladies, oval shaped link bracelet of 18 karat yellow gold with 18 jewel movement. Roman white dial. $2,950.00.

Add state tax where applicable.

J.E. Caldwell Co.
CHESTNUT & JUNIPER, 864-8829, PHILADELPHIA
Wilmington—Haverford—Moorestown—Plymouth Meeting Mall—Harrisburg East



I love it!

You brought me flowers. You wonderful romantic, you! What a pleasant way to spend a sunny day. Did I hear Florida?

The tee shirt in white or navy easy-care polyester with multicolored flowers in pinks and reds, 8 to 16 sizes, $16. Blouse Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Just the ticket for the sun and it's from Saks Fifth Avenue

ter airport is closed, and, for the same reason, the pilots of Udall's chartered plane will not fly it to Boston. The plans have been changed several times—many calls have been made between Washington, New York, and Worcester—and it has finally been decided that we are to take the shuttle to Boston and drive to Worcester, where Udall will address a meeting of the Small Business Service Bureau. There is some feeling among the Udall entourage that Worcester should be skipped, because the weather promises to continue bad and the candidate is scheduled to be in Buffalo at eight-thirty tomorrow morning, and there is the question of how we can get to Buffalo from Worcester. But it has been decided that Udall will proceed to Worcester, because Worcester is one of the largest cities in Massachusetts, the state that will have the second primary; because several state legislators will be at the meeting, including State Senator John Conte, who has indicated that he will support Udall; and because the Udall coördinator for central Massachusetts, Iris Jacobson, thinks it is important for Udall to appear in Worcester tonight. Moreover, Sargent Shriver is going to be there. In the meantime, Jo Baer, a slim, quiet woman who is the New York State coördinator, has arranged for Udall to meet with some important N.D.C. leaders and other Democrats at the Barbizon-Plaza—another event that was not on the schedule—after the reception following the awards ceremony for the Council for Émigrés in the Professions. (Jo Baer is a New York member of the Democratic National Committee; she worked for McGovern in 1972.) At the reception, people approach Udall tentatively. One woman calls him "Senator" and asks him what he thinks about the price of gasoline. Another woman asks him, "What is your relationship to Stewart?" Udall replies, "He's my brother." Someone asks him if he is going to be a candidate for President. "I've been running for several months now," Udall replies politely.

At the reception, Loeb tells me that he has made no decision on the candidates but that he is "very impressed" with Udall "as a human being." Loeb says that the only other candidate he has met is Henry Jackson. He adds that he agreed with most of what Udall said today but not with everything Udall had said in Alabama. (In Alabama, according to the *Times*, Udall had talked about breaking up large corporations.) "We talked over

The best from the world's finest hotels in a personal size

and until now, it's been one of the best kept secrets in Los Angeles
just the right dimension to accentuate privacy, discretion and personal service
extravagantly appointed one, two, or three bedroom suites
sophisticated dining, cocktails in unhurried surroundings
swimming pool and a health spa for men and for ladies
executive meeting facilities for 10 to 100
ideally situated, a quiet reach from fashionable Westwood Village
around the corner is Beverly Hills...down the street, U.C.L.A...
only 20 minutes from Los Angeles International Airport

WESTWOOD HYATT HOUSE
When you visit Los Angeles, someone should make you feel that you are not lost in the crowd

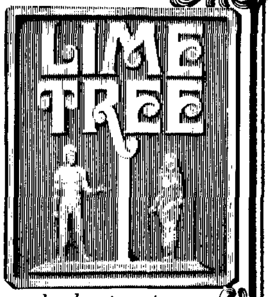
800-228-9000
Gets You Hyatt
Worldwide. Toll Free

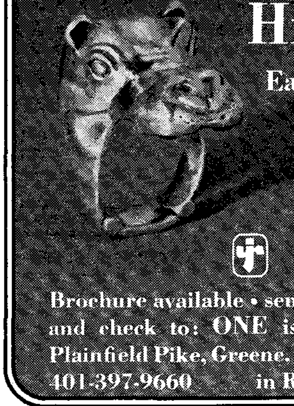
For Meetings: Director of Sales,
930 Hilgard, Los Angeles 90024,
213-475-8765

NATURAL CAMEL
Something new for the sweater collector. Our cardigan of 100% imported golden camel hair. The color of maple sugar candy — buttery soft. New longer length. Simple and smart.
34 thru 42 $35.00
Impeccably tailored, machine washable, 100% polyester crepe texture shirt. White only.
6 thru 16 $17.00
Mail orders carefully filled.
Please add 75 cents for handling.
California residents add Sales Tax
GENE BURTON
505 SO. LAKE AVE., PASADENA, CALIF. 91101

On St.Thomas, U.S.Virgins

Limetree, An intimate beach hotel, the Eden of the Caribbean. Each room views our 1,000 ft. sandy, palm fringed beach. Scuba, snorkel, or swim in the fresh water pool, play tennis, dine superbly. Join us & expect to return. Most of our guests have.
Call your travel agent or Maria at
MRI 6 E 43 ST., NYC: 212 687 1666
Washington DC: 202 452 0830





Baby Hippo
Each ring, $40 Sterling, or a full ounce 14K gold $250.
Brochure available • send ring size and check to: ONE is SILVER
Plainfield Pike, Greene, R.I. 02827
401-397-9660 in R.I. add 5%

all these things at lunch," Loeb says.

Udall retreats to a suite for a few moments and then, after an hour-long meeting with the N.D.C. leaders, travels in a five-car motorcade through heavy Sunday-afternoon traffic to LaGuardia Airport, where, at the last minute, after running through the airport with the Secret Service clearing the way, we catch the six-o'clock shuttle to Boston.

On the plane, his long legs stretched out in the aisle, Udall goes over his speech for the small-business group, makes some marginal notes, and scratches out entire paragraphs. I ask him if he has seen the speech before. "No," he says, and he continues, "Shriver's going to be there. I think I'll make more points by giving a short speech than a long one." Udall's schedule calls for him to arrive at the Sheraton-Lincoln Inn in Worcester by six-forty-five, in time for a reception, and to make his remarks at eight o'clock. It is now six-ten, and the pilot announces that we are eighth in line for takeoff. "I doubt that we'll get there by eight," Udall remarks.

A memo prepared by a member of Udall's staff and attached to the speech tells him that the group he will speak to tonight consists of businessmen, "with just five employees or less for the most part," and goes on, "In addition, there will be a good number of state legislators from the Northeast in the audience." It goes on to tell him that Shriver is to be there, and that "you will speak first." It continues, "The dinner is to honor Kevin Harrington, who is president of the Massachusetts State Senate. The attached outline should provide you with some serious points to make about the economic situation and small businesses in particular. I think you should hit the competition aspect pretty hard, i.e., how concentration of economic power stifles the growth and development of small businesses."

Udall tells me, "I was really elated about the trip to the South. And we got the Evans-Novak column saying we had good organization in Iowa and Michigan and so on. Ken Galbraith endorsed me. These are signals to the liberals. The New Democratic things today went pretty well. Some think it is significant that these things are happening early. If word gets around that someone is *the* candidate, people tend to jump. I've felt for some time that someone would emerge as the candidate of the campuses. I've spoken—all in the last month—at the N.Y.U. Law School, the University of

From the timeless world of Beatrix Potter now, for every one you love . . .

"THE ORIGINAL PETER RABBIT BOOKS"®
Twenty-three tales comprise the complete classic set, contained in a gift box. $30.00

PETER RABBIT'S BOOKSHELF
The perfect companion piece for the classic set. $8.00

BEATRIX POTTER'S BIRTHDAY BOOK
Personal, permanent record book for keeping special dates. Useful, too, as an engagement calendar. $4.95

THE BEATRIX POTTER LOOK & LISTEN COLLECTIONS
Claire Bloom artfully interprets Miss Potter's tales on Caedmon stereo recordings, boxed together with two Original Peter Rabbit Books.

VOLUME I Eleven recorded stories, and "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" and "The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies."

VOLUME II Eight recorded longer stories, and "The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes" and "The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin."

Each complete gift set, $15.00

"THE ART OF BEATRIX POTTER"
A sumptuously illustrated study reveals her greatness as an artist. Slip-cased. $25.00

"A HISTORY OF THE WRITINGS OF BEATRIX POTTER"
The definitive work for collectors. $25.00

AT THE FINEST
BOOK, GIFT AND
DEPARTMENT STORES

Frederick Warne & Co., Inc.
New York 10003

Publishers of "The Original Beatrix Potter Books"®

©FWCO

The Original Peter Rabbit Books
23
Peter Rabbit's Bookshelf
Beatrix Potter's Birthday Book
The Beatrix Potter Look & Listen Collection Vol. I
Claire Bloom
The Beatrix Potter Look & Listen Collection Vol. 2
Claire Bloom
A History of the Writings of Beatrix Potter

L' enchantment de soirée.
Cardin charisma: two-part knit of Nyesta* yarn of Antron† nylon. U-neck, rib top with signature belt, about $38. The smooth knit skirt, about $50. Sizes S-M-L. In black, buttercream, hyacinth, rouge, blueberry or sea green.

At Stewart & Co., Baltimore
Rich's, Atlanta

*Nyesta is Roselon's reg. T.M.
†DuPont's Reg. T.M.

Pierre CARDIN
Paris · New York
550 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018
A DIVISION OF BELDOCH INDUSTRIES CORPORATION

Michigan, the University of Nebraska, American University, and Samford University, in Birmingham. I came out of them with a real feeling I could get the college crowd. I told the staff we should step up the campus appearances. The students are ready to move if they can find someone to believe in. On the campuses, the difference between generations seems to be erased—at least for me. Thirty to forty per cent of the audiences are town people. One of my staff people got up a memo saying that when we organize a campus we should organize the communities. I came out of these last ten days feeling that this could be done.

Then Udall talks about his meeting this afternoon with the N.D.C. leaders. He says, "There is excitement with the new guy, Bayh. Bayh's people have been adroit at pointing out that he's acceptable to labor. So I hammered pretty hard on the theme that I'm acceptable to labor. The Bayh people are using a bandwagon psychology. I made the point that no major labor leader has endorsed Bayh; Meany isn't going to endorse him; Jackson has considerable labor support. This says something about the Democrats' chances of winning in 1976. The liberals are now saying, 'We've got to win. That means that while we want somebody who'll give us eighty-five per cent of what we want, we want somebody who doesn't lose George Meany in the process.' Liberals are interested in electability this time. There were the usual gripes that I hadn't been to Brooklyn enough and I wasn't known. I said I get a little put out at not being considered as liberal as Fred Harris. I made a strong point that I was electable. I was commenting on how trendy everything is, and how the N.D.C. trend toward Bayh was based on the fact that he is a senator and the new boy in the ballgame always looks good. If Hubert Humphrey came in, people would say, 'Oh, yes, here's our answer.' The question in '75 is how well do you last—how do you do when you come back the fourth and fifth time—and I thought I had passed that test. It's funny: when I first started coming up here, six, eight months ago, they didn't want to talk strategy. They wanted to talk issues in great depth—income redistribution and so on. Now all of a sudden the focus is on electability, who can win, 'How can we get together?,' being practical. It's kind of all switched around."

I ask Udall what he is finding out about running that he did not expect.

"Not a hell of a lot," he replies. "I knew the physical end of it—the long days, rain, delays. I know political people well enough to expect disappointment by the guys who sit next to me and make all kinds of soothing noises *and then endorse Birch Bayh.* I've learned to expect that."

I ask him about the scheduling.

"I've begun to insist that we sit down every month and go over the next month, so I can consider carefully the big decisions—once you've told them you'll be in Buffalo tomorrow there isn't a hell of a lot you can do to get out of it," Udall says. "I was desperate last week for someone to give me a briefing on the Humphrey-Hawkins bill." The reference is to a bill sponsored by Senator Humphrey and Democratic Representative Augustus Hawkins, of California, to provide jobs for everyone. Udall continues, "The Evans-Novak column said I was weak on the details. I wanted to get sharpened up. But I left Washington last Tuesday for Memphis and Birmingham and won't get back until Tuesday night. Wednesday will be a brutal day. So when do I get briefed? I probably don't."

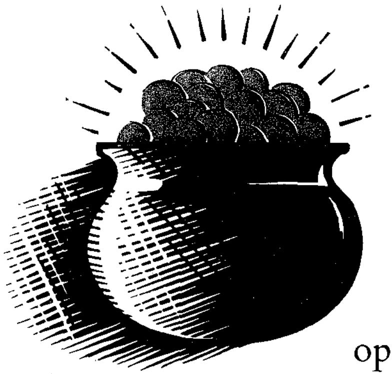
I ask Udall if he is having any fun.

"It's kind of a mix," he replies. "A lot of it is fun. If I could schedule at a rate of seventy per cent, I think it would be all fun. But it's also being tired, too many meetings, too much pressure. I was handed this afternoon's speech yesterday. It was too long. As you could probably tell, I was boiling it down as I went along. If I'd had an hour, I could have improved it. The schedule had been to get to New York two hours early and shave and shower and take a nap and work on my speech. As it turned out, I had to take a cold-water shave on the plane and go straight to the first meeting."

As our plane goes into a fifteen-minute hold over the Boston airport, Udall accepts some proffered chewing gum.

"This is probably all I'll get to eat tonight," he says. People who have been around campaigns follow a rule that when food is available, eat it, because one never knows when that might happen again. "What have I had to eat today?" Udall says. "An old sandwich on the plane coming in from Arizona. Then we dashed to

A pot of gold for manufacturers.

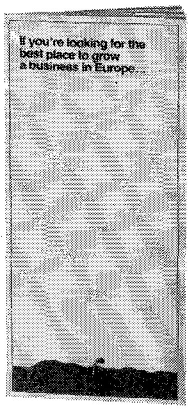


For as long as anyone can remember, Ireland has been renowned for producing playwrights, poets and saints and exporting fine cut glass, hearty whiskey, great horses and large numbers of people.

Today, when about one of every ten Americans has an Irish surname, and the United States is proudly celebrating its bicentennial, we think we have done our fair share in building America—not to mention Australia, Canada and some others.

That done, we are now turned to building our own nation. We continue to export the true whiskey and beautiful cut glass, but we have added chemicals, pharmaceuticals, computers, construction equipment and a whole range of products that mark the modern economy.

But we have stopped exporting people. Casting a cold eye as urged by one of our poets, in the early sixties we saw a lovely landscape running out of people. We decided it was high time to bring some industries to the people instead of the other way around. We welcomed foreign manufacturers large and small and created conditions that made Ireland the most profitable base in Europe in which to operate.



If you're looking for the best place to grow a business in Europe...

We offer companies generous outright capital grants, special tax treatment, an abundant and productive labor force, plenty of PhD's and MBA's to run their operations, and excellent training services at no cost. All these people speak English, our version of it.

To date some 600 foreign companies have taken up our offer—among them 160 U.S. Corporations. They are manufacturing in Ireland for the European Common Market—a market of 260 million affluent consumers. We are a member of the EEC ourselves.

This is fine, but we still have a way to go.

We yearly produce a lot more engineers, technicians and professional managers and we want more industries to share their future in Ireland.

And our large gallery of saints is lending a hand—some of Europe's largest ore deposits and promising fields of offshore oil and gas have turned up in and around Ireland.

So if you are in manufacturing, find out what Ireland's present might do for your future.

Write for our booklet, "Grow A Business In Europe." It might show you how to get that Pot of Gold.

IDA Ireland
INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AUTHORITY

New York: (212)972-1003, 280 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10017. **Chicago:** (312)644-7476. 1 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601.
Los Angeles: (213)624-1024, 515 So. Flower Street, Los Angeles, California 90071.

This announcement is published by IDA-Ireland, 280 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 which is registered under the Foreign Agents Registration Acts, as amended, as an agent of the Government of Ireland. This material is filed with the Department of Justice where the required registration statement is available for public inspection. Registration does not indicate approval of the contents by the United States Government.

GIVENCHY
GENTLEMAN
eau de toilette
PARIS FRANCE

Think of it as investment spending.

Eau de Toilette
After Shave Lotion
Bath Soap
Shaving Foam
Protein Shampoo
Spray Talc

the first brunch and I had a bagel and orange juice and coffee. Loeb's lunch wasn't very heavy, and we won't have dinner at this meeting tonight. I can't eat at receptions, because I have to have a hand free to shake hands. Sometimes the hostess sends a box of hors d'oeuvres along when you leave. When you get to an airport at 6 A.M., the coffee shop isn't open."

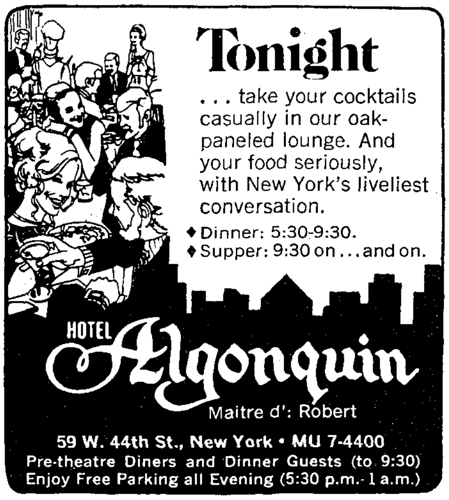
I ask Udall if he is in the process of finding themes and appealing lines.

"I realize I'm constantly honing and refining and adding new things, and dropping others. And you have to keep up with events. For a while, the first question was about whether we should send the two hundred men to the Sinai. Now that's going away. Today, I got the question about aid to Israel. I guess that's the new question. At the same time, we keep fighting last year's battles and we keep using last year's rhetoric. Journalists talk about whether you're with the McGovernites or the Meanyites. I don't think that's relevant. The issues are different and the people are different. You go in stages. The luck of the draw is that unless I do very well in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, Wisconsin, I'm through. So I emphasize those parts of my program that appeal to a liberal audience. And in Alabama and Iowa I say the trick is to beat an incumbent President and don't let them divide us—we need the Mayor Daleys and the women and the minorities. This goes over very well, but the fact of my life is that the next sixty days are going to be consumed by the need for money and the need to solidify the people in New Hampshire and Massachusetts and New York and Wisconsin who are going to get the bodies out and get support in order to keep the candidate alive. Then there's the Iowa caucus, which will have great psychological impact. I'll be spending most of my time in those states, plus occasional forays into Ohio and a little time in California—to raise money and establish a presence and find workers. California is a key showdown state. But you have to do the other ones in order to get to California. We're going to Worcester because State Senator John Conte is coming on board for me and it was important to him for me to be there. It was thought important to broaden my visibility in Massachusetts. We're organizing Massachusetts district by district, and he's a popular comer. So I thought we could just bang in here. I have to stay somewhere tonight. Since I was on the road anyway, I figured what the hell."

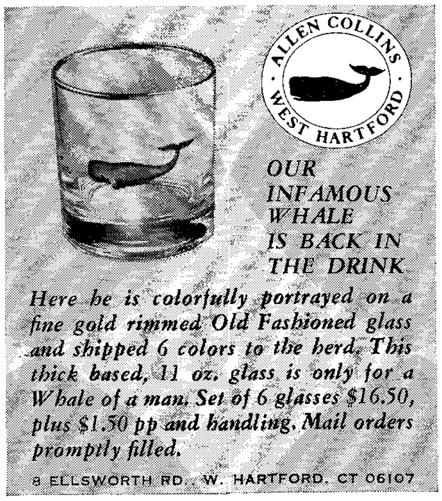
Di*Fini
First name in golfwear / leisurewear.

Look elegant anytime, before or after "fore." Superb tailoring, comfort and design by DiFini. Country plaid shirt jacket and slacks set, 95% polyester, 5% silk, $72.00. Long sleeve blouse, 100% polyester, $18.50. Machine washable.

Available at country club pro shops and fine stores. For the name of a store near you write:
DiFini, 367 Southern Boulevard, New York, N.Y. 10454


Tonight
. . . take your cocktails casually in our oak-paneled lounge. And your food seriously, with New York's liveliest conversation.
◆ Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
◆ Supper: 9:30 on . . . and on.

HOTEL Algonquin
Maitre d': Robert
59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:30 p.m.-1 a.m.)


ALLEN COLLINS
WEST HARTFORD

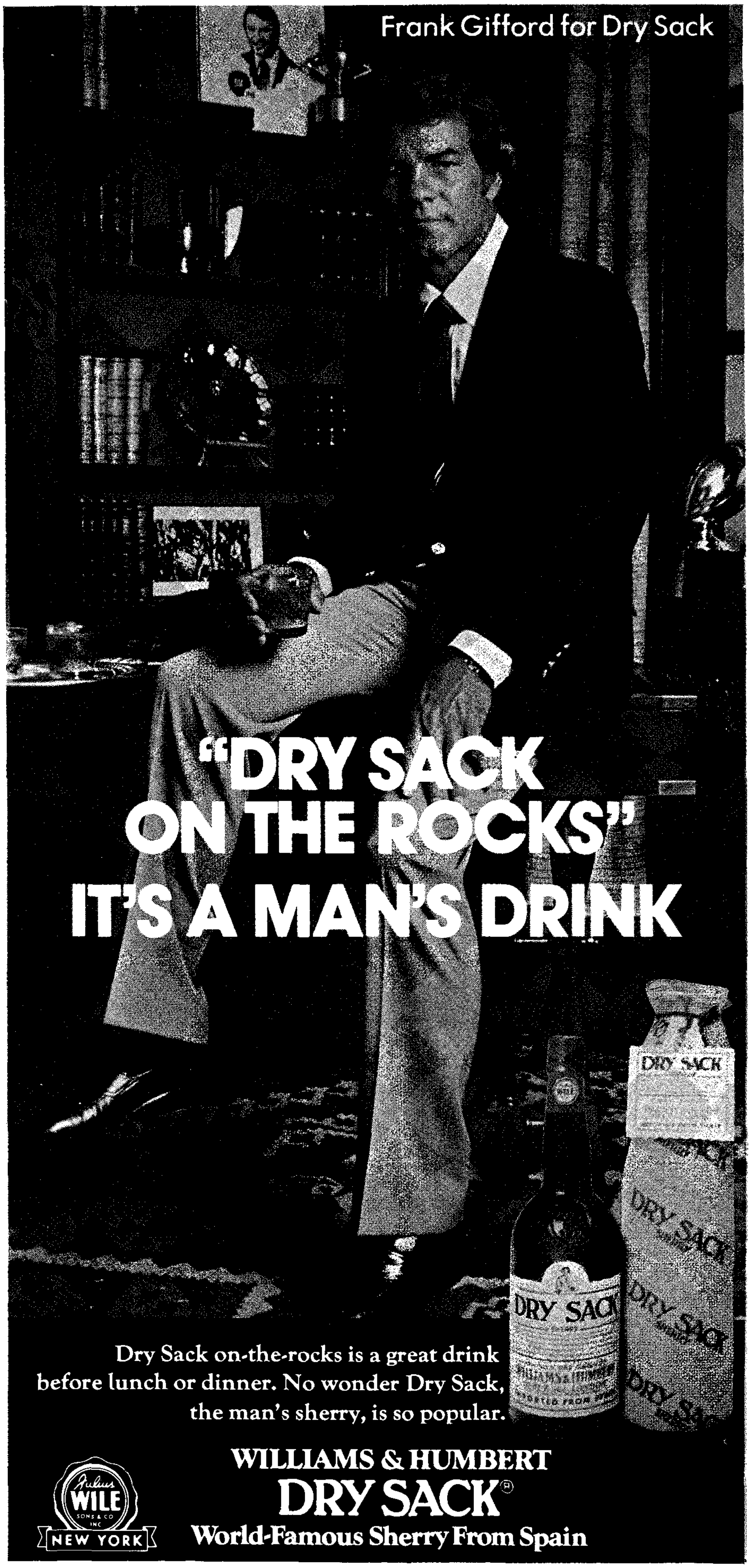
OUR INFAMOUS WHALE IS BACK IN THE DRINK

Here he is colorfully portrayed on a fine gold rimmed Old Fashioned glass and shipped 6 colors to the herd. This thick based, 11 oz. glass is only for a Whale of a man. Set of 6 glasses $16.50, plus $1.50 pp and handling. Mail orders promptly filled.

8 ELLSWORTH RD., W. HARTFORD, CT 06107

Udall continues to talk about the problems of the schedule. "There are so many imponderables that you do tend to get off schedule sometimes. I've got to where I roll with it. There isn't a damn thing you can do about it, and the people are usually very understanding. When the weather got so bad, I said we could miss this thing tonight. My staff said, 'What will you do?' I said, 'Get a hotel room and try out something called sleep.' I sometimes find myself thinking what a relief it will be to get to the end of the road—one way or the other. Although I want to win, and think I've put together a strategy that might work, I'm looking forward to that Convention or that last primary where it's settled—one way or the other."

WORCESTER: The Sheraton-Lincoln Inn. It took the motorcade an hour and fifteen minutes to get here from the Boston airport. As the motorcade made its way along the Massachusetts Turnpike through the rain and the dark, the blinking blue light on the state-police car ahead of the candidate's had an almost hypnotic effect. At this gathering in Worcester, a sizable number of mostly middle-aged, middle-class men and women are seated at tables, where they have been served drinks and pretzels. Sargent Shriver and Art Buchwald, who are on the dais along with a number of Massachusetts state politicians, have already made their speeches. Despite the long day, Udall is able to pump some vigor into his remarks. (In the car on the way here, he said, "You have to get the adrenalin going before a speech—to feel you have something to say, so that people think you do. Otherwise, you come across dull.") Udall, assessing his audience and the time of the evening, makes little jokes about Congress and President Ford, and about the fact that the rain has postponed the World Series game in Boston, and says, "In the Udall Administration, the damn rain will be called off." He talks about New York City. His Massachusetts press aide, Charlie Doyle, has advised him to do so, because Kevin Harrington, tonight's honoree, has referred to it, saying that he thought the candidates would address themselves to the problem of New York City, and Shriver has not. Udall talks about the importance of "competitive enterprise" and of his concern about the movement toward conglomerates, and he talks again about how the nineteen-seventies and the nineteen-eighties are going to be


Frank Gifford for Dry Sack
"DRY SACK ON THE ROCKS" IT'S A MAN'S DRINK
Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. No wonder Dry Sack, the man's sherry, is so popular.
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK®
World-Famous Sherry From Spain
Julius WILE SONS & CO INC
NEW YORK
DRY SACK

To get your "Collector's Set" of six 9-oz. Dry Sack on-the-rocks glasses, send $5.00 to Dry Sack Glasses, Dept. ER, P.O. Box 1385, Trenton, N.J. 08607.

Trade your hog

You loved that car of yours when it was new, didn't you?

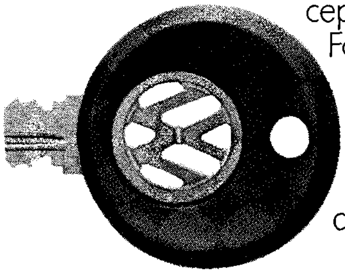
All bright and shiny and everything?

How could you know the world would change? How could you know it would use too much gas, too much space, too much everything?

How could you know that there would be a VW Rabbit?

We knew 5 years ago. That's when we started—from absolute scratch—to design the one and only car that honestly makes any sense today.

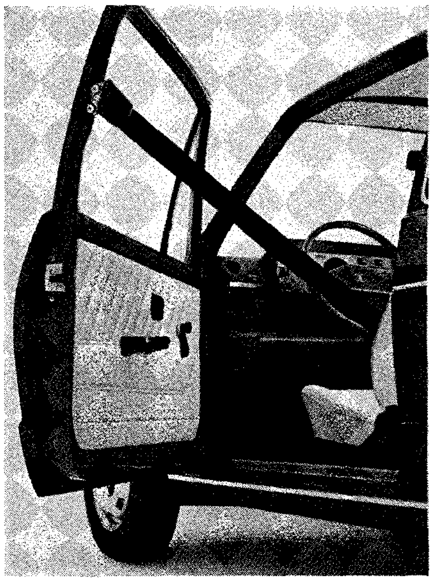
It's almost as if we re-invented the wheel. We re-thought every detail, every old concept of car design to get to the new concept of the Rabbit.



Even the key is padded for safety.

For example, size: The Rabbit is a big car. Not to look at. Outside, it parks in almost no space.

But inside, there is more glass area than in a Lincoln Continental Mark IV; as much legroom and headroom as some mid-sized cars; and (with the rear seat down) more luggage space than a Cadillac Fleetwood.



Seat belts put themselves on.

Quite an achievement.

Another example: safety.

The Rabbit helps make you a safer driver.

Front-wheel drive gives you better tracking.

Rack-and-pinion steering gives you better handling.

If one front tire blows, negative steering roll radius helps you to a straight stop.

If one brake circuit fails, a second circuit is still there.

A totally new rear axle makes the car more stable (and safer) on rough roads.

The deluxe Rabbit also has an utterly unique safety belt that puts itself on as you sit down.

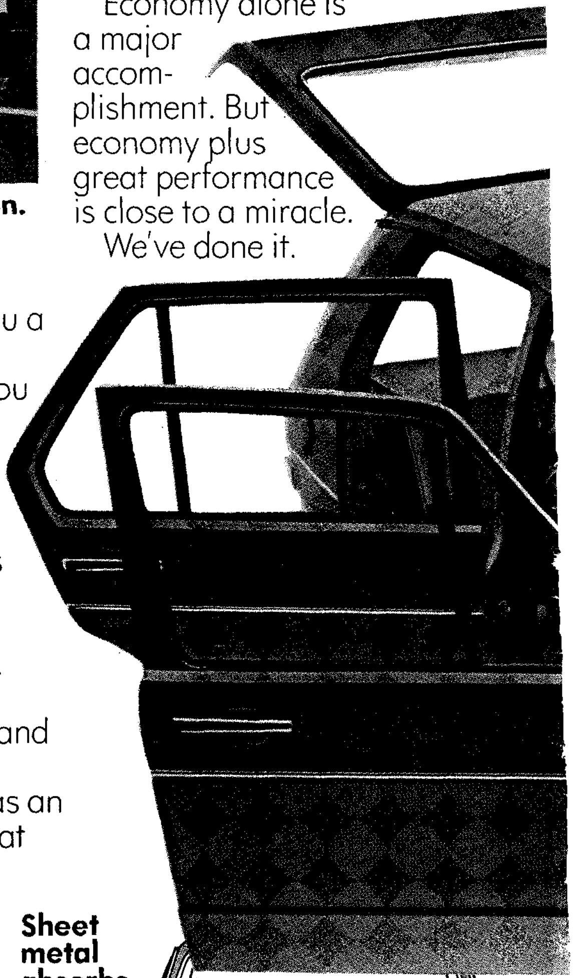
Still another example: economy and performance.

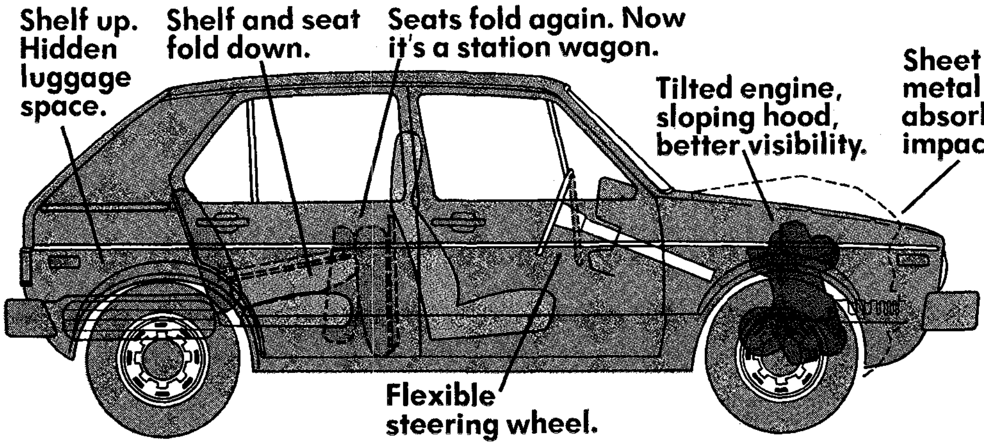
The EPA estimates that the Rabbit with stick shift got 39 mpg on the highway, 25 mpg in the city.

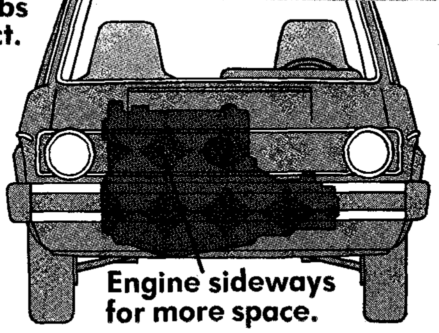
(Actual mileage may vary, depending on type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and optional equipment.)

Economy alone is a major accomplishment. But economy plus great performance is close to a miracle.

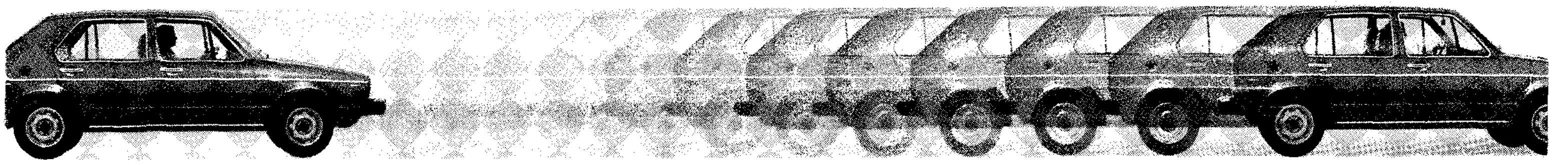
We've done it.




Shelf up. Hidden luggage space.
Shelf and seat fold down.
Seats fold again. Now it's a station wagon.
Tilted engine, sloping hood, better visibility.
Sheet metal absorbs impact.
Flexible steering wheel.


Engine sideways for more space.

for a Rabbit.



0-50 mph in 8.2 seconds. No other car gives you this kind of power with so much economy.

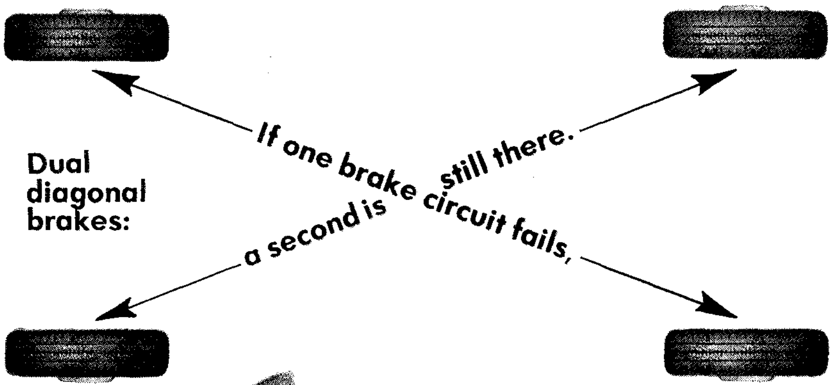
The Rabbit zips from 0 to 50 mph in a mere 8.2 seconds. A $21,000 Maserati doesn't do much better.

No other car gives you this kind of power with so much economy.

There are more than 80,000 VW Rabbits hopping around the U.S. already.

It is the most successful new foreign car introduction in history.

Dual diagonal brakes:



The Amazing Rabbit

Our biggest sale was to Detroit's Big Three - 56 Rabbits. We don't think it was a gesture of friendship or because they liked the colors.

They are tearing them to pieces to find out how we did it. We did it the hard way—from scratch.

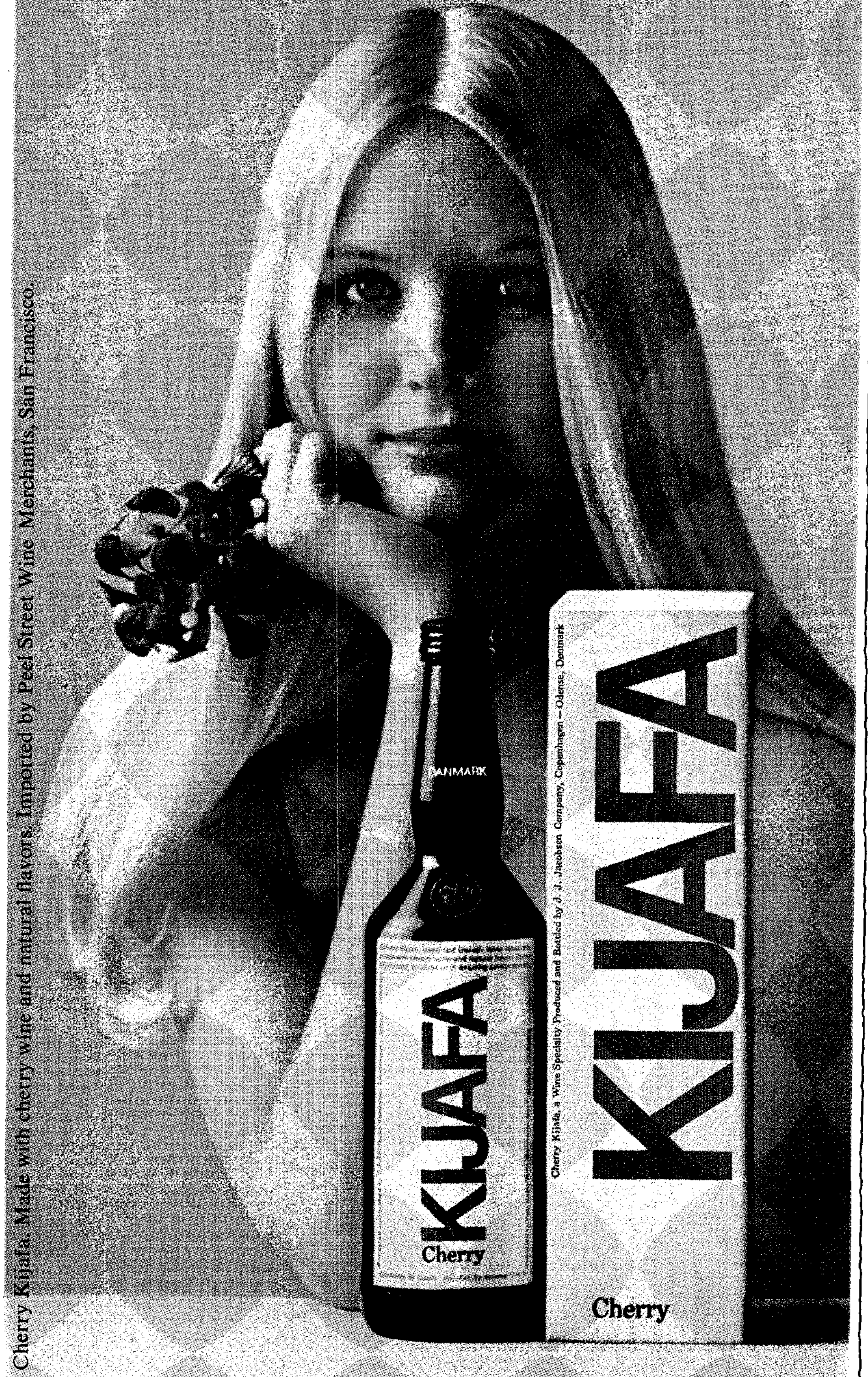
But it was worth it.

The Rabbit is a happy car, and we're happy with it.

At first, we were worried about the future of the car.

Now we've come up with the car of the future.

Have a very merry cherry.


Cherry Kijafa. Made with cherry wine and natural flavors. Imported by Peel Street Wine Merchants, San Francisco.
DANMARK
KIJAFA
Cherry
Cherry Kijafa, a Wine Specialty Produced and Bottled by J. J. Jacobsen Company, Copenhagen - Odense, Denmark
KIJAFA
Cherry

Celebrate with Cherry Kijafa. The wine specialty made with Danish cherry wine and delicious natural flavors.

Give it to good friends. Or to yourself. Enjoy it in your prettiest glass. Or over ice with soda. Or in a festive punch bowl with fruit and anything else you care to add.

Cherry Kijafa. Any way you use this most versatile wine specialty, it's the merriest.

Cherry Kijafa from Denmark.
We think the world is ripe for it.

different, and about the shortage of resources, and he criticizes the President's energy program and the power of the seven major oil companies. He talks for about fifteen minutes. Then, after meetings with John Conte and other Massachusetts politicians, Udall, though he is tired, unwinds in his suite with members of his staff until about midnight. He seems to need to do this. We have been informed that we will be awakened at five-thirty tomorrow morning in order to get to Buffalo. But at this point no one knows how, or whether, we can get to Buffalo.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20TH: Buffalo. Mercifully, Udall's plane did not arrive in Boston until eight, after which it had to be serviced, so we were not awakened until seven-forty-five. The pilots had not wanted to fly the plane to Boston during the night. Some of Udall's staff members were up most of the night talking to people in New York and Washington, rearranging plans several times. One staff member says that a hairdressers' convention beginning today in Buffalo made it impossible to arrange for a commercial flight there. On his way out of the hotel this morning, Udall was interviewed for a Worcester television station. After driving to Boston, we boarded the candidate's chartered plane, and are now arriving in Buffalo at twelve-fifty, over four hours late. Normally, Udall's plane—called Tiger, after the candidate's nickname for his wife—makes it easier for him to get around. The plane, an F-27 twin-engine turboprop, seats sixteen and is comfortably appointed. It costs fifteen thousand dollars a month to lease. Udall can afford the plane now, because when he travels he is accompanied by anywhere from six to ten Secret Service agents, whose way is paid by the government. The Secret Service agents are also helpful in making it easier to get to and from airports, on and off planes, and through traffic, and in various other ways.

Udall has already missed a meeting with labor leaders and a press conference in Buffalo, and as we arrive, in fog, no one knows whether the political activists who were invited to attend a Udall-for-President luncheon that was to begin at eleven-thirty (so that Udall could get on to Rochester) are still there. During the plane ride to Buffalo, Udall wrote a note to John Conte, read a pamphlet on "Inflation, Unemployment, and Social Justice," and went over the text of the speech he is to give tomorrow night in

New York to the American Friends of Hebrew University. There has been some controversy within the staff over what, exactly, he should say about the Palestinian problem. (Udall went to Israel in August.) Paul Tully studied the schedule and shook his head. Some consideration was given to skipping the Buffalo appearance—stopping just at the airport to pick up those who were to join us there, and going on to Rochester. But it was decided that if those who had come to the lunch had waited for him, the candidate must show up, and the private time set aside for him in Rochester this afternoon would have to be abbreviated. Jo Baer, who meets us at the airport, tells us that some of the luncheon guests have waited, and so a motorcade rushes the candidate off to see them.

As Udall arrives at Plaza Suite, the Buffalo restaurant where the luncheon is being held, he is greeted by television lights and three microphones are thrust in his face (making the Secret Service very tense), and he is asked questions about George Wallace, New York City, and taxes. At the lunch, he gives a talk, first telling jokes about the weather and President Ford and football, and then growing serious and attacking Ford's economic policy, referring to the high unemployment in Buffalo, talking about the need for preserving resources, attacking arms sales, and saying he backed a loan guarantee for New York City and, as long-range solutions, the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, federalization of the welfare system, and national health insurance. Then he talks of the importance of bringing the various segments of the Democratic Party together. He answers questions on New York City, foreign policy, the construction of nuclear-power plants, public financing of campaigns for Congress, Israel. On his way out of the building, Udall is interviewed by one more television correspondent. Paul Tully has managed to get sandwiches for the candidate and his entourage to eat on the way back to the Buffalo airport. The staff is pleased that the television interviews took place, since the press conference this morning had to be cancelled. The purpose of this part of the trip is to "establish a presence" in upstate New York—to have Udall seen by those who might be active in the campaign and by the public. He is scheduled to do Schenectady and Syracuse next week. He is also scheduled to make another trip to New York City in ten days. Tully says that

$1100
Other models available for men and women

Two-Timer... tells Paris and New York time (or time in any two zones)... at a glance!

Jet-age marvel by Baume & Mercier, with two dials that keep track of time where you are and wherever you may be going. Richly crafted of 18K gold. A "must" for the globetrotter. One of more than 400 mens and ladies watches in the Baume & Mercier International Collection, $450 to $7500. Available only at fine jewelers.

BAUME & MERCIER
GENEVE
Elegance in Time

For nearest jeweler's name and free Style Brochure A write David G. Steven Inc., 37 W. 47th St., N.Y. 10036

LORD WEST... and the lady approves.

A contemporary elegance in fine formalwear is reflected in the superb new Lord West Collection.

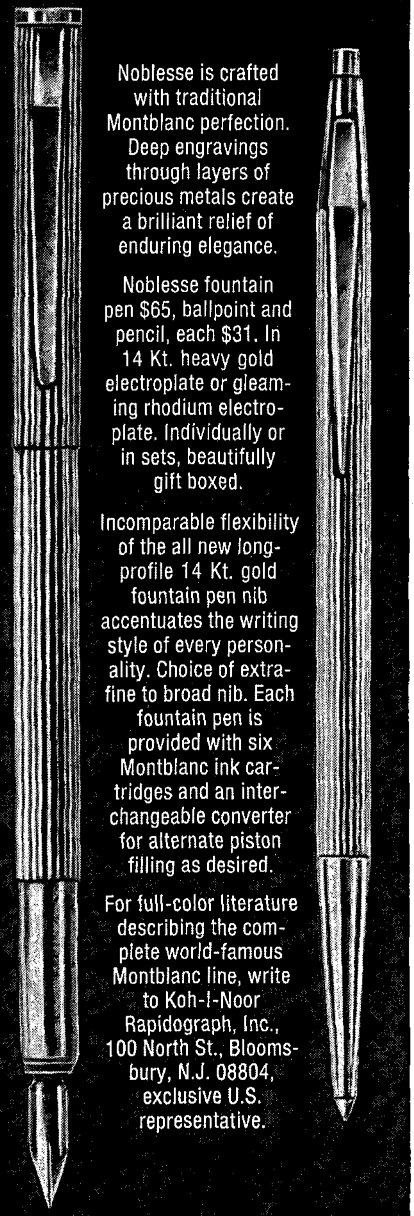
From one hundred and fifty-five dollars, where fine formalwear is featured.

Lord West 45 W.18th St.
N.Y.C. 10011

MONT BLANC

noblesse

the new exciting writing experience



Noblesse is crafted with traditional Montblanc perfection. Deep engravings through layers of precious metals create a brilliant relief of enduring elegance.

Noblesse fountain pen $65, ballpoint and pencil, each $31. In 14 Kt. heavy gold electroplate or gleaming rhodium electroplate. Individually or in sets, beautifully gift boxed.

Incomparable flexibility of the all new long-profile 14 Kt. gold fountain pen nib accentuates the writing style of every personality. Choice of extra-fine to broad nib. Each fountain pen is provided with six Montblanc ink cartridges and an interchangeable converter for alternate piston filling as desired.

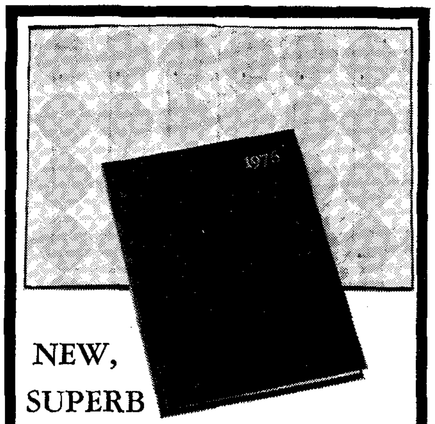
For full-color literature describing the complete world-famous Montblanc line, write to Koh-I-Noor Rapidograph, Inc., 100 North St., Bloomsbury, N.J. 08804, exclusive U.S. representative.

At fine stores, stationers, college and pen shops everywhere, including: **Atlanta:** Britches of Georgetowne, Sam Flax; **Berkeley, Cal.**: Alko Office Supply; **Beverly Hills:** Alfred Dunhill; **Boston:** Bromfield Pen Center, Shreve Crump and Low; **Chicago**: Abercrombie & Fitch, *Alfred Dunhill, Marshall Field, McLennon's*; **Dallas**: Alfred Dunhill, Neiman-Marcus; **Detroit:** Snider's Pen Shop; **Houston**: Fountain Pen Hospital, Neiman-Marcus; **Los Angeles:** The Fountain Pen Shop, The Pen Shop; **N.Y.C.**: Abercrombie & Fitch, Alfred Dunhill, Arthur Brown & Bro., Bloomingdale's, A. I. Friedman, M. C. Flynn, Sam Flax; **N. Hollywood, Cal.:** Pens Plus; **Philadelphia:** A. Pomerantz; **Providence, R.I.:** Morrison Typewriter Co.; **San Antonio:** Paul Anderson Co.; **San Francisco:** Abercrombie & Fitch, Alfred Dunhill, J. D. Browne, Golden Gate Pen Co.; **Summit, N.J.:** Siegel's Stationery; **Washington, D.C.:** Britches of Georgetowne, Fahrney's.

a major difference between campaigns now and those in 1972 is in the amount of territory to be covered in the early months; he estimates it to have increased more than three times. For McGovern, he says, there were only the two congressional districts in New Hampshire, a few in Florida and Illinois in which it seemed worth running, and the nine districts in Wisconsin. By the first week in April of 1972, he says, McGovern had run primary campaigns in twenty districts. This year, he points out, by April 6th, when the New York and Wisconsin primaries are scheduled to take place, Udall will have had to organize—and will have personally visited most of—the two New Hampshire congressional districts, the twelve districts in Massachusetts, the thirty-nine in New York, and the nine in Wisconsin. As if matters are not complicated enough for the candidates, the dates of both the New York and Wisconsin primaries remain subject to change.

After a twenty-five-minute flight from Buffalo to Rochester, Udall is met at the airport by Larry Kirwan, the Monroe County Democratic chairman; Richard Wilson, a son of the founder of Xerox, who is minority leader in the county legislature; and Louise Slaughter, who is running for the county legislature in the state elections on November 4th. Mrs. Slaughter, a lively woman who says she is a direct descendant of Daniel Boone, lost by eleven votes the last time. She has been active for Udall in her area. She is on the board of the National Women's Political Caucus and is a member of the New York State Democratic Committee. Tonight, Udall will attend a reception in her honor. At the Monroe County Democratic Committee's headquarters, where Udall holds a press conference, Kirwan remarks that he would meet any of the candidates at the airport, but that the main interest in his area now is in the forthcoming local elections.

MONDAY AFTERNOON: The Sidney Hillman Health Center, a small, modern, somewhat elegant building in Rochester. Udall's rest time at the hotel was cut still more, so that he could come here for a private meeting with Abe Chatman, international vice-president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and manager of the Rochester Joint Board of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. The meeting was not listed on the schedule and appeared to cause some friction among the staff. This private meeting was to precede a scheduled



NEW, SUPERB

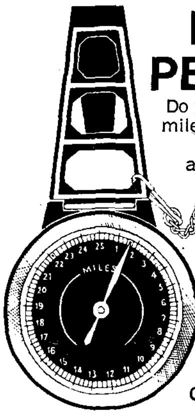
'76 Executive Desk Diary From England

Spacious weekly layout. Hourly appointments. Holidays. Calendars — Telephone — Memo pages.
'76-'77 Monthly planner. Gold Corporate seal or personalization Fine Grain leather, Black 9½" x 7" @ $27.50. Fine grain Balacron in Wine or Royal Blue @ $7.50.
— also daily and monthly diaries — Corporate gift inquiries invited.

Leathersmith® of London Ltd.

3 East 48th Street, New York 10017

PERSONAL PEDOMETER



Do you ever wonder how many miles you walk during the day? Get an accurate count by attaching pedometer to belt. The precision watch-type movement registers in ¼ miles up to 25 miles. Easy-to-read numbers. Sturdy case. 1¾" diameter. Germany. **$11.** At Hoffritz. Mail: 85¢ pstg. & hndlg. Area sales tax. Credit cards. **Send $1.50 for catalog of 1,200 items.**

HOFFRITZ HAS IT

20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N24, NYC 10003

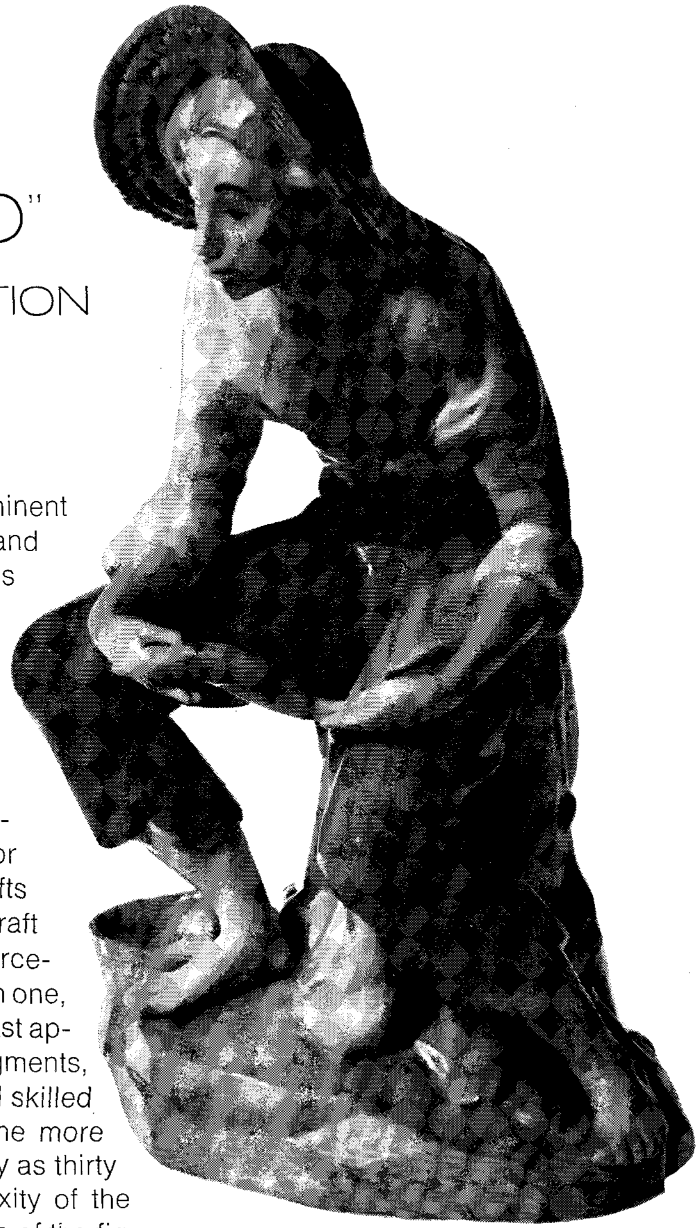
WINDERMERE ISLAND CLUB · ELEUTHERA BAHAMAS

Elegantly simple. Simply elegant.

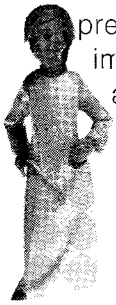
Windermere is a certain kind of resort.
Elegant but simple. Friendly but exclusive.
Relaxed but sophisticated.
In a setting that is almost perfection.
If you wish to have further information
on Windermere, call or write to: Jane Baker,
711 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017,
(212) 573-8958

Announcing

THE
"EL RETRATO"
COLLECTION



Poignant and precious portraits by the eminent Spanish sculptor, Cubells, whose attitudes and sense of serenity come from the heritage of his land—Valencia, that magical area lapped by the azure Mediterranean. These exquisite porcelain figurines with their delicate pastel colorings and peaceful blues display his versatility as an artist who also enjoys rare repute in the finest galleries of the world with his larger, monumental sculptures. The EL RETRATO Collection is represented by Hummelwerk, known nationally for importing the most attractive handcrafted gifts and tableware from the most prestigious craft centers of the world. The EL RETRATO porcelains are fashioned in multiple steps, each one, from the first clay master mould to the last application of exclusively formulated pigments, is performed by an artist trained and skilled in his single specialty. Some of the more intricate figurines require as many as thirty individual moulds. The complexity of the procedures attests to the value of the figurines as true gallery objets.



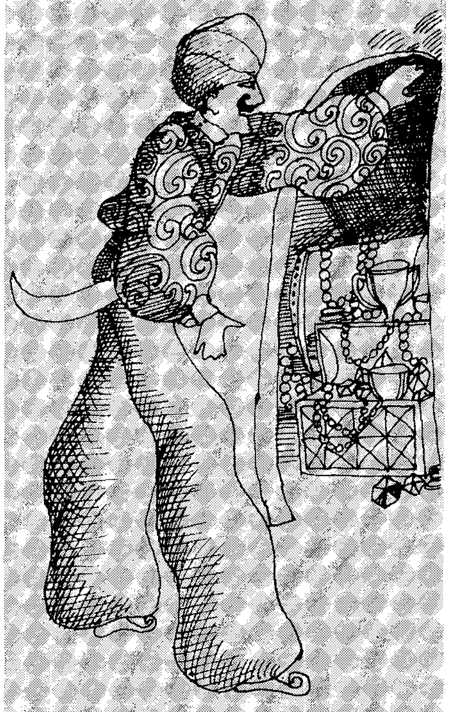
Hummelwerk®

Division of Goebel Art (GmbH), Inc.

250 Clearbrook Rd., Elmsford, New York 10523

one with several local labor representatives at the Health Center. (Udall is reaching around the labor leadership in Washington to its troops in the field.) At about five o'clock, the labor representatives—from the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the Communications Workers Local No. 1170, the *Labor News*, the United Auto Workers, the Plumbers Local No. 13, the Carpenters District Council, the Laborers Local No. 435, the teachers' association, the operating engineers, the meatcutters, the retail clerks, and the A. Philip Randolph Institute—begin to gather in the recreation room. There are about forty people; several of them are in shirtsleeves. A bar has been set up. After a while, Udall enters the room with Chatman, a white-haired gentleman who does not come up to Udall's shoulder, and who smiles a lot. "I have the pleasure to present to you a congressman who has a chance to become President of the United States," Chatman tells the assembled group.

The union representatives cluster in a corner, holding their drinks, and Udall, one hand in his jacket pocket, stands before them and speaks. He tells them, "If you're a United States senator and under seventy and not under indictment, you're a candidate for President," and they laugh. He tells them a slightly off-color joke and they laugh, and then, having warmed them up, he goes on, "We're in real trouble as a country and everyone knows it." He tells the labor representatives that he supports the Humphrey-Hawkins bill to "carry out Harry Truman's dream of jobs for everyone." He pokes fun at Ford, talks of the difficulty of defeating an incumbent President, and says that the last incumbent President who was beaten was Herbert Hoover. Then he says, "I think we may have another Herbert Hoover on our hands if we handle it right." He refers to the fact that there are so many Democratic candidates, and says, "Don't let anybody tell you it's bad news that we have so much talent." It must be hard to stand in front of a group and sell yourself like that, but this is something politicians learn to do. "I spent time with George Meany last month," Udall tells the group, and then he adds, "I had a big breakfast with the U.A.W. people in Detroit a few days ago. I've been in forty states. This is a pretty rough go. It tests your stamina, your ideas." He also tells them, "I played professional basketball one year, if that's important to you sports fans." He tells them that he has



Open Sesame...

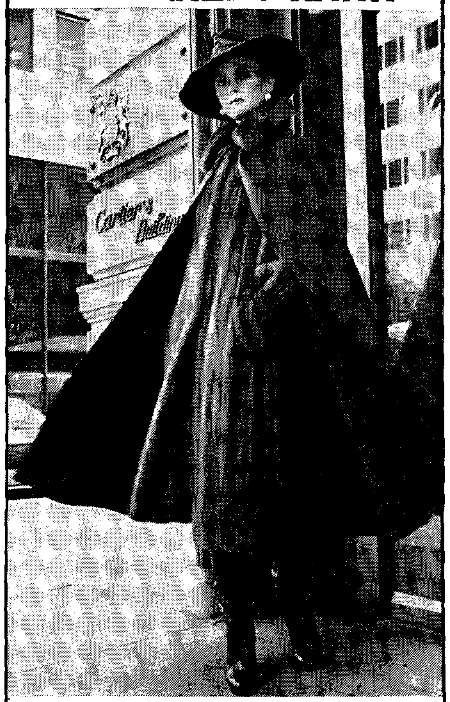
Remember the excitement you felt when those words revealed precious jewels to Ali Baba? Reawaken that excitement and sense of treasure again. . .at Little Switzerland.

For over a generation Little Switzerland has made a tradition in selecting prestigious, imported European jewelry. Choose from contemporary modern executions, charming antique designs, and the latest in current fine jewelry fashion.

Little Switzerland's trained personnel will answer your questions, and help you make the right gem decision to live with, happily ever after.

Little Switzerland
ST. THOMAS ST. CROIX ST. MARTIN

THE GREAT KAHN



A BEN KAHN EXCLUSIVE
NATURAL CREOLE MINK COAT
WITH ULTRASUEDE® FABRIC CAPE

Ben Kahn

BEN KAHN SALON • 150 WEST 30th ST.
BEN KAHN AT CARTIER • 4 EAST 52nd ST.

LEATHER

THE STATESMAN Glove leather. Walnut shell. Swivels, tilts, Black, brass, gold, natural, tortoise brown, tangerine, saddle-tan, $335. Ottoman, $100. Rosewood shell, $345. Ottoman, $105. Leathercrafter(N) 303 E. 51 St., N.Y. 10022 Branch. 177-05 Union Tpke., Flushing, N.Y. **Catalog, 50¢.**

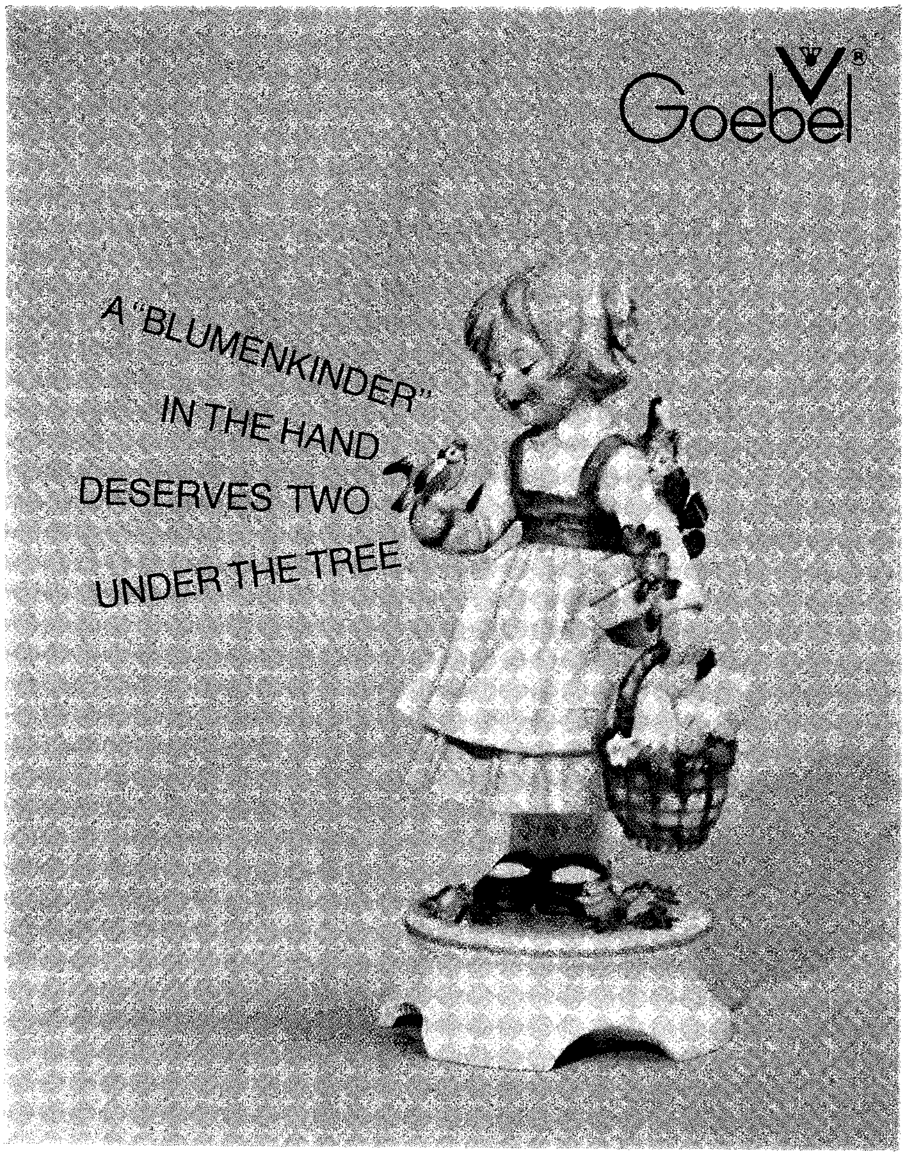
CRAFTER

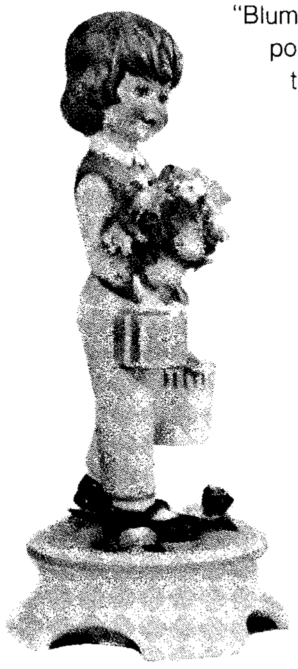
bolongo bay
BEACH AND TENNIS CLUB
St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands
"CLUB EVERYTHING"
Featuring an all inclusive vacation including: tennis, scuba diving, snorkeling, sailing, club yacht, all at one price!

P.O.BOX 3381 • ST. THOMAS U.S.
VIRGIN ISLANDS 00801
TEL. (800) 223-5695—N.Y. (212) 730-8100

worked to "clean up the seniority system" in Congress, that he has been "involved in foreign affairs and the environmental movement," and that the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Committee on Political Education has given him a score of ninety per cent in support of labor's position on issues before Congress, and he points out that it isn't easy to have that kind of score when one is from Arizona, a conservative state.

After Udall has completed his remarks, Chatman guides him around the room to meet the labor representatives, and he is asked questions about the stopping of construction projects by environmentalists. Udall says that the environmentalists have to be "realistic," and that they and labor "ought to get together on mass transit," and that there ought to be a decision-making process for working out whether construction projects can go forward. One young U.A.W. worker, holding a paper that shows how members of Congress voted on issues of interest to labor, questions Udall closely on a vote he cast against labor's position on a trade bill in 1973. Udall studies the paper and then tells the young man that "labor was divided" on the issue, that this was only one vote in two years, and that he is from Arizona. Udall adds, "I think that as President you take a national view. As a congressman from Arizona two years ago, maybe you take another view." The young man responds, "O.K., that's fair enough," and seems to go away satisfied. One man tells him, "I like you because you look like Lincoln." Another asks him what would be the first thing he would do to provide more jobs if he were President. He is asked about Social Security, national health insurance, imports. And then, as he leaves the reception, Udall drapes an arm around Chatman's shoulder and says, "You have done me a very great honor, and I shall not forget it." Dave Hull, who is organizing the Twenty-seventh through the Thirty-ninth Congressional Districts in New York for Udall, has obtained a list of those who attended the meeting, and each of them will receive a letter from Udall. This is routine procedure. At WXXI, the public-broadcasting station in Rochester, Udall tapes a half-hour television interview and then, in another addition to the schedule, tapes a brief radio interview with the station's environmental reporter. As Udall starts to leave the station, Tully, who is on the phone, calls to him. Ron Pettine, who is in charge of scheduling, is on the line from Washington. After





In time to be caroled for Christmas, a new series of six "Blumenkinder," long awaited arrivals for the collectors of porcelain's prettiest Flower Children, "Blumenkinder," the loveliest creatures in the province of precious figurines. The first series of these little delicacies, master moulded by the inspired hands of the internationally heralded sculptress, Lore, were imported by W. Goebel in 1968 and are now irreplaceable collectors' items. The original moulds have been destroyed. So it will be upon the completion of this Edition.

Each "Blumenkinder" is accompanied by a numbered Collector's Registration Certificate, the *final* assurance for the serious porcelain figurine connoisseur.

Available in the finest gift galleries, or write:

Hummelwerk®
Division of Goebel Art (GmbH) Inc., Rödental, W. Germany
250 CLEARBROOK ROAD • ELMSFORD, N.Y. 10523

®W. GOEBEL-PORZELLANFABRIK RÖDENTAL W GERMANY
Sole manufacturer of the world-famous "M. I. Hummel" figurines and plates.

twenty-five minutes of phone calls, Udall leaves.

The French Quarter at the Village Mall, a shopping center. A cocktail fund-raiser (ten dollars a person) for Louise Slaughter. Udall, wearing a large button that says "ERA SPELLS EQUALITY" (a state equal-rights amendment is on the New York ballot November 4th, and Jo Baer has urged him to stress E.R.A. here), is guided around the room and introduced to people by Louise Slaughter. The ever-present Secret Service men watch the room carefully. One of his two advance men hovers close to Udall's side. One of the advance men will go to Iowa tomorrow. The local organizers make the initial contacts with the groups to be seen, arrange the logistics—cars, hotel rooms—and collect information for the candidate and his staff about the people whom the candidate will meet. The advance men then come into the area to see that what is supposed to happen on a trip actually happens. When the travelling party arrives, the trip director—in this case, Tully—takes charge. The trip director, in Tully's words, "has the minute-by-minute decisions: when it's time to split, whether to bag an event, when to stay longer; to deal with the unplanned contingencies—like whether we should go to Buffalo."

Larry Kirwan introduces Mrs. Slaughter ("the first lady of politics in this region") and talks of the importance of her winning this time, and then Mrs. Slaughter introduces Udall. Udall tells the group, "This is the first time I have ever come to a party to raise money for a race for county government," and he adds (joking, "if the national press will get their pens and pencils out"), "I'm about to endorse Louise Slaughter formally." He says that he was "out in Abe Lincoln country the other day," and tells a Lincoln story, and then he talks about the importance of the New York primary and the difficulty of defeating an incumbent President, and says that the Democratic Party (a "big conglomerate") can do it if it gets together and if the Democrats are "gentle with each other." Udall tells the group, "I've been reading John Kennedy history. Sometimes I feel I'm plowing some of the same ground that he plowed." He talks of having been in Alabama last week and of how he told people there that "the glue" that holds the Democrats together is the issue of the economy. "I'm proud to wear the E.R.A. button," he says, and he is applauded,

BEST
IN SHOW
1st

Goebel
Certificat

These felicitous reproductions of five favored dog species were master sculpted by the internationally renowned Gerhard Bochmann of W. Goebel, the famed Bavarian porcelain works. The authenticity of their execution has been certified by Europe's most famous kennels, renowned as the canine world's most prestigious breeders. Each sculpture in this pedigreed figurine collection proudly wears a certificate confirming the kennel's approval of its details. The certificate assures the collector he is showing the best of the "best in show."

Available in the finest gift galleries, or write:

Hummelwerk®
Division of Goebel Art (GmbH) Inc., Rödental, W. Germany
250 CLEARBROOK ROAD • ELMSFORD, N.Y. 10523

®W. GOEBEL-PORZELLANFABRIK RÖDENTAL W GERMANY
Sole manufacturer of the world-famous "M. I. Hummel" figurines and plates.

and one lady cheers loudly and pounds the wall. Udall remarks, "I'm going to sign her up." Then he returns to his theme of how the nineteen-seventies and the nineteen-eighties are going to be a different time, and how "we're going to have to adapt." He says, "We're a good country," and goes on, "I get accused of having a sense of humor. You need one in this job. I take my country seriously—but I hope I never take myself too seriously." Then he tells a few more light stories, reminds them that he is for Louise Slaughter, and says that after the local elections he hopes they'll turn their attention to the Presidential race and perhaps "get carried away and want to work for a tall, rangy candidate who looks like Abe Lincoln." He adds, "But I can't split rails very well." The crowd likes him. He seems to have read its mood. He knows that the cocktail hour is no time for a long, heavy speech. This has been one of his most successful appearances. Udall mingles with the crowd for a while.

MONDAY EVENING: Louise Slaughter's house. It is eight-ten, and this is another stop that was not on the schedule. But Mrs. Slaughter has invited some "key people"—an assemblyman, a state committeeman, city leaders—to meet and question the candidate. Udall makes phone calls and retreats into the den to eat a dinner that she has had prepared for him, and meanwhile the group, about two dozen people, gathers. Then, as Udall, sitting on a wooden settee in the living room, talks to this group, offers his credentials, one can see his fatigue. This is his seventh performance of the day. He begins to ramble a bit, but he manages to make his basic points, and he concludes, "Here I am. I'm at your mercy. I need your help. I hope I make some converts tonight." He is asked questions about Ford's vulnerability, about the extent to which he supported McGovern after Muskie pulled out, about New York City, about how he differentiates himself from the other candidates, about nuclear-power plants, about the pending bill to revise the criminal code. At nine o'clock, when he was to leave for the airport to fly to Boston, he is still here, answering questions. Tomorrow, Udall's staff will make some calls to see how he did with this group. As Tully explains it, the idea is to build a candidate's organization and support in a series of concentric circles, beginning with those who can organize an area, then moving out to those who

A Romana Caffé
84 PROOF. IMPORTED BY PALMER & LORD LTD., SYOSSET, N.Y.
SAMBVCA ROMANA

SAMBUCA ROMANA
Rome's *DOLCE VITA* Liqueur

The brilliant finale to a perfect evening. Sambuca Romana in hot, black Expresso or American Coffee. Simpatico.

For recipe book, write: Palmer & Lord Ltd., Dept. NY, Syosset, New York 11791

A SEASON WELL CHOSEN

Patek Philippe, the anatomy of perfection since 1839. Created for beauty and accuracy, and meticulously finished entirely by hand. Shown: Man's 18 jewel watch; leather strap classic in 18 karat yellow gold. $1,950.00.

Add state tax where applicable.

SHREVE & CO.

200 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, 421-2600
STANFORD—SAN MATEO—EASTRIDGE—WALNUT CREEK—SUNVALLEY

I love it!

What a bright idea. Evening pajamas! I can't wait for our next party. Or our vacation. Or the next time we have dinner, just the two of us. Those subtle zigzags on an airy cobweb knit. The mandarin-collared evening pajamas in blue acetate with multicolored stripes, in 8 to 14 sizes, $118. The Fifth Avenue Shop. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

What an inviting way to look and it's from Saks Fifth Avenue

are activists or who can be important in spreading the word of mouth about a candidate, then to those who can work to get out the vote, then to the public. The trick, Tully says, is "to expand the flow of information and energy out from the candidate as a result of every one of his appearances." He adds, "The trick is not so much having a broad base and going forward; it's turning people on who have time or energy. The important thing is to have follow-up after people meet the candidate—not the meeting itself, or when it is. The important thing is the follow-up with people a day later, finding the people who are willing to work."

Louise Slaughter and Larry Kirwan ride to the airport with Udall. A ride in the candidate's car is a favor the staff distributes carefully. The press aide tries to get the seats in the candidate's car for the press; the political aides try to obtain them for the politicians. After we board the plane, at 9:45, the pilot announces that it will take about an hour and forty minutes to reach Boston. Udall remarks, "This plane has a built-in head wind."

En route, Udall talks about the day. "I think we established a presence in upstate New York," he says, and he adds that Louise Slaughter has agreed to organize Monroe County for him after the forthcoming election. He says that he is not tired. ("I feel pretty good now. I can no more make a speech and go right to sleep—the adrenalin goes for about an hour later.") He says that having a chartered plane has made a big difference in his scheduling and permits him to be at home three nights a week. "I forget where I'll be this weekend," he says.

An aide tells him that he will be in Arkansas, Iowa, and Wisconsin.

Udall tosses down some papers and says, in mock dismay, "I withdraw."

After talking awhile, Udall lowers the back of his seat, tucks a pillow under his head and places a blanket on his chest, and sleeps.

At eleven-twenty, the candidate's plane lands in Boston.

TUESDAY NOON: The Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge in Nashua, New Hampshire. After breakfasting in Boston with about twenty labor representatives and being interviewed by the *Real Paper* and a feminist writer, Udall drove here to speak at a Rotary Club luncheon. The day is bright and clear; the leaves are turning. Today, Birch Bayh formally announces his candidacy for the nomination, and tomorrow he will be in Boston and New Hampshire. (Bayh's strategy, according to one of his aides, is to "knock out Udall really early" and to narrow the field of viable candidates to Bayh, Jackson, and George Wallace. Thus the candidates are circling each other in this territory. Jimmy Carter, Fred Harris, and Sargent Shriver have also spent time in New Hampshire.) Udall is in the process of getting "name recognition" in New Hampshire, and he says that he is about to increase the amount of time he spends in the state, that he will start "pretty soon" to "work plant gates," and will run one-minute radio spots beginning in January. In mid-November, Udall workers will start to canvass for Udall voters. This is Udall's tenth visit to New Hampshire since he formally announced his candidacy there in November of 1974, and his second trip here this month. At the Rotarian lunch, he sits at the head table while the Rotarians hear someone read news bulletins, and go through their joking and friendly rituals of fining people and introducing guests. After half an hour, Udall is introduced. Dressed in a navy-blue suit and wearing glasses now, he says that he is here for three reasons: "The leaves are changing; there are a lot of friendly folks here; you have seventeen delegates to the Democratic Convention." A Udall staff member says that perhaps only one-fourth to one-third of this audience of men, mostly middle-aged, is Democratic. But when a candidate comes into an area it is preferable that he have somewhere to go, an event to attend, and so today Udall is lunching with the Rotarians. As David Evans, Udall's New Hampshire state coördinator, put it, the lunch "gave a structured situation for media coverage." While Udall speaks, his shoulders seem to slump a bit—another sign of fatigue. He talks about the changes that are taking place in America, criticizes President Ford's energy program, and says that the major oil companies should be broken up, but that he is not anti-business, and thinks there has been too much regulation. He proposes a "bold, imaginative program to rebuild the railroads." He talks for almost half an hour. He answers questions about New York City, the federal deficit, and people who will

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

FOR THE FIRST ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION (YOUR OWN OR GIFT)

FOR EACH ADDITIONAL ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00 per year, other foreign $4.00 per year.

Your Name ________ *(Please print)*

Street ________

City ________ *State* ________ *Zip* ________

SEND THE NEW YORKER TO EACH OF THE FOLLOWING:

To ________ *(Please print)*

Street ________

City ________ *State* ________ *Zip* ________

Gift card to read from ________

To ________ *(Please print)*

Street ________

City ________ *State* ________ *Zip* ________

Gift card to read from ________

To ________ *(Please print)*

Street ________

City ________ *State* ________ *Zip* ________

Gift card to read from ________

To ________ *(Please print)*

Street ________

City ________ *State* ________ *Zip* ________

Gift card to read from ________

PLEASE COMPLETE YOUR ORDER HERE:

I enclose $________ to cover ________ subscriptions.

Or, bill my:

☐ Master Charge

☐ BankAmericard

☐ American Express

Account # ________

☐ Enter my subscription plus gifts.

☐ Enter gifts only.

☐ Enter a subscription for me only.

☐ Send gift cards to me for mailing.

☐ Send gift cards directly to recipients with my greeting.

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

4485

Sea Spree by Malia

An original back wrap day dress by Malia in the natural look and feel of fine cotton. Sizes 6-16. Red and white or royal and white. About $42.

Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.
Bullocks Wilshire, Calif.
Ivey's, North Carolina
Lester Melnick's, Dallas, Texas

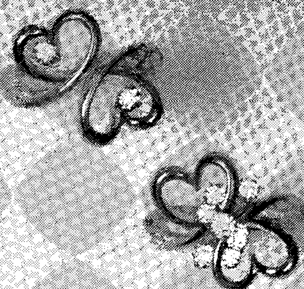
Malia

not accept jobs. Then he holds a press conference in the V.I.P. Suite of the Motor Lodge, answering questions about Bayh, Humphrey, Wallace, a deadlocked Convention, busing, a third party, food stamps, Edward Kennedy, and why Congress takes so many vacations. He gives a ten-minute interview to a radio reporter, and then he rests for about forty-five minutes. He is to spend part of the rest time working with Aaron Edelman, a young man who has come up from New York to help with the speech to the American Friends of Hebrew University tonight. The Palestinian question apparently is still not settled.

David Evans worked on the McGovern field staff in 1972; he is from Rhode Island, and has been living, and working for Udall, in New Hampshire since August. Joanne Symons is the state organizer for the Second Congressional District, where we are now. She is assistant minority leader of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, and, like Evans and Dudley Dudley—a woman who is also a state representative, and the organizer for the First Congressional District—worked for McGovern in 1972. Maria Carrier, who was for Muskie in 1972, is Udall's New Hampshire state chairperson. Evans says that they have been recruiting people who will work for Udall (going to homes, holding meetings, sending information), have compiled a mailing list of ten thousand potential Udall supporters, and have established coördinators in all ten counties and committees in the "top twenty-two communities," which account for sixty-three per cent of the anticipated turnout in the Democratic primary.

THREE-FIFTEEN: Udall and several members of his entourage are in the small, old-fashioned office of J. Herman Pouliot, who is the publisher of the Nashua *Telegraph*, an evening paper. Pouliot, a gray-haired man, remains silent and expressionless while Udall answers questions from the paper's editorial board. Along the office wall that Udall faces are large photographs of Gerald and Betty Ford; of Richard Nixon and Chou En-lai eating with chopsticks; and of David Eisenhower comforting his wife, Julie, as Richard Nixon takes off in a helicopter from the White House for the last time. Udall answers questions about his railroad proposal, import tariffs, détente ("I think Nixon was right to go to China"), Henry Kissinger, nuclear-power plants, the military budget, American troops in Europe, restruc-

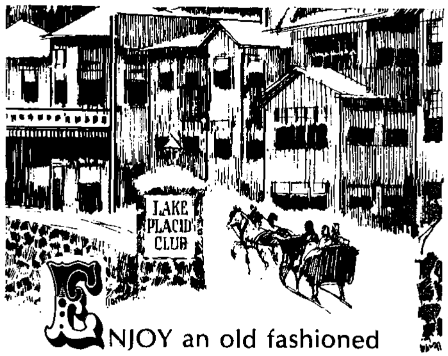
The new Love Ring. Inspired by the oldest emotion on earth.



Sometime in every man's life there is a time to give the Love Ring. Sculptured hearts of eighteen karat gold, with diamonds set in platinum. Left, **$320.** Right, **$560.**
Designs Copyrighted.

TRILLOS
Exclusively at fine jewelers

J. Trillos Inc., 515 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. (212) 421-4238.



ENJOY an old fashioned Christmas with the family at the Lake Placid Club where traditional events such as Yule Log Hunt, Wassail Bowl and Nativity Pageant are a part of the holidays.

Winter Sports include skiing, ski-touring, snowmobiling, ice skating, paddle tennis and tobogganing.

Lake Placid Club
Lake Placid, New York 12946
M. Eugene Wilson
President and General Manager
Telephone: 518/523-3361

PURE VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP
Sold in the old Fashioned Tins
Pint $5.00, Qt. $7.50, ½ Gal. $11.00, Gallon $20.00. All prices postage paid.
The Don Edwardses, Grafton, Vt. 05146

turing the executive branch. After a while, Joanne Symons cuts off the interview, and then she rides with Udall to brief him on his next appearance—in Salem, New Hampshire, half an hour away.

David Evans explains that we are going to Salem to attend a meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Pucci. Donald Pucci's parents, Vic and Phyllis Pucci, are said to be very interested in Udall, and so are several of their eight children. The Puccis, who supported Muskie in 1972, make a decision as a family about whom to support, and can be very important in organizing Salem, the fourth-largest community in New Hampshire, with three per cent of the state's registered Democrats. Phyllis Pucci is a state committeewoman, and Vic Pucci is active in fund-raising for the Democratic Party. Evans says that Salem is hard to organize, because it is a "bedroom community" and relies on Massachusetts media, and "you have to do a lot of hunting and a lot of groundwork." Mrs. Udall and three of the six Udall children will attend a dinner dance in Salem on Saturday.

INSIDE the Pucci home, a rambling brown frame house, about twenty people are gathered. Phyllis Pucci, who is wearing a peach pants suit, introduces Udall to members of her family. Several elderly people are here; the "senior citizen" vote is considered very important in New Hampshire, which has the second-highest percentage of retired people in the country (after Florida). Udall, seated in a leather chair in the living room, talks about his trip to Alabama, the necessity of defeating Ford, the difficulty of defeating an incumbent President. His feet crossed, his hands clasped in his lap, Udall says, "You're entitled to ask, 'Why Mo Udall?' " And then he talks about his acceptability to various elements of the Party, his vision of the nineteen-seventies and the nineteen-eighties, his support of the Humphrey-Hawkins bill. (One of the advance men is on the phone in the Pucci kitchen, talking to Ron Pettine about scheduling.) "I think I can offer vigor and imagination and new ideas to pull the Party together," Udall says, and he adds, "I don't want to spend two years in this rat race for nothing." He answers questions about the energy crisis, New York City, food stamps, property taxes, national health insurance, Social Security. Phyllis Pucci, holding a grandchild on her lap, asks him his views on busing. One of her

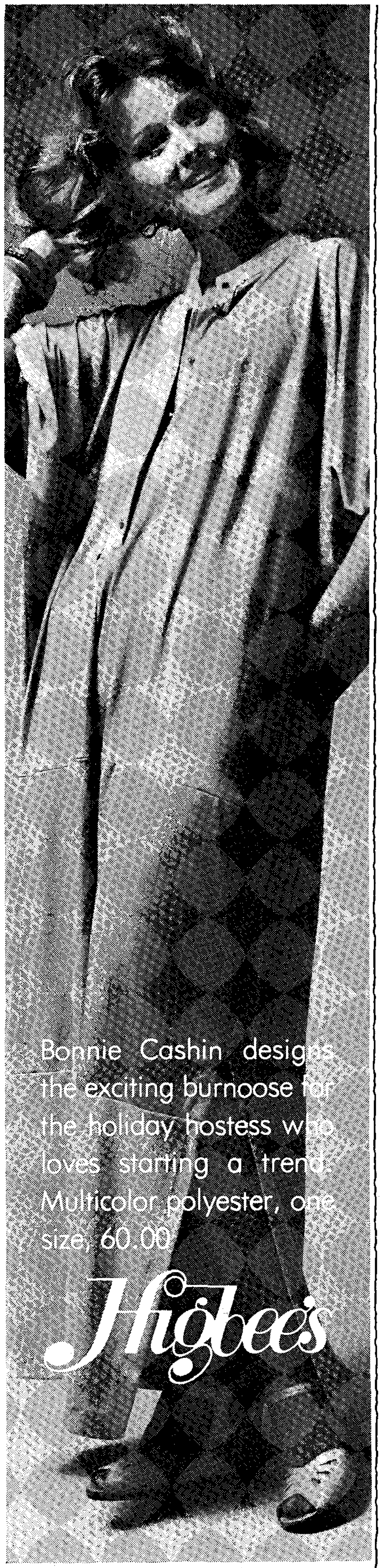
SEBAGO
Handsewn
ROAMERS
Sebago, Inc. Westbrook, Maine 04092

The luxury and comfort of this fine Sebago casual is remarkably uncommon. Handsewn in the U.S.A. by skilled Maine craftsmen, it is available in shag; or if you prefer, a smooth glove leather. A wide range of sizes for both men and women. About $34.00.

Available in New York for men at **McDuffee's**; for women at **Bloomingdale's**; Washington, D.C., **Boyce & Lewis**; Buffalo, **Amherst Bootery**; Kansas City, **St. Crispin Leather**; Milwaukee, **Brouwer's**; Philadelphia, **Steigerwalt's**; Minneapolis, **Campus Cobbler**; Cleveland, **Lou Golland Shoes**; Kalamazoo, **V & A Bootery**; San Francisco, **Village Bootery**; Pittsburgh, **Kamp's**.

There is a uniqueness about Artefacts. Contemporary in mood.
Ageless in design. Impeccable in quality. Apparent in this cocktail table of
Oriental inspiration that merges solid pecan with magnificent olive ash burl veneers.
See other extraordinary Artefacts by sending $1.00 for brochure to
Henredon, Dept. N-121, Morganton, N.C. 28655.

Henredon


Bonnie Cashin designs the exciting burnoose for the holiday hostess who loves starting a trend. Multicolor polyester, one size, 60.00

Higbee's

Public Square, Cleveland, 44113. In Ohio add 5½% sales tax. Delivery charges beyond free delivery: .75 within state of Ohio, 1.25 outside state of Ohio.

daughters, a tall, attractive young girl, puts a number of questions to Udall—about the size of the bureaucracy, about taxes, about people who don't want to work. "You're the smart one," Udall jokes, and then, thinking better of it, remarks, "I'll lose some votes," and says, "You're the forward one." The audience laughs. Coffee, sandwiches, and cupcakes have been spread on the dining-room table. Udall stands and chats for a while with members of the group. Phyllis Pucci says that Jimmy Carter is coming to Salem, and adds, "We feel we should welcome all the candidates and let people see them. Our family hasn't decided yet."

ON the plane to New York, Udall works on the speech for this evening. The staff is pleased by the news, relayed by Jo Baer this afternoon, that two New York City Democratic leaders who were believed to have been "leaning" to Bayh and who had met with Udall late Sunday afternoon, have told her that they plan to come out for Udall. One aide says they like to give Udall news such as this when he seems particularly tired. According to the schedule, the plane is to land at LaGuardia Airport at six-fifty-five, and, by some miracle, Udall is to reach the New York Hilton twenty minutes later. Udall looks tired as he works over his speech. He has already been "on" six times today, and still has a dinner and a speech, after which he is to fly back to Washington, arriving sometime before midnight. His face is a bit gray now, his jaw set. I plan to leave him at LaGuardia and return to Washington earlier. Just before we get out of the plane in New York, Udall remarks to me, "It has been a long day." I ask him if he ever gets tired of selling himself, of making speeches. He replies, "Yes, there are times, but I don't think you can let it show. You see faces, and you can keep going."

—ELIZABETH DREW

•

Levine began studying piano in Ohio at the age of four, and made his debut with the Cincinnati Symphony at 70 in a Mendelssohn concerto.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

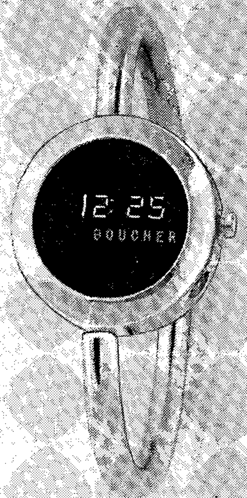
Kid had perseverance. That's what counts.

•

CLEAR DAYS IN
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA
[*Headline in the Sacramento Bee*]

HOW GOOD ARE SACRAMENTO
DOCTORS? LOCAL PHYSICIANS
RATE THEM HIGHLY

Follow The L.E.D.E.R.



The trend setter, Marcel Boucher, did it again. Leading the way with this L.E.D. (Light Emiting Diode) quartz crystal watch.
A smartly styled, gold plated bangle with an easy to read face showing time, date or seconds. $175.00

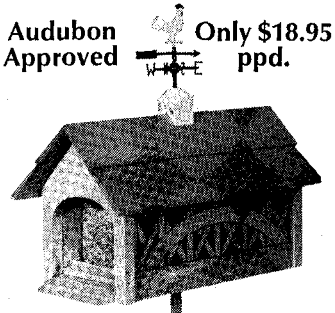
OCINO
66 John Street, New York, N. Y. 10038
(212) 269-3636
Corporate Accounts Invited — All Charge Cards

Please include $1.50 for mail or phone orders. Add N. Y. sales tax where applicable. Free catalog available.

COVERED BRIDGE BIRD FEEDER

Audubon Approved

Only $18.95 ppd.



Songbirds will flock to this true replica of an old New England covered bridge, with cedar shake roof, cupola and crowing rooster weathervane that actually works. Roof lifts off for refilling. Feeder holds up to 10 lbs. seed. Size, 18" x 13" x 9". 6' steel mounting post included.

Add a little New England charm to your yard — or a friend's. Let us gift-mail it for you at no extra charge. Free illustrated catalog with every feeder.

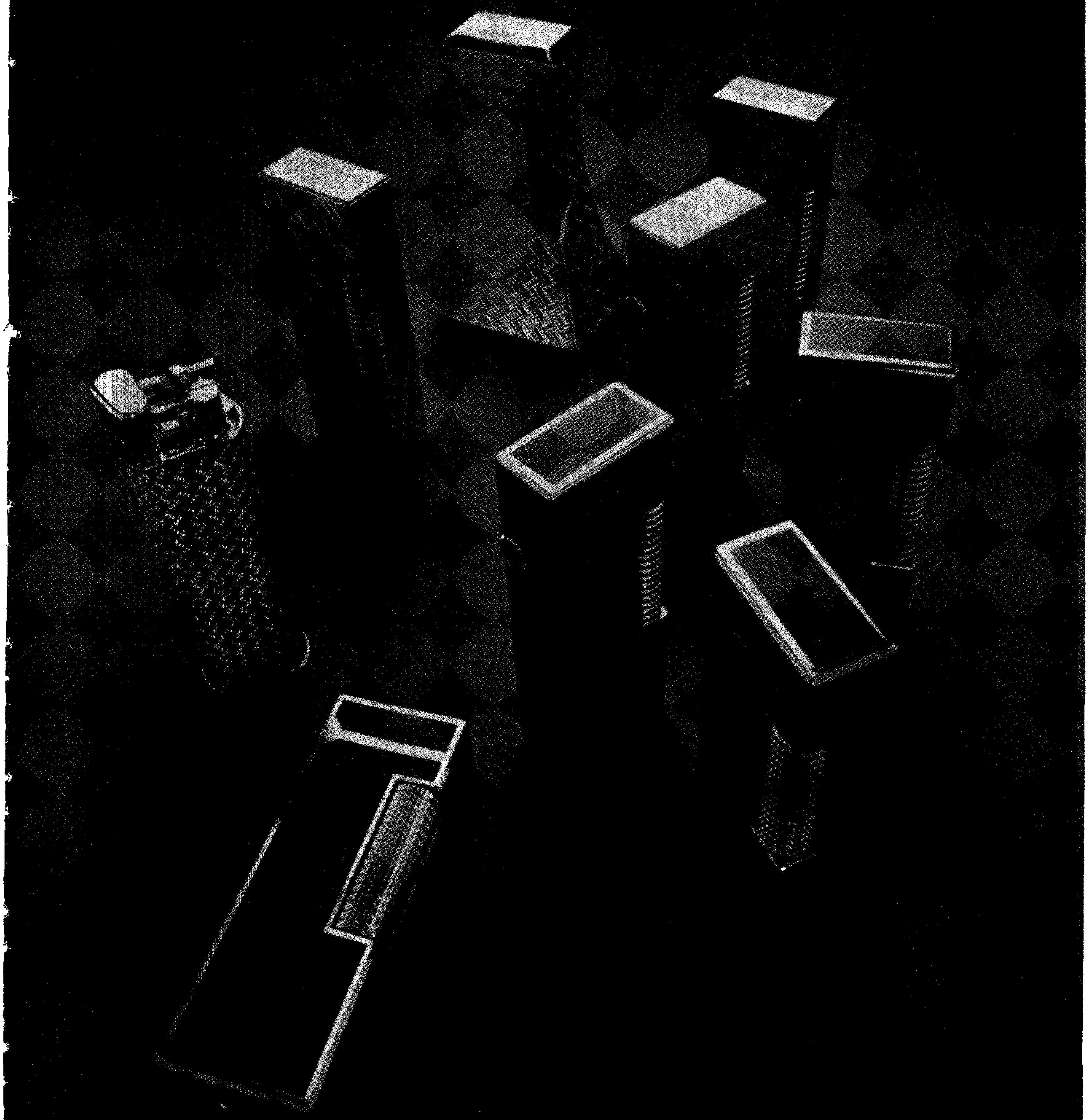
Order No. CB-64.
Only $18.95 ppd. (Mass. residents please add 3% sales tax)
Send check or M.O. to:

Hyde's INC.
60 Felton St., Waltham, Mass. 02154

Antique and Contemporary
PAPERWEIGHTS
Our illustrated catalogue & price guide for collectors is now available in full color. $3.00.

407 Cliff St.
Suite 26
L.H. Selman Ltd.
Santa Cruz,
CA 95060

SOME OF THE WORLD'S GREAT LUMINARIES LIGHT UP WITH A DUNHILL.



To see more of the exclusive Dunhill collections, write for our color folio.
Alfred Dunhill of London, Fifth Avenue at 50th Street, New York. Chicago. Beverly Hills, San Francisco and Dallas

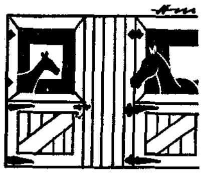
dunhill

May your Christmases be white, with one slight exception.
Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

THE RACE TRACK

New Purses and Old-Timers



IT wasn't so long ago that a race with a purse of $50,000 was something special. Now the New York Racing Association runs one practically every Monday at Aqueduct. Last week's was the Lucky Draw Stakes, which was named for a favorite racer who belonged to the late George D. Widener. It was for three-year-olds, at a mile, and it was won by El Pitirre, who seems to have regained his racing legs. He won the Remsen Stakes a year ago, but when he came out again this spring he proceeded to run up a losing streak of eleven tries before he scored in an overnight. This was four days before the Lucky Draw, and it must have left him as sharp as jailhouse coffee, because although he got away slowly and took the long way around, he raced Rushing Man down in the stretch and won by a nose. Nalees Rialto was third, and Bravest Roman, the favorite, was fourth. The midweek attraction at Aqueduct was the new $40,000 Rockaway Stakes, for two-year-olds at six furlongs—a public trial for the Remsen Stakes on Saturday—and it ended in an easy victory for Lord Henribee, who beat Dance Spell by a couple of lengths. It was also Lord Henribee's third straight victory since his début, in mid-October. A bay by Misty Flight out of Panoletti, he is a colt to keep an eye on.

THERE was no ovation and no floral blanket for Big Devil after he won the first race on the card, a $3,000 claimer, at Laurel the other afternoon—just a few squeals of delight from horseplayers in the stand when the tote board showed that he paid a $22.60 mutuel. This old grouch thinks someone should at least have waved a small flag, since it was the forty-sixth victory in two hundred and nineteen starts for the twelve-year-old brown gelding by Call Over out of Nortell. Not many horses his age are still racing on the major tracks. When thoroughbreds get a bit long in the tooth, at seven or so, they fade away, like old soldiers; the mares, if they have the right sort of pedigree, go to stock farms, and the old boys go to tracks in the hinterland. For a decade, Big Devil has run in minor races on the Maryland circuit—and done pretty well, too—for the various horsemen who have bought him out of the cheaper claiming races. A statistician I know, who keeps track of such things, says Big Devil has earned $212,090, which is more than a number of fancy-bred stakes winners I could name have done. At present, he is owned by Thomas Pappagallo and trained by Thomas Caviness, but that could change any day. Selling platers have no home.

I'VE been looking over the past performances of the candidates for the forthcoming Eclipse Awards, and do you know that Foolish Pleasure has not won a race since the Kentucky Derby? (I don't count that match at Belmont Park in which Ruffian broke a leg and could not finish, though no doubt it will go down in the record as a win.) Neither has Master Derby won since the Preakness, and Avatar has won only once (early in September) since the Belmont Stakes. In my opinion, Wajima, winner of five straight major stakes, is the best three-year-old of the year, and Snow Knight the best on the grass, though neither won his most recent start. There's certainly no disagreement that Bertram Firestone's Honest Pleasure is the top two-year-old in the East, but it's a toss-up whether Mrs. Firestone's Optimistic Gal or Richard Bailey's Dearly Precious gets the nod for the two-year-old-filly award. And out in California there's Telly's Pop, a two-year-old who is owned by Telly Savalas—Kojak, you know—and Howard Koch, a Hollywood producer. A tall brown gelding by Bold Combatant out of Count Us Merry, Telly's Pop has won four of his five starts, including the Del Mar Futurity and the Norfolk Stakes, and if he wins the California Juvenile Stakes at Bay Meadows this weekend he'll be the first to make a clean sweep of the Juvenile Triple Crown out there. By the way, there's a two-year-old running in Maryland named Cojak.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

1. DYING TOO SOON
2. LIVING TOO LONG
3. BECOMING DISABLED

need not interrupt your future plans.

John P. Sweeney
Insurance Planning Corporation
Denver, Colorado

—Adv. in the 1975 directory of the University of Colorado Medical Center.

Look here, Sweeney, the slightest little thing throws us off.

antartex
sheepskin coats from Scotland

No.34: $265
curly lambskin

By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond-model Louise Macdonald. All sizes (S.R.T.) men and women—31 styles, 9 skin colours, 8 sheepskin types—from $110.00. Slippers, boots, hats, rugs, mitts, handmade knitwear. Suppliers Antarctic Expeditions; 1975 British Everest Expedition.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS
New York City: 903 Madison Avenue (at E.72) 10021. 212 535-9079.
14 West 55th St. (at 5th) 10019. 212-765-1455
Greenwich, Conn: 120 Greenwich Ave. 06830. 203-661-5788
Cambridge, Mass: 50 Boylston St., Harvard Sq., 02138. 617-868-6083
Minneapolis, Minn: 928 Nicollet Mall, 55402. 612-339-1276
Chicago: Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St., (E-W Tollway to 31) 60134. 312-232-4434
Lake Forest, Ill., Robertsons 240 E. Deerpath, 60045. 312-CE 4-9100
Philadelphia: 80 E. Wynnewood Rd., Wynnewood, Phila. 19096. 215-Mi 9-5722
Pittsfield, Mass: 15 North St., 01201. 413-442-2171
Washington, DC: Sheep Shop, 3220 'O' St. North, 20007. 202-338-8078
Detroit, Birmingham, Mich: 141 E. Maple Road., 48011. 313-642-8011
San Francisco, Calif: 1869 Union Street, 94123. 415-346-1869
Montreal, Quebec: 1522 West Sherbrooke St., 514-935-4142
Toronto, Ontario: 79 Yorkeville Ave., M5R-1C1. 416-922-2566

For catalogue and real sheepskin samples, send $1 (credited to your order) with name and address to:
ANTARTEX MAIN SHOP AT1
120 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich Conn: 06830.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Very Good, Considering . . .

"DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG" is a moving and beautiful opera, a long, rich musical and dramatic poem to wit and wisdom, to ardent, impetuous young love and tender, prudent, paternal care, to dashing artistic adventure and justly cherished tradition. A world without "Die Meistersinger" would be a poorer place; it is one of the necessary operas, like "Fidelio" and "Figaro." Fortunate the city that has two productions, to provide complementary experiences: the world's finest interpreters gathered in an original-language version, and a "company" performance rehearsed by a stable cast and played in the language of the singers and the audience. The Metropolitan and the City Opera have some repertory overlaps hard to justify on grounds of artistic necessity ("I Puritani," this season, is one), but a city the size of New York has room for two "Meistersinger"s, and the City Opera's new production is welcome.

It is a difficult piece to do well. For one thing, it is one of the two longest operas regularly performed. (The other is "Götterdämmerung;" and their durations are just about equal.) The 1968 "Meistersinger" at Sadler's Wells, another "national" production, complementary to the international stagings at London's Royal Opera, produced five hours and fifteen minutes of music. That, admittedly, was exceptional (and achieved an entry in the "Guinness Book of World Records"); it was led by Reginald Goodall, the most lingering and loving—and, I believe, the greatest—Wagner interpreter of our day. The longest "Meistersinger" recorded in the Bayreuth annals, Hans Knappertsbusch's in 1952, lasted four hours and forty minutes, and the shortest, Fritz Busch's in 1924, and Wilhelm Furtwängler's in 1943, both four hours and fifteen. Four and a half hours' playing time is about par for an uncut performance. Add two intermissions, and it makes a long evening. The City Opera's "Meistersinger" (titled in German, though it was sung in John Gutman's English translation) was not, in fact, integral. Nearly twenty cuts, some of them small and others more extensive, removed about forty minutes of the music. Nevertheless, for a company to have given, in the course of sixteen days, seven performances of even an abridged "Meistersinger" must be a record in itself—and that without counting the eleven intervening shows of other works. Assessment is bound to hover between the views "It was very good, considering . . ." and "It's not good enough to put on 'Die Meistersinger' in circumstances that allow no more than a summary account of the great opera."

For summary it was. In every house there are likely to have been people who had never seen "Die Meistersinger" before. They would have received not a false impression of the piece, only an incomplete one. But to listeners familiar with the opera the City Opera version could serve as little more than a reminder of what the work can be. Heaven knows, I have sat through some unworthy "Meistersinger" performances in my time, but never before one in which there were not phrases, colors, sudden inflections, points of timing, glances between characters, utterance of particular moments that came as a new revelation, an enrichment of earlier experiences. Of course there is a danger that a new production may be unfairly measured against not the possible but a composite ideal, unattainable on a single occasion yet built up from memories of the way one Eva sang "Euch oder keinen!," another "O Sachs! Mein Freund!," and still a third the climax of the quintet. And similarly with the other characters. If Hans Sachs is shaped for us by, say, a compound of Friedrich Schorr's incomparable recordings, Hans Hotter's poetic grandeur, and Paul Schoeffler's good sense, can any baritone add anything? Well, Norman Bailey did, when first he undertook the role at Sadler's Wells, and the unknown new singer was revealed overnight as a Wagnerian of more than local importance. (The following year, he was Bayreuth's Sachs.) One made no comparisons, merely hung intent on an individual, unusually direct, definite interpretation, with a curious touch of restraint in its romanticism. Mr. Bailey also sang Sachs in the City Opera performances, but the effect here was less remarkable. With orchestral playing less eloquent than Mr. Goodall had provided, without warm instrumental tinting of everything he said—a rapturous declamation, from the pit, of Sachs' inner world, revealing the emotions whose verbal formulation eludes him—a dimension was lost. Mr. Bailey was still excellently clear and uncommonly intelligent, but not quite poetic enough. (The British public's fervent acclaim of its Wagnerian heroes Rita Hunter, Alberto Remedios, and Mr. Bailey often seems exaggerated to those who hear them on away dates; that is because only in partnership with Mr. Goodall do they regularly rise to greatness.) Moreover, although Mr. Bailey, by now a very experienced Sachs, did not put a finger wrong, one sensed a lack of intense involvement with the particular Eva, Walther, and David around him.

I know that memory can play tricks, and shed a golden glow on what is past. The greatest "Meistersinger" cast of my experience was Beecham's, at Covent Garden nearly a quarter-century ago: Elisabeth Grümmer, Peter Anders, Hotter, Benno Kusche as Beckmesser, and Ludwig Weber as Pogner. But this was a performance that Beecham himself, a few years later, described as "inferior . . . poor singers and an indifferent orchestra." I vividly recall the choral singing, splendid as the sun, at a 1968 Bayreuth "Meistersinger" and forget—until I consult my notes—how poor the orchestral playing was. Memory retains what is right and beautiful about performances witnessed, blots out the after-image of the final scene as Wieland Wagner first staged it in Bayreuth (stiffly suggesting the wrong sort of Nuremberg rally), but holds forever the vision that began Act II in the same production: the soft, dense, luminous blue air, Nuremberg's houses gently glimmering, the elder blossom shining overhead—all the magic of Midsummer Eve in an unspoiled old city. That was right, and Carl Toms' prosaic set at the City Opera is wrong—or, if not exactly wrong, at any rate inadequate. All four of his scenes are built to stage plans that lead to awkwardness in the action. The style of his designs is workaday conventional; brown and gray, for two acts against a black backcloth and wings, are the dominant colors. The scenes are not particularly attractive to look at, and their departures from Wagner's carefully planned scenario are unhelpful. The mastersinger meeting of Act I is held in the nave of the church, in the fixed pews; the marker ensconces himself in the pulpit. There is no space, and during the finale the masters can only stand in a line, addressing the conductor like members of a choral society.

John Cox directed. His successes—among them Richard Strauss's "Ariadne," "Capriccio," and "Intermezzo" at Glyndebourne, his "Rosenkavalier" in Houston—have been mainly with operas dependent on delicacy and finesse of individual characterization, operas in which the passing moment counts for more than a long, broad line of dramatic development. His successes in this "Meistersinger" are again with the careful definition of characters in specific situations. "Die Meistersinger" needs more—a heavier weight of emotion than Mr. Cox brought to it. And even in matters of detail there were some disappointments. For example, no one seemed to have told the David, Gary Glaze, that his remark in Act III—"Ach Meister! Wollt mir verzeih'n; kann ein Lehrbub' vollkommen sein?"—is one of the most touching little utterances in all opera. He made next to nothing of it. The moment passed unremarked. On a detail like this, singer, director, conductor, and English translator must combine. The conductor must judge exactly the degree of slackening implied by Wagner's marking "*Immer zurückhaltend im Zeitmass.*" The singer must get his timbre, inflection, and placing of the crucial F just right. The translator must find something that fits the accents and lengths of the notes a little more precisely than Mr. Gutman's "Forgive me, please, all the same; can a prentice be without blame?" ("Ein saures Amt" is his, in truth.) I do not know when the City Opera began work on "Die Meistersinger," but a year's preparation is not too long if the singers and the instrumentalists are to learn the possibilities of the score in all its richness.

Slowness in Wagner is not inevitably a virtue, but it is often needed if the music is to rise to full majesty. On the last page of his collected criticism, Bernard Shaw recalls a "Meistersinger" Prelude conducted, very slowly, by Siegfried Wagner:

> I felt that the overture would certainly peter out and stop from sheer inertia if he did not speed up the final section. Instead, to my amazement, he achieved the apparently impossible feat of slowing it down. And the effect was magical. The music broadened out with an effect that is beyond description. It was immense, magnificent.

I have never heard a Wagner performance that seemed altogether too slow (passages, yes: Goodall in the Forging Song of "Siegfried," Knappertsbusch in the Flower Maidens waltz of "Parsifal"), and often a performance that was altogether too fast (Boulez's "Parsifal," for one). At the City Opera, Julius Rudel's tempi were not so much fast by the metronome as hurried in the effect they produced, brisk-seeming because he had not urged the singers to lean expressively on certain notes, to "stretch" gruppetti such

Asbach...The Pleasure is all Yours.

Enjoy one of life's great pleasures... Asbach Uralt... a brandy so superb that it's been the favorite of brandy connoisseurs for years.

They know that Asbach's unique excellence comes from traditional Old World artistry ... careful aging ... and special blending.

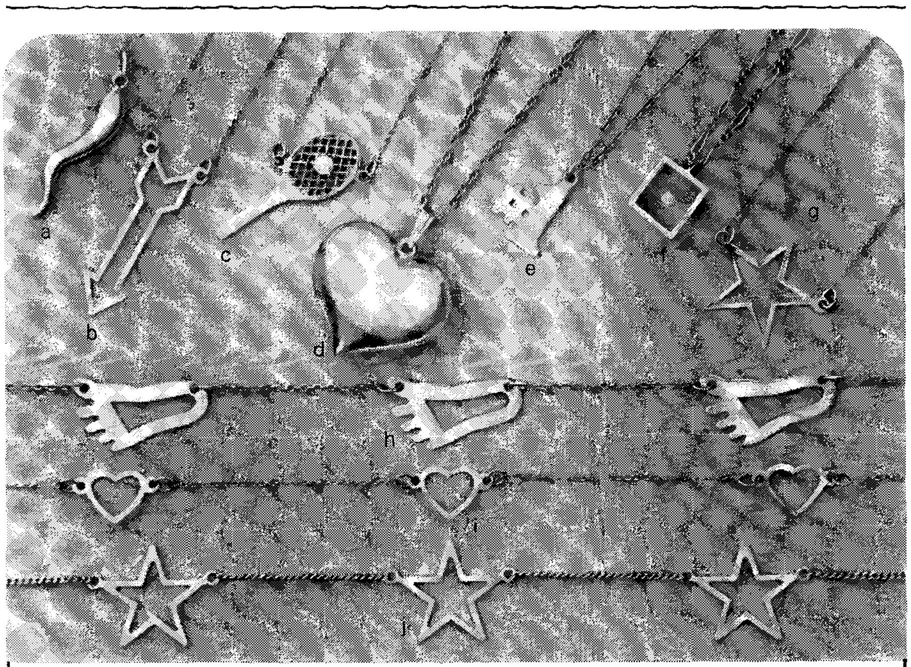
The result is a mellow, golden brandy of exquisite bouquet and rich, glowing flavor.

Asbach Uralt... The Immortal Brandy of the Rhine Valley.

Shouldn't the Pleasure be Yours?

Imported Asbach Brandy

80 Proof • ©1975 • Imported by Schenley World T&I Co., New York, N.Y.



CIRO'S FAMOUS GO-GO-GOLD!

Our lovely 14K gold charm-&-chain necklets tell someone a little about yourself before you say a word. *Send for our catalog.* **A.** Good-Luck Horn*, $30. **B.** Cupid's Arrow**, $25. **C.** Racquet & Real Pearl "Ball"**, $35. **D.** Loving Heart*, $90. **E.** "#1"*, $27.50. **F.** 5 pt. Diamond In Lucite Box*, $125. **G.** Super Star*, $25. **H.** Feet-Steps**, $45. **I.** Lots-Of-Heart**, $35. **J.** Stars-In-Your-Eyes*, $60.
*15" Chain **16" Chain

Major credit cards. Add $1.50 per order for shipping, plus applicable tax.

CIRO
New York: 711 Fifth Ave., 6 West 57th St.,
791 Madison Ave., Waldorf Astoria, Statler Hilton,
Manhasset, Boston, San Francisco, Beverly Hills,
Costa Mesa, Washington, D.C.

as the recurrent turn in Walther's Prize Song, to sound the beauties of the music as if they had all the time in the world at their disposal. It is true that at Eva's radiant protestation—"O Sachs! Mein Freund!"—there is no indication of any tempo change from the "*Sehr lebhaft*" of Sachs' previous outburst, until the "*Ein wenig breiter*" of the central section. But, leaving memories aside, I could summon the evidence (on disc) of generations of Wagner conductors to support a claim that the marvellous passage should not be held to a strict tempo. Rushed, as Mr. Rudel rushed it, it loses half its eloquence.

Johanna Meier is a promising Eva. She has the right temperament, and the right voice. When she sings the part a little more smoothly, and makes more of its famous moments, she could be pleasing indeed. John Alexander, the Walther of the first night, was no more than efficient; he was certainly not romantic, ardent, or in any way interesting. Elliot Palay, the Walther at the last performance, was raw, not exactly efficient, but rather likable. More convincingly than Mr. Alexander, who was somewhat routine about it, he delivered the Prize Song as something new-mint and wonderful. James Billings' sharp-cut, alert little Beckmesser was on—but just not over—the verge of caricature. Mr. Glaze's David looked charming, but a sweeter timbre than his is needed. Richard T. Gill, a gauche Pogner, simply left a hole in scenes he should fill. David Holloway sang Kothner's roulades with admirable distinctness.

It was all "very good, considering . . ." Considering the orchestra's work load, one could hardly expect, night after night, the full-hearted, full-bowed, full-breathed, massive, magnificent tone that the climaxes of the score require. Considering the State Theatre's poor acoustics, it was sonically more impressive than one might have expected. And by any standards the lighting was a cut above usual. The odious follow spots were banned.

Some of the cuts were unexceptionable. I cannot get very heated about a missing verse of the Cobbling Song or of Beckmesser's Serenade, in Act II. I regret abridgment of the conversation between Sachs and Walther before the Prize Song comes to birth, for its matter lies at the artistic heart of "Die Meistersinger." If the David has limpid tones and a lively utterance, then to hack out most of his Recital of the Modes, in Act I, is barbarous. The worst cut was of most of Sachs' outburst in Act III—the passage referred to above, which starts "Hat man mit dem Schuhwerk nicht seine Noth!" Sachs was allowed only ten measures before Eva broke in with her cry of "O Sachs! Mein Freund!" The portrayal of his character was thereby diminished, while her protest lost its motivation. In the last scene, both of Sachs' solos were abridged. Now, in the second of these, the passage about keeping German art pure from foreign influences is a notoriously "sensitive" one. It did not figure in Wagner's first sketch of the opera, and Cosima Wagner claimed that it was only at her insistence that it went into the final version. But I do not think it should be cut, as here it was. When Wolfgang Wagner produced a centennial "Meistersinger," at Bayreuth in 1968, he set out on the cover of the program, as a kind of manifesto, a sentence from his grandfather's "Art and Revolution":

> Whereas the Greek work of art expressed the spirit of a splendid nation, the work of art of the future is intended to express the spirit of free people irrespective of all national boundaries; the national element in it must be no more than an ornament, an added individual charm, and not a confining boundary.

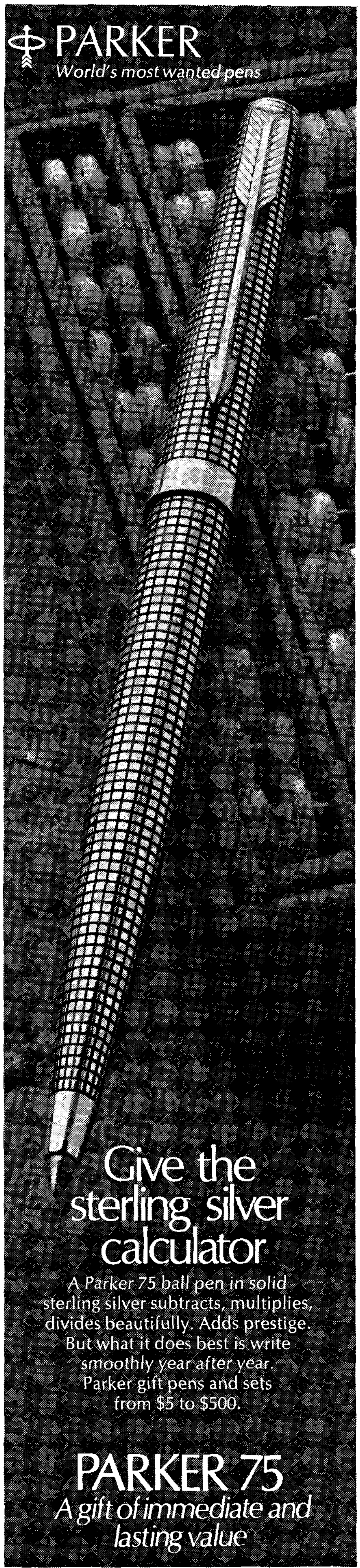
At the least, that ornament, that added individual charm, is worth preserving. More important, it sounds a theme—the local as symbol of the universal—that runs through "Die Meistersinger," and affects so much of our lives. The passage is not bombastic; in the score, "was deutsch und echt" is marked *piano*. At that Bayreuth performance, Theo Adam sang the phrase not assertively but with an almost elegiac sweetness, beauty, and intensity of tone; these things *would* be lost if they were not kept alive (and here his voice began to glow with gentle pride) by honoring the German masters. The effect was overwhelming. And no "Meistersinger" that does not overwhelm us, at the very *least*, five or six times during the evening can be counted more than a limited success.

—ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

At Home and Abroad

IT is a pity that ever since Nadia Boulanger became the empress of American music, the work of the old New England school of composers has been almost forgotten. It does not deserve this fate, for it offers many items of high quality and some that are memorable. Mme. Boulanger's school, which represents France in a nationalistic way, is closely related to Stravinsky. The New England school was

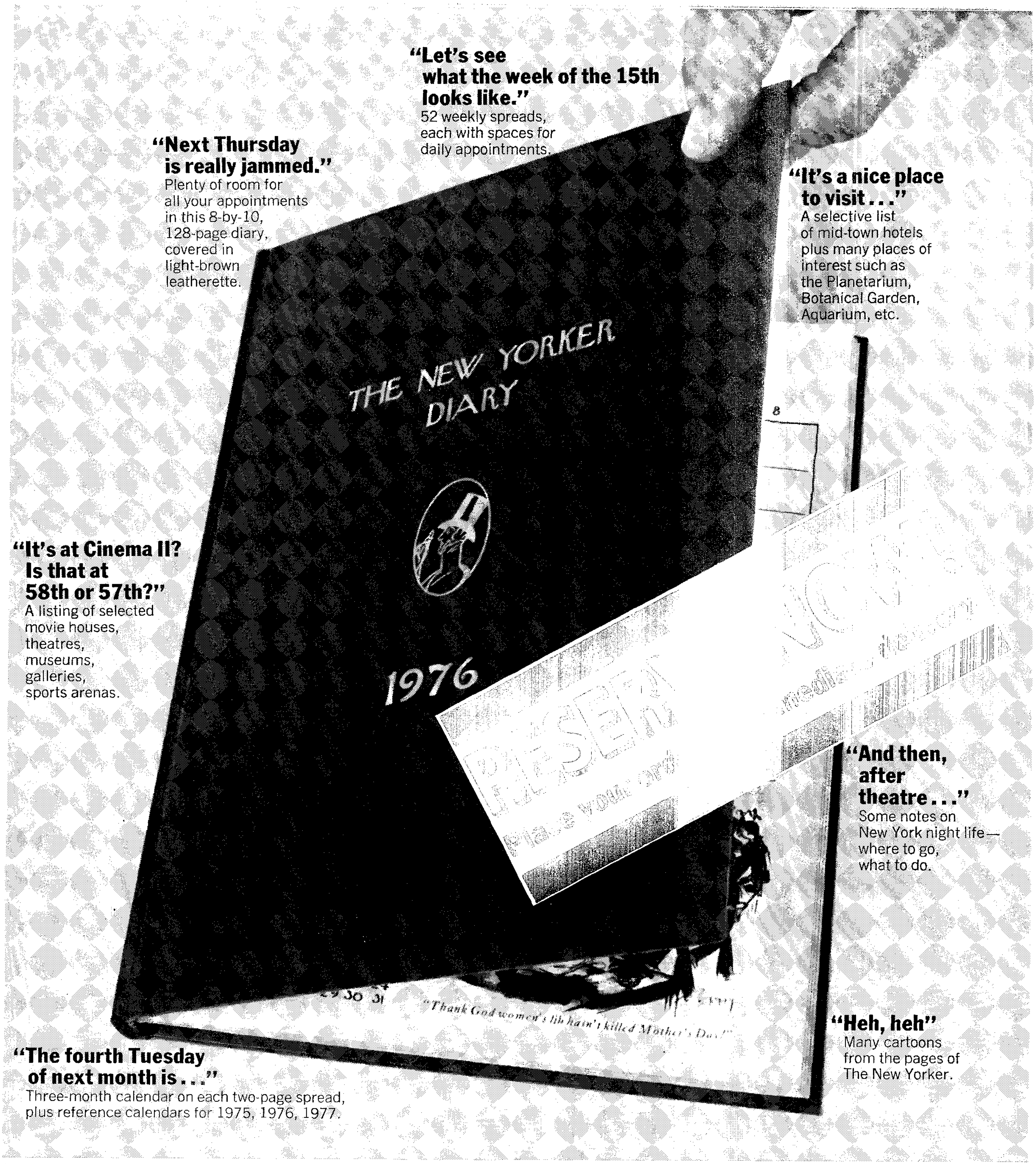

PARKER
World's most wanted pens

Give the sterling silver calculator

A Parker 75 ball pen in solid sterling silver subtracts, multiplies, divides beautifully. Adds prestige. But what it does best is write smoothly year after year. Parker gift pens and sets from $5 to $500.

PARKER 75
A gift of immediate and lasting value

©1975 The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U.S.A.



"Let's see what the week of the 15th looks like." 52 weekly spreads, each with spaces for daily appointments.

"Next Thursday is really jammed." Plenty of room for all your appointments in this 8-by-10, 128-page diary, covered in light-brown leatherette.

"It's a nice place to visit . . ." A selective list of mid-town hotels plus many places of interest such as the Planetarium, Botanical Garden, Aquarium, etc.

"It's at Cinema II? Is that at 58th or 57th?" A listing of selected movie houses, theatres, museums, galleries, sports arenas.

"And then, after theatre . . ." Some notes on New York night life— where to go, what to do.

"Heh, heh" Many cartoons from the pages of The New Yorker.

"The fourth Tuesday of next month is . . ." Three-month calendar on each two-page spread, plus reference calendars for 1975, 1976, 1977.

For Appointments
For Reference or just
For Laughs
The New Yorker 1976 Diary. $10.
Use the coupon to order by mail. Please add $1. per diary for shipping and handling.
New York residents please add sales tax. Or reserve your copy now at a fine store near you.

The New Yorker
Suite 1102
25 West 43rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10036

Yes, please send me_____copies of The New Yorker Diary. I've enclosed my check for $_____.

NAME ADDRESS CITY STATE ZIP

First Edition
Williamsburg®
State Seal Plates
exclusively
available from

Craft House
Williamsburg, Virginia

and the following
Williamsburg Shops:

B. Altman & Company
New York

H. Feinberg's
Wilmington, Delaware

Gardberg's Furniture Company
Mobile

The Golden Rooster
Atlanta

Wm. Hengerer Company
Buffalo

Higbee Company
Cleveland

Joseph Horne Company
Pittsburgh

Jacobson Stores, Inc.
Michigan

Marshall Field & Company
Chicago

O'Neill & Bishop
Ardmore, Pennsylvania

Rich's
Lenox Square, Atlanta

The Treasure House, Inc.
Burlington, North Carolina

John Wanamaker
Philadelphia

Woodward & Lothrop
Washington, D. C.

See advertisement on Pages 28 and 29.

based on the old Germanic tradition that produced Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner, and now Phonogram, which has inherited the Mercury Records catalogue, has performed a service by drawing upon it to reissue George Whitefield Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches," done by the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra under Howard Hanson, as Mercury Golden Import SRI 75050; single disc. This is apparently the first time any of Chadwick's music has been recorded. His workmanship was wonderfully skillful, and his "Sketches" go beyond mere technique to say something important. The reverse of the disc presents Walter Piston's "The Incredible Flutist"—an example of the Boulanger-Stravinsky influence. It is a sort of American "Petrouchka"—fashionable, often tonally ambiguous, and largely devoid of significant musical meaning.

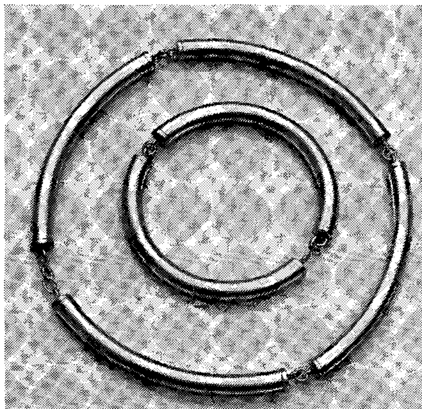
Verdi's early opera "I Masnadieri" has been released by Philips (6703 064; six sides) with a starry cast—Montserrat Caballé, Ruggero Raimondi, Carlo Bergonzi, Piero Cappuccilli, John Sandor, Maurizio Mazzieri, and William Elvin. The chorus is the Ambrosian Singers; the orchestra is the New Philharmonia of London, conducted by Lamberto Gardelli. "I Masnadieri" is almost never performed today. Its plot, derived from Schiller, is mainly innocent blood and thunder. But its music is hearty, in the early Verdi manner, and there are many fine, robust melodies. The performances of all concerned are of the highest quality.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony has been given a new recording by Philips (6747 119; four sides), for which Seiji Ozawa conducts the New Philharmonia, along with the Ambrosian Singers and Marita Napier, Anna Reynolds, Helge Brilioth, and Karl Ridderbusch. There are many rival recordings, but this one is particularly bright and musicianly. There is not a single departure from perfect pitch by the soloist in the difficult last movement, and the selection of tempos is exactly right.

A recording of Mahler's Sixth Symphony, the most intense product of his fevered imagination, by the late Jascha Horenstein, a veteran Mahler specialist, has been released as Nonesuch HB 73029; four sides. The orchestra he conducted is the Stockholm Philharmonic. The last side is filled out by an interesting interview with Horenstein, in which he discusses the composers and conductors with whom he had been friendly, from Nikisch and

DONALD
DAVIES of
dublin

Quality layering by DONALD DAVIES . . .
the great classic shirt in soft pure wool checks, plaids, solids, combined with sleeveless turtleneck in the same fine wool yarn as the shirt.
All in DONALD'S rich, irresistible colorings.
Telephone (212) YU8-0865 for where to shop.
995 Madison Avenue N.Y. 10021
NEW YORK • DENVER • MILWAUKEE
PARIS • LONDON • TOKYO



The Run-A-Round.
Sterling Silver tubes to run around your neck and wrist. Choker $50.00. Bracelet $26.00. All Charge Cards
OCINO
66 John Street, N. Y., N. Y. 10038
(212) 269-3636
Please include $1.50 for mail or phone orders. Add N. Y. sales tax where applicable. Free catalog available.

Slazenger
IS TENNIS
Since 1881
2522 State Road, Cornwells Heights, Pa. 19020

Furtwängler to Richard Strauss. The performance of the symphony is eloquent indeed.

Roy Harris's "Folksong Symphony" has been issued by Angel (S 36091; single). It is performed by the Utah Symphony under the baton of Maurice Abravanel. This is not so much a symphony as a set of American folk songs that have been given an engagingly sophisticated orchestration, to which have been added two interludes that are reminiscent of barn-dance music. All this is a bit self-consciously American playfulness, but it makes for very pleasing listening.

The Louisville Orchestra, a pioneer in the recording of works by contemporaries, has dipped back into the nineteenth century to perform Moritz Moszkowski's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, apparently another first recording (Louisville 743; single). The conductor is Jorge Mester, and the soloist is Charles Treger. The concerto is not a great one, but it is tuneful, and the writing for the violin is extremely well done. Mr. Treger's performance is outstanding. The disc also contains another nineteenth-century item—Ernest Guiraud's "La Chasse Fantastique," one more item that is seldom performed.

"The Orchestral Works of Zoltán Kodály" occupies a mere six sides as an album by the Philharmonia Hungarica under Antal Dorati (London CSA 2313). The popularity of Bartók has tended to overshadow two Hungarian composers who were his contemporaries—Kodály and Dohnányi. Dohnányi was a conservative composer for his time; Kodály, a middle-of-the-road composer, who is greatly influenced by the folk music of his native land, is known outside Hungary mainly for the "Háry János Suite" and "Psalmus Hungaricus." His orchestral works are few. Kodály, a less powerful composer than Bartók, is a sort of Hungarian Rimski-Korsakov. In addition, he is a skilled orchestrator, and an able hand at turning folk themes into symphonic form. The performances are excellent.

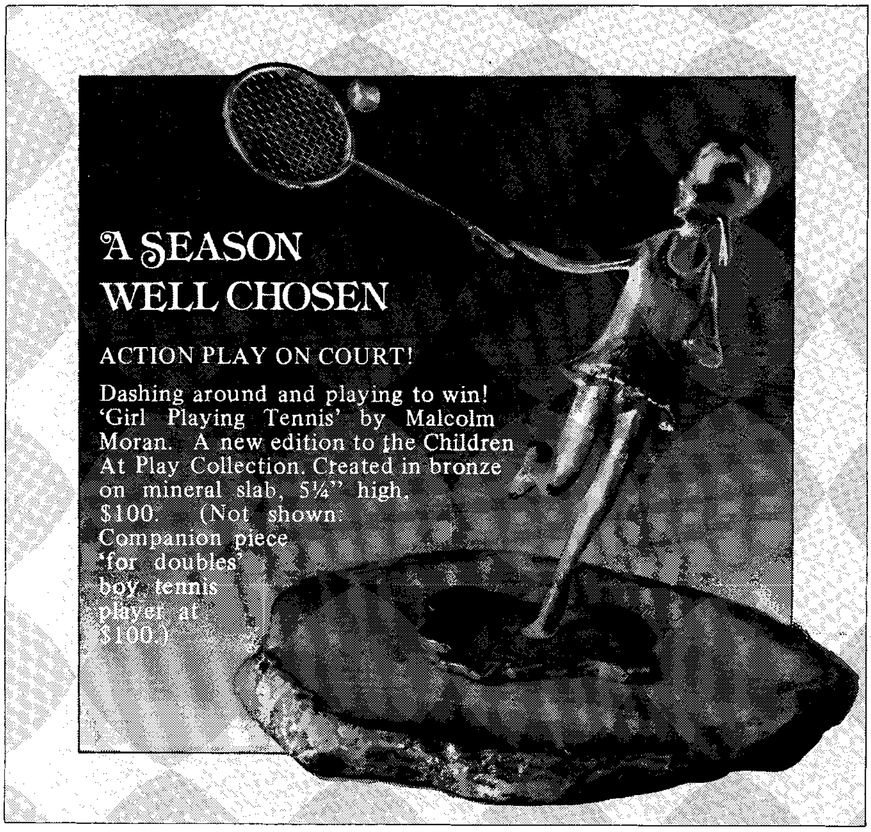
Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 1, which he wrote when he was twenty-two, is the least celebrated of the four (if you include "The Bells") Rachmaninoff symphonies. It has been given an extraordinarily perceptive reading by André Previn and the London Symphony (Angel S 37120; single). Though it is an early work, it is quite moving. One more early Rachmaninoff work, the symphonic poem "Prince Rostislav," has been issued by Melodiya/Angel (SR 40252; sin-

ingeniously iittala

Finland's clever Timo Sarpaneva
designed this practical glass.
The Ripple helps you hold it.
In the design collection
of the Museum of Modern Art.
When shopping, look for this mark:

i

For a color brochure send 25 ¢ to
iittala USA ltd.
Subsidiary of the Ahlstrom Group
225 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10010
Tel. (212) 689 7430


A SEASON
WELL CHOSEN

ACTION PLAY ON COURT!

Dashing around and playing to win! 'Girl Playing Tennis' by Malcolm Moran. A new edition to the Children At Play Collection. Created in bronze on mineral slab, 5¼" high, $100. (Not shown: Companion piece 'for doubles' boy tennis player at $100.)

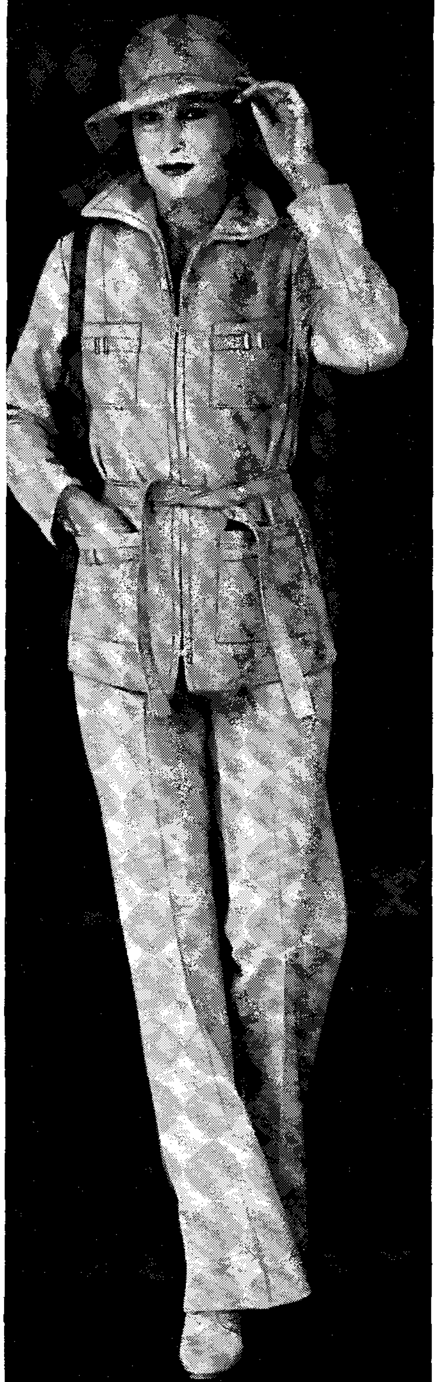
SHREVE & CO.

200 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, 421-2600
STANFORD—SAN MATEO—EASTRIDGE—WALNUT CREEK—SUNVALLEY

I love it!

My favorite sport combination happens to be suede with knit, and this one suits me beautifully. Couldn't be easier to wear, since the jacket zips high or low and ties as well. The bit of brass hardware is all the shine I care to have. Four pockets. Elastic waist knit pants. What more could I want?

Camel suede and acrylic knit, 6 to 16 sizes, $105. Sportsuit Collections, Third Floor. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.



Suede and knit suit me fine,

and it's from Saks Fifth Avenue

gle). Another symphonic poem, "The Rock," and "Vocalise," which could be termed a meditational piece for orchestra, fill out the reverse side of the record. These are played by the U.S.S.R. Symphony under Yevgeny Svetlanov. "Prince Rostislav" is a melancholy, sometimes rather melodramatic affair—and sombre, too, in the Rachmaninoff manner. Again, this is evidently a first recording. The other works are fairly well known.

A NUMBER of discs—all of them singles—merit brief attention. Beethoven's Piano Trio, Opus I, No. 2, and his Clarinet Trio, Opus II, have been given splendid readings by the pianist Wilhelm Kempff, the violinist Henryk Szeryng, the cellist Pierre Fournier, and the clarinettist Karl Leister (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 408). Mozart's Sonatas for Piano and Violin, K. 306 and 380, along with the piece known as "Variations on 'Hélas J'ai Perdu Mon Amant,' " K. 360, bring the admirable virtuosos Henryk Szeryng and Ingrid Haebler to some fastidious chamber-music playing (Philips 6500 144). Mozart's Serenade, K. 320, and his Marches, K. 335, Nos. 1 and 2, are performed with great spirit by the Dresden State Orchestra under Edo de Waart (Philips 6500 627). The French harp virtuoso Catherine Michel has produced a beautiful interpretation of Boïeldieu's rather conventional Concerto for Harp and Orchestra, as well as of Joaquin Rodrigo's interesting and very Spanish Concierto Sonata for Harp and Orchestra (Philips 6500 813). Claudio Arrau performs the complete Chopin Preludes on Philips 6500 622 in a manner that sustains his reputation of being one of the foremost pianists of the day. The pianist Ivan Moravec presents a distinguished rendition of Mozart's Concerto No. 25, K. 503, and Fantasia, K. 475, accompanied by the Czech Philharmonic, Joseph Vlach conducting (Vanguard SU 11). Jean Martinon and the French National Radio Orchestra continue their recording of all the orchestral music of Debussy with Volumes 3, 4, 5, and 6 (each a single): No. 3 contains "Images" and "Jeux;" No. 4 "La Mer" and the Nocturnes; No. 5 "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Khamma," and "Marche Écossaise;" No. 6 "La Boîte à Joujoux," "Printemps," and the music for "King Lear" (Angel S 37066, 37067, 37068, and 37124). The performances are extremely sensitive ones.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

A REPLICA OF HER FAVORITE TENNIS RACQUET

In 14 Karat Yellow Gold,
mother of pearl background,
and diamond.
16 inch 14 Karat Gold Chain.

Fine Jewelry
$95.

Jordan Marsh
FLORIDA

Mail and Phone Orders filled

1501 BISCAYNE BOULEVARD
MIAMI, FLORIDA 33132

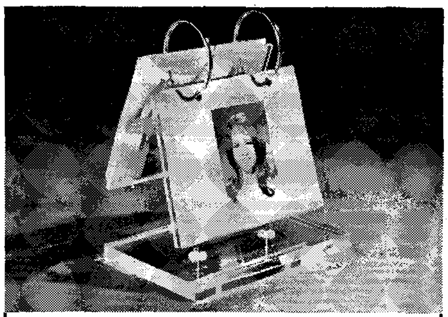


PHOTO SPHERE

We think crystal clear lucite makes an excellent setting for your precious photos. . . has the look of luxury. Just slip photos (up to 3½" x 5") into the protective transparent windows suspended on the sturdy lucite base . . . no gluing or mounting. . . and they're ready to admire at all times. 50 transparent sleeves for 100 photos. Re-fill packages of 25 sleeves. 1/8" lucite covers top—and bottom with 1/2" thick 6¼" x 6¼" lucite base.
No. 23-19 Photo Sphere **$20.00** +$1.99 P&H.
No. 23-20 Re-fills [25] **$2.00** Ill. Res. add 5% Tax. Gift Catalog .50¢. Charge cards accepted.

HOUSE OF MINNEL
Deerpath Rd., Dept: NY125
Batavia, Ill. 60510

SKI·INN
to ski for the season
to dine well
to sleep

CheSTER INN
CHESTER VT. 05143 · 802/875-2444

SCM SMITH-CORONA
SMITH-CORONA
SMITH-CORONA
SMITH-CORONA

This Christmas help a student with his homework.

Give him the Smith-Corona Cartridge Ribbon Typewriter.

Keeping up with all there is to learn today is a tough assignment for any student. The Smith-Corona® Cartridge Ribbon Typewriter can help. It's the world's most advanced electric portable.

For a fresh ribbon all you do is snap in a cartridge.

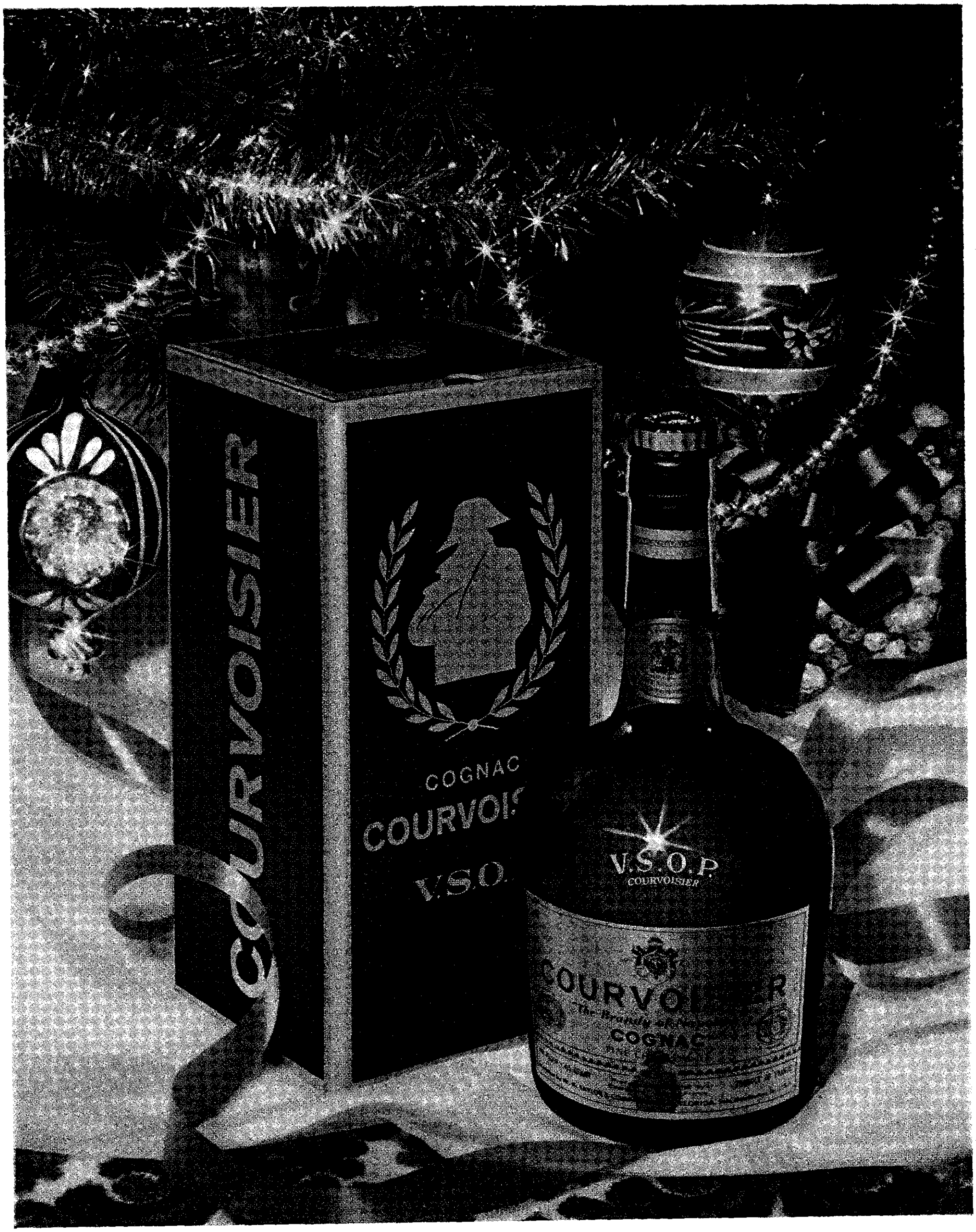
There's a correction cartridge that corrects errors faster than you can say "Ho, ho, ho."

There's a special film cartridge that makes typing look like printing. It's perfect for term papers and reports.

And for adding emphasis there are four color cartridges.

The Smith-Corona Cartridge Ribbon Typewriter. A smart gift for Christmas.

SCM® SMITH-CORONA
SCM CORPORATION


COURVOISIER
COGNAC
COURVOIS
V.S.O.
V.S.O.P.
COURVOISIER
COURVOISIER
COGNAC

A gift he can open more than once.

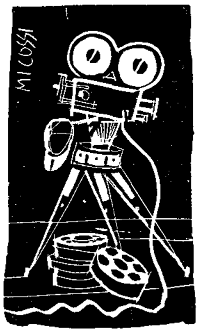
COURVOISIER
COGNAC

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA, 80 PROOF, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A. © 1975

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Bull Goose Loony

"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" is a powerful, smashingly effective movie—not a great movie but one that will probably stir audiences' emotions and join the ranks of such pop-mythology films as "The Wild One," "Rebel Without a Cause," and "Easy Rider." Ken Kesey's novel about a gargantuan rebel-outcast, McMurphy, locked up in a hospital for the insane, was a lyric jag, and the book became a nonconformists' bible. Written in 1960 and 1961, and published early in 1962, the novel preceded the university turmoil, Vietnam, drugs, the counterculture. Yet it contained the prophetic essence of that whole period of revolutionary politics going psychedelic, and much of what it said (and it really *said* it; the book intentionally laid out its meaning like a comic strip) has entered the consciousness of many—possibly most—Americans. For young dissidents, the book was the first—the original—hallucinatory trip. Chief Broom, the schizophrenic who narrates the story, has had two hundred rounds of electroshock; his white mother emasculated his Indian-chief father—made him "too little to fight"—and since from childhood people have treated him as if he were deaf and dumb, he's so depressed he acts the part. In his account of life in the ward of an Oregon hospital for the insane, Big Nurse—Nurse Ratched—runs the place for the Combine, the secret power center that controls society. The Combine sends society's nonconformists to the hospital, and Big Nurse forces them into submission—if necessary, by turning them into vegetables. Chief Broom's view is a psychotic metaphor for a society awaiting revelation, and the revelation comes in the person of the red-headed gambler-logger McMurphy. He is presented in the rhapsodic mode that Steinbeck, in "The Grapes of Wrath," reserved for the poor. McMurphy, who hasn't "let the Combine mill him into fitting where they wanted him to fit," McMurphy, with his "free and loud" laugh, his "broad white devilish grin," and "the man-smell of dust and dirt from the open fields, and sweat, and work," is a jock Christ. By standing up to Big Nurse, he proves that the soul-crushing machine can be beaten; he enables the men in his ward to liberate themselves from their fears, and to understand that they're sane. They are freed, but he is trapped.



Miloš Forman, who directed the movie version, with Jack Nicholson as McMurphy, has understood how crude the poetic-paranoid system of the book would look on the screen now that the sixties' paranoia has lost its nightmarish buoyancy, and he and the scenarists Lawrence Hauben and Bo Goldman have done a very intelligent job of loosening Kesey's schematism. It had to be done. As a postgraduate student in the writing program at Stanford, Kesey was in on some early LSD experiments at a veterans' hospital, and Chief Broom's subjective vision is full of dislocations and transformations, but Kesey is systematic in fusing Christian mythology with the American myth of the white man and the noble red man fighting against the encroachment of civilization, represented by women. Though in modern society women are as much subject to the processes of mechanized conformity as men (some say *more*), the inmates of this symbolic hospital are all male, and McMurphy calls them "victims of a matriarchy." There's a long literary tradition behind this man's-man view of women as the castrater-lobotomizers; Kesey updated it, on the theory that comic-strip heroes are the true American mythic heroes, and in terms of public response to the book and to the stage productions of it he proved his point. The novel is comic-book Freud: the man who achieves his manhood (keeping women under him, happy whores in bed) is the free man—he's the buckaroo with the power of laughter. Leslie Fiedler described Kesey's novel as "the dream once dreamed in the woods, and now re-dreamed on pot and acid." Kesey's concept of male and female is not so very remote from that in Mailer's writing, though Kesey celebrates keeping the relationships at a mythic comic-strip level, while Mailer, in his foolhardy greatness, delves into his own comic-strip macho.

The movie (set in 1963) retains most of Kesey's ideas but doesn't diagram them; we're not cued at every step, and the end isn't so predictable. (On the shock table, McMurphy doesn't ask, "Do I get a crown of thorns?"—as he did in the book.) Miloš Forman appears to have recognized the strong realistic material within Kesey's conception. We all fear being locked up among the insane, helpless to prove our sanity, perhaps being driven mad; this fear is almost as basic as that of being buried alive. And we can't formulate a clear-cut difference between sane and insane. So Forman replaces the novel's trippy subjectivity with a more realistic view of the patients which leaves their mental condition ambiguous. They seem not much more insane than the nurses, the doctors, the attendants. They're cowards, terrified of Big Nurse (Louise Fletcher), but then the staff is intimidated by her, too.

What has disappeared from the film version is the Combine (to be known a little while after the book came out as the Establishment). Forman could have exploited the Watergate hangover and retained the paranoid simplicities that helped make hits of "Easy Rider" and "Joe," but instead he (with, it appears, the support of his producers, Saul Zaentz, of Fantasy Records, and Michael Douglas) has taken a less romantic, more suggestive approach. McMurphy's sanity isn't so clear-cut, and he doesn't give his buddies the courage to go back out into the world; the ward isn't emptied, as it is in the book. (Now only the Indian walks out.) Cut off from the concept of the Combine, the ward symbolizes the pressures and ambiguities of society as we know it, and the movie comes at a time when we're all prepared to accept a loony bin as the right metaphor for the human condition. But this leaves a problem that isn't completely solved: Big Nurse. Instead of the giant-breasted terror of the novel, Louise Fletcher's Nurse Ratched resembles Shirley Temple Black. She's the smiling, well-organized institutional type—the dean of women who was disappointed in you, the phone-company supervisor who tells you why she has to interrupt your service for nonpayment. Nurse Ratched's soft, controlled voice and girlishly antiseptic manner always put you in the wrong; you can't cut through the crap in her—it goes too deep. And she's too smart for you; she's got all the protocol in the world on her side. In "Thieves Like Us," Louise Fletcher played Mattie, the strong, no-nonsense betrayer. Here, thinner and almost baby-faced, she's a middle-aged woman wearing her hair in a forties wartime style and still seeing herself as an ingénue. Louise Fletcher gives a masterly performance. Changes in her flesh tone tell us what Nurse Ratched feels. We

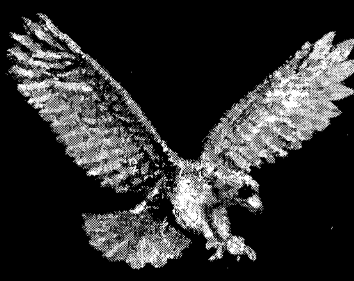
THE
BERMUDA
SHOP LTD

SMASHING
SPLASHERS . . .
Our perennial favorites by Gabar make great wave lenghts at sea or shore. Ice cube print in Blue/White or Green/White polyester. Lightweight, flattering and comfortable. 2-piece suit with boy leg in sizes 8 to 16, $32. 1-piece skirted suit, 10 to 20, $36. Matching Jacket, $35.

No C.O.D.'s. $1.50 shipping. Add tax where applicable. American Express and Master Charge cards honored. Write for brochure.
545 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10022

can see the virginal expectancy—the purity—that has turned into puffy-eyed self-righteousness. She thinks she's doing good for people, and she's hurt—she feels abused—if her authority is questioned; her mouth gives way and the lower part of her face sags. She's not the big white mother that she is in the book; that part of the symbolism has been stripped away. She's the company woman incarnate; the only way to reach her is to go for her throat—though neither the novel nor the film perceives that women, too, would want to strangle her. Forman isn't a manhood-and-size obsessive like Kesey, but the film's plot structure derives from Kesey's male-female symbolism, and when that is somewhat demythified, the plot goes a little out of kilter, into melodrama. Those who know the book will probably feel that Nurse Ratched is now more human, but those who haven't read it may be appalled at her inhumanity. The melodramatics are flagrant in the episode involving Billy Bibbit (Brad Dourif), the stuttering, mother-fixated virgin of the ward. McMurphy fixes him up with his own hooker girl friend Candy (Marya Small), and the next morning Billy is cured of his stutter—until Nurse Ratched tells him that she is going to inform his mother of what he's done. Then the stutter comes back. Brad Dourif gives the role a fey spark, but without Kesey's giddy pop view this crybaby-juvenile bit is a bummer—psychiatric dramaturgy circa Lon McCallister and, before him, Eric Linden.

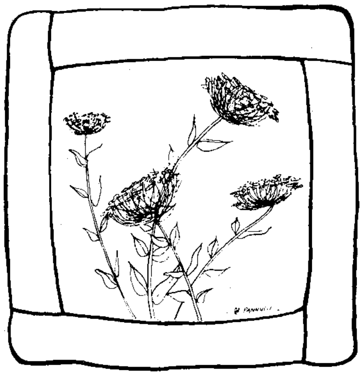
McMurphy has been successfully modified, however. As Jack Nicholson plays him, he's no longer the Laingian Paul Bunyan of the ward, but he's still the charismatic misfit-guerrilla. Nicholson is an actor who knows how to play to an audience; he knows how to get us to share in a character. In "The Last Detail," his sweet-sadistic alternating current kept us watching him, and we followed his lowlifer's spoor through "Chinatown." Nicholson is no flower-child nice guy; he's got that half smile—the calculated insult that alerts audiences to how close to the surface his hostility is. He's the people's freak of the new stars. His specialty is divided characters—vulgarians, such as J. J. Gittes, with his *Racing Form*, his dumb jokes, and his flashy clothes, who are vulnerable. Nicholson shows the romanticism inside street shrewdness. As the frizzy-haired, half-bald clown, he provided the few funny moments in "The Fortune;" when this lecher for larceny gave himself over to the hys-



Eagle Brooch
18K Gold and Diamond
Shown in actual size. $350

FIRESTONE
AND PARSON
Ritz Carlton Hotel
Boston, Mass. 02117
(617)-266-1858

Queen Anne's Lace
A signed original design
silkscreened by hand.



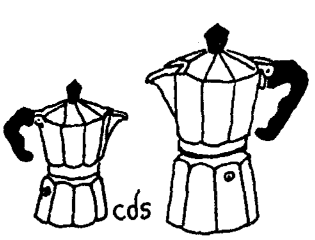
Mustard wildflower on natural. Choice of natural or brown duck border & backing. A 12 inch square pillow, 100% cotton, washable. $17.00, plus $1.50 shipping.
Pannucci, Weston, Vt. 05161

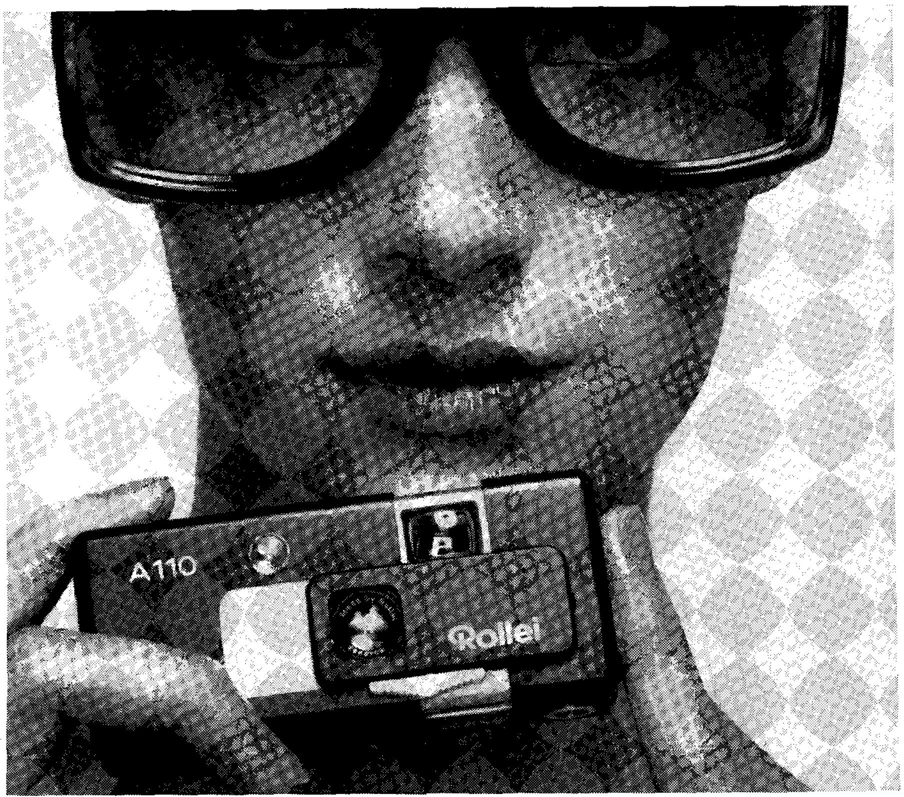
Signature Galleries
Works By Walter Griffin (1861-1935)
American Impressionist
21 November-31 December
Catalog $3.

320 South Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois 60604 312/341-0636
Richard H. Love, Director

terical joy of confession to the cops, Nicholson demonstrated that he could get his own high going and lift himself single-handed into slapstick, like a demented Laurel & Hardy in one. But that isn't really what people go to see Jack Nicholson for. He stretched himself right out of the public's range of interest in "The Fortune;" and in "The Passenger" Antonioni, who seemed to have no idea what kind of actor Nicholson was, wiped him out.

Since Nicholson doesn't score when he plays unmagnetic characters—and he must know it by now—the danger in "Cuckoo's Nest" is that he'll take over: that he'll use his boyish shark's grin, the familiar preening, brutal one-upmanship. He's won the audience with his cocky freaks, and this is the big one—the bull goose loony. Nicholson can be too knowing about the audience, and the part he plays here is pure temptation. Before Kesey went to Stanford to study writing, he'd gone to Los Angeles in the hope of becoming an actor, and role-playing is built into McMurphy's character: he's swept up by the men's desire for him to be their savior. Except for the red-haired-giant externals, the authority-hating hero of the book is so much of a Nicholson role that the actor may not seem to be getting a chance to do much new in it. But Nicholson doesn't use the glinting, funny-malign eyes this time; he has a different look—McMurphy's eyes are farther away, muggy, veiled even from himself. You're not sure what's going on behind them. The role-playing is still there, in the grandstanding that McMurphy does when he returns to the ward after shock treatment; it has to be there, or there's no way of accounting for why he's sacrificed. But Nicholson tones it down. As McMurphy, he doesn't keep a piece of himself out of the character, guarding it and making the audience aware that he's got his control center and can turn on the juice. He actually looks relaxed at times, punchy, almost helpless—you can forget it's Nicholson. McMurphy is a tired, baffled man, and with his character more unresolved he gains depth. Forman hasn't let the

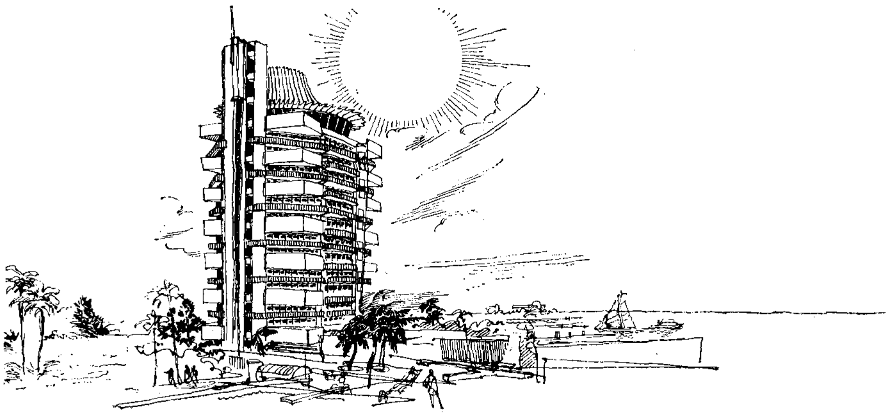




The Rollei A110—the world's smallest 110-film format pocket camera with a 23mm Tessar f/2.8 lens.* Weighs only 6½-oz! Only 3.3 x 1.7 x 1.2 inches small. Electronic programmed shutter speeds—1/400 to 4 seconds. See your Rollei Dealer today. The NEW Rollei A110. It's the Smallest! For information write: Rollei of America, Inc. Dept. W-C 100 Lehigh Drive, Fairfield, N.J. 07006

*This lens manufactured by the Rollei Group under license from Carl Zeiss, Oberkochen, West Germany.

The New Rollei



Let the fun shine in

At Fort Lauderdale's Pier 66, where else? Your own balconied room overlooking a tropical paradise. Two swimming pools, a par-3, 9-hole golf course, tennis courts, blue water lagoons and beautiful yacht-filled marina for boating and fishing. High above, the revolving Pier Top Lounge. Below, dining and dancing in the waterfront Panorama Room. Catch the fun and all the sun. Ask your travel agent or write us for more details.

PIER 66
17th Street Causeway
Dept. NY-1
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33316

McMurphy character run away with the picture, and it's Nicholson's best performance.

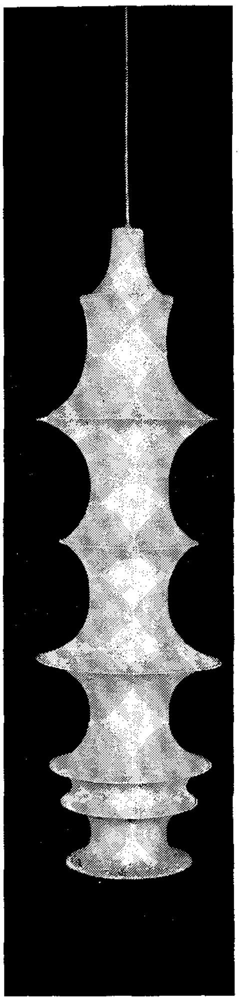
The movie is much less theatrical than the romantic, strong-arming book, yet it keeps you attentive, stimulated, up. Those who got a terrific charge from the book and the play may be disappointed by the more realistic approach, but even when there are clashes between Kesey's archetypes and Forman's efforts at realism there's still an emotional charge built into the material. It's not as programmed a mythic trip, yet Will Sampson, the towering full-blooded Creek who plays Chief Broom, brings so much charm, irony, and physical dignity to the role of the resurrected catatonic that this movie achieves Kesey's mythic goal. The film has its climactic Indian-white love-death, and at the end Kesey's reversal of the American legend (now the white man is sacrificed for the Indian) is satisfying on the deepest pop-myth level. When a movie has this much working for it, it doesn't have to be all of a piece to give an audience pleasure.

However, it has an element (which has nothing to do with Ken Kesey) that may go slightly against the grain of some people's enjoyment. In 1966, I wrote a review of Miloš Forman's Czech-made "Loves of a Blonde" and then backed away, filed the sheets in a drawer, and wrote about something else; it is the only occasion on which I've done such a thing. "Loves of a Blonde" seemed to me too painful for the intentionally comic scenes to function as comedy, and when the camera got in close to unattractive people I wasn't sure what for; we in the audience knew our advantages—not just economic but mental—over the desolate, hopelessly hopeful heroine, which hardly made her plight funny. There wasn't any of the stylization that makes it possible to laugh at pitiable people in Chaplin's comedies. Forman himself must have kind feelings for his characters—perhaps even love—and he must be trying to encompass a wider spectrum of ordinary people than most film directors do. His parents were sent to concentration camps (where they died) when he was a small child, and he could be said to be tough-minded and to have a dispassionate, unblinking eye. Neo-realism asked us to identify with ordinary people; he puts us in a neutral position, asking us to accept ordinary people as humorous without the melting gaze of identification. Yet in "Loves of a Blonde" what he must have thought he was

MIKIMOTO announce the opening of their first Retail Shop on 5th Avenue.
-quality selection of cultured pearls and other precious stones-

The Originator of Cultured Pearls
K. MIKIMOTO & CO. LTD.
1ST FLOOR, SWISS CENTER BLDG.,
5TH AVENUE, AT 46TH ST.,
NEW YORK PHONE(212)586-7153

Toga® Lamp.
The best hang-up a home ever had.



Hang it as a swag or ceiling fixture. Hang it everywhere for light and beauty. Of fine white washable fabric, uniquely designed to complement any furniture style. With everything needed for easy plug-in installation. Diameter 16″, in a choice of heights:
53″ **$70.** (shown)
40″ **$60.**
34″ **$50.**

Add $2 for handling. New Jersey residents add 5% sales tax.

imported domestic lamps and art objects

interlux limited
1211 Anderson Ave.,
Fort Lee, N. J. 07024
Tel. 201-224-7624

HANDMADE PATCHWORK QUILT

Early American prints in polyester/cotton with polyester fiber fill. 4" squares with calico border in basic colors of Red, Brown, Green or Blue. Machine Washable.

Twin $80.00, Double $95.00 Queen $110.00, King $125.00, Crib $50.00. $1.50 postage.
Send for free catalogue.

The Pumpkin Patch
R.D. #1, Dept. 37
Pumpkin Hollow Rd.
Gt. Barrington, Mass. 01230

The Magic Pan®
crêperie
Lunch, dinner, late supper
Wines·Cocktails
San Francisco • Los Angeles • New York
Philadelphia • San Jose • Denver • Aspen
Atlanta • Dallas • Boston • Birmingham
St. Louis • Indianapolis • Minneapolis
Washington, D.C. • Hartford
Chicago • Milwaukee
BankAmericard — Master Charge
American Express

oing was a considerable distance from vhat I experienced. (Diane Arbus's hotographs affect me similarly.) He ight feel at one with his losers; maybe hat explained his refusing to spare hem from exposure. But what of the udience? The audience laughter at vhat I found painfully embarrassing—vas that the right response, was that vhat he wanted? Did it really mean umane acceptance?

Forman's effort in "One Flew ver the Cuckoo's Nest" is to make he situation "real;" he aims for idualized faces and gestures. Yet by merican standards (at least by mine) here's a stolid, impassive element in his umor; I experience a streak of low, uffoonish peasant callousness running hrough his work. He locks people into heir physical properties; he likes faces hat don't take the light—thick features nd muddled stares that bespeak a limted, closed-off emotional life. Forman nay be drawn to the European myth hat the real people are those close to the land. His characters often seem to be sleep-heavy, not yet emerged from clay. In this film, Cheswick (Sydney Lassick), the infantile, bleating middle-aged inmate, is the most glaring example, and perhaps Forman allows the character of the innocent Billy Bibbit to be overstated because he believes in that kind of innocence also. Maybe the reason the inmates remain unaffected when they see Billy lying in his blood—nobody flips out—is that in Forman's view it is the innocent and the messianically possessed (McMurphy) who *pay*. He wants us to react to Billy's body, but he assumes a peasant opacity in the other inmates—assumes that they'll go back to playing cards.

It's this opacity in Forman's own approach, particularly to humor, that keeps me from yielding to his work. In his first American film, "Taking Off," he dropped his ambiguous neutrality in the slapstick centerpiece—the meeting of the Society for the Parents of Fugitive Children, where the parents try to get closer to their runaways by receiving instruction from a hairy pothead on how to smoke a joint. He drops it again here when McMurphy takes the inmates on a fishing trip and we are shown the men's stupefying comic clumsiness about baiting hooks. These inmates are Northwesterners, living in fishing country, and even if they've never fished before they're not ignorant men. But Forman gets laughs by pretending that mental disturbance is the same as ineptitude. The fishing trip, like that pot party, is Forman's own comic-strip side. (I think I prefer

I love it!

A bag where I can keep things right at hand and hide away valuables at the same time. Now I can get at my glasses without losing my keys. Shoulder bag with two snap-top closing compartments flanking open center tote area. Tab detailing on front, grained leather in white, camel, navy, black, $30. Handbag Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery area.

It's such a good-looking, roomy bag and it's from Saks Fifth Avenue

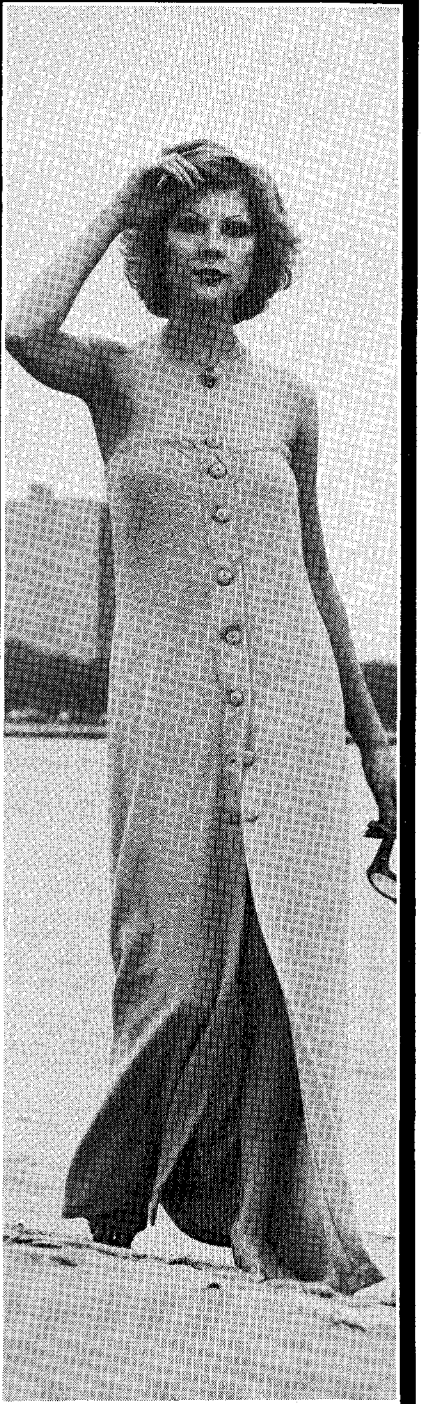
The Regency Hotel

The most civilized hotel in New York. Maybe the world.

The Regency Hotel

Park Avenue at 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. (212) 759-4100

STEVENS
CHAS. A. STEVENS, 25 N. STATE, CHICAGO 60602



THE GLAMOUR TOWEL . . .
by Action Scene. A glorious way to step on to a beach, or out of a shower. Wipe out the competition in our languorous length of soft terry. White, orange or green, S-M-L, 20.00. Farmington, Third Floor.
Please add 1.25 for handling.

Kesey's, even with his view of women.) The borderline insensitivity is only a minor aspect of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," but it relates to questions about Forman as an artist.

When a director like Sam Peckinpah puts a group like his Wild Bunch on the screen, the men are so alive that the last thing that would ever come into your head is that some of them are plug-uglies. When Forman introduces his characters, that's the first thing you see, and in "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" it takes a while for you to get beyond that introductory shocked response (often a laugh) and begin to know the people and, in some cases, to enjoy them. I'm not sure that we ever get as far with them as we do right smack from the start with Peckinpah. It's doubtful if anyone else could have made as good a movie out of Kesey's book, but I miss the sureness, the energy, and the visual style that, say, a Scorsese might have brought to it. Forman gets his effects here through closeups and cutting, and through such staging as the boat scene, when the men desert their posts to peek at what McMurphy is doing below with his girl. An American director would have carried through on this scene, would have made it pay off. Forman is an intelligent, tentative director—which is another way of saying that his virtues are largely negative. "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" is one hell of a good film, but it works emotionally only because of its story and acting; it lacks the excitement of movie art.

—Pauline Kael

•

A pilgrimage to Israel with a group of Bahais was the exciting experience of Mrs. William Nixon of Wheaton. The Bahai Pilgrims spent nine days in Haifa, which is the world headquarters of the Bahai religion and the remainder of the two-weeks trip visiting Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Armageddon and other historical sites.—*Wheaton (Ill.) Sunday Journal.*

We've never liked Armageddon—the food is terrible.

•

Today is your day.
Congratulations!

Share in the celebration. The flowers you send to friends or family on a special anniversary is the gift that best says "I care about you." Light their anniversary celebration with a long-lasting hurricane arrangement.—*Message from a florist.*

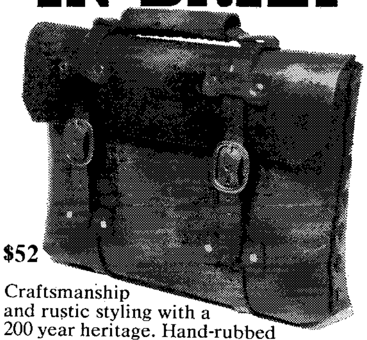
Oh, every marriage has its moments, but things rarely get that bad.

Cotton Bay. The In resort of the Out Islands.

Beautiful Cotton Bay. The resort that was once private is now yours. Your little hideaway to enjoy great golf on a superb Robert Trent Jones seaside course. Great tennis. Great beach. Great sun. Great food. Great people. Great everything.
And what else is so great is, it's so near and easy to get to by Pan Am Jet.
Come. Call your travel agent or the Leonard Hicks Organization. (212) 765-5800.

COTTON BAY
A BEACH, GOLF AND TENNIS RESORT
ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS

"IN-BRIEF"



$52
Craftsmanship and rustic styling with a 200 year heritage. Hand-rubbed chestnut brown leather. Brass hardware. Legal size. Ms. version has shoulder strap added. Branded initials add $5. Send for brochure. *Also available with original cattle brand—$86.* Please add $2 for postage.
Chisolm Classics
P.O. Box 729, Dept.37
Boulder, Colorado 80302

This is my "Angel '75". Only 200 exist. Each is individually sculpted, numbered, signed and permanently registered in buyer's name. Terra-cotta clay, 9" tall. $35 postpaid. Free photo-folder of other "children," including Angels '73 & '74.
Studio Ann Entis, P.O. Box 367, Marysville, Ohio 43040

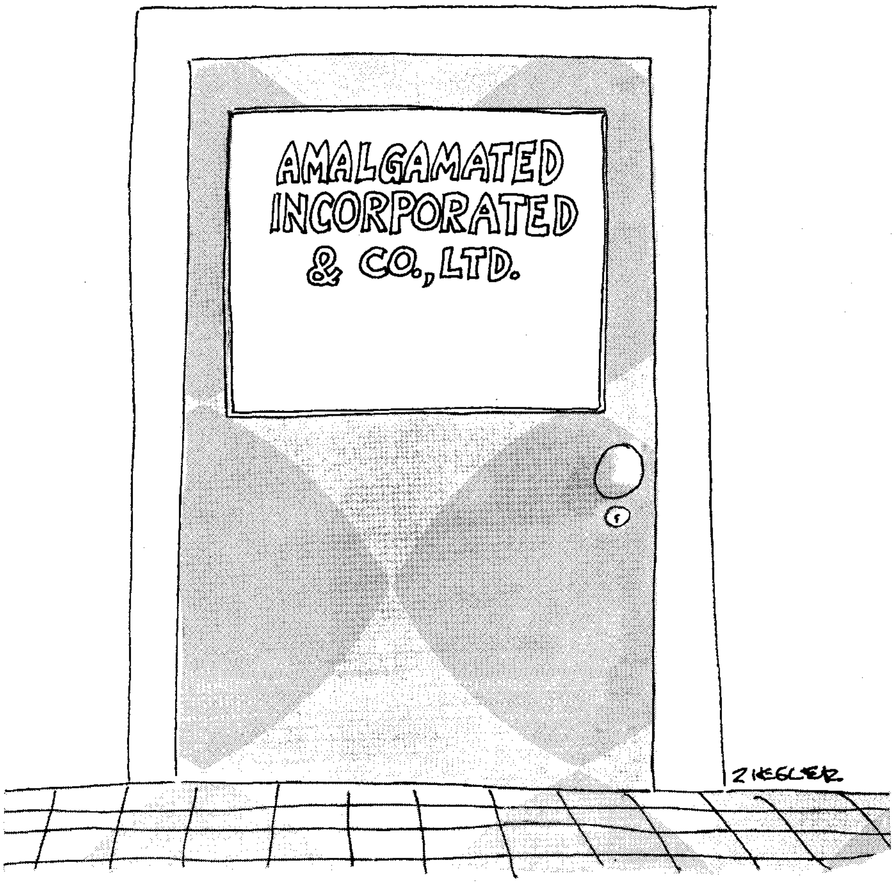
A REPORTER AT LARGE

ALL-VOLUNTEER—II

Professor Charles Moskos, Jr., who is chairman of the Department of Sociology at Northwestern University, has made the military enlisted man his specialty. When Moskos was in New York a while ago for a sociologists' conference, I had a long talk with him as part of an investigation I was making into the condition of our armed forces in the wake of the Nixon Administration's momentous policy decision, in the spring of 1973, to dispense with conscription and rely entirely on volunteer manpower. Conversations I had previously had in the Pentagon and elsewhere had indicated that quantitatively the experiment was a success. Its qualitative and social aspects, I had learned in talking with various people—including Professor Morris Janowitz, of the University of Chicago, who is the author of "The Professional Soldier," published in 1960, and preëminent among sociologists of the military—were still being widely debated. Moskos' best-known book, "The American Enlisted Man: The Rank and File in Today's Military," published in 1970, complements "The Professional Soldier." Janowitz was concerned primarily with the patterns of officers' lives and careers; Moskos concentrated on enlisted men and how they fared. I learned that Janowitz had encouraged Moskos in the project, and the two had become good friends.

Moskos had done some research before he started work on his book, having served as an enlisted man from 1956 to 1958 in an Army combat-engineers unit in Germany. He had then been fresh out of Princeton, where he had studied sociology, and he was happier in the Army than he had been at college. Moskos' father was a shoe repairman in Chicago; his parents were Greeks who had emigrated from northern Epirus in what today is Albania. Moskos, as he once expressed it, "had never felt comfortable with the snobbish side of Princeton." He discovered that he could make friends in the engineers outfit with great ease, and he liked the friends he made, none of whom held his Princeton degree against him. As a sociologist of the military, he has made field trips to live, for a few days at a time, with units in many places, including the United States, Vietnam, the Dominican Republic, Germany, Korea, Japan, and Cyprus. In Cyprus, he has been studying the United Nations peacekeeping forces, on and off, since 1969. (His book about the U.N. troops, "Peace Soldiers," will be published this year.) Moskos has a talent for talking with enlisted men and finding out what is on their minds. He is a compact man of medium height, black-haired and vigorous, who speaks in an easy, casual manner, which surprised me slightly, because I had read a good deal of his work, and, like most sociology—at least when sociologists are addressing others of their kind—it seems formal and stiff. I knew that he had some doubts about the all-volunteer force, and I asked him what they were.

"One of my big worries is the race thing," Moskos said. "We have a marked polarization between whites and blacks within the context of the services' formal racial integration. It's bad. It predates the zero draft, so I am not saying that the all-volunteer system is the cause, but I am afraid it may make it worse." He said that by the mid-nineteen-fifties, half a dozen years after President Truman issued a historic executive order abolishing segregation in the armed forces, integration was very nearly an accomplished fact—and in that respect the military was far ahead of civilian society. Moskos felt that by the end of the nineteen-sixties an all too brief era of harmonious relations had ended, although integration, of course, remained the formal policy. "Some of the trouble has been well publicized," he said. "The race riots aboard Navy ships, the 'fraggings' in Vietnam, violence between black soldiers and the local people in Korea and West Germany. What may be more significant eventually, though it is not nearly so dramatic, is the sharp rise in race consciousness among the black rank and file. You see it in many things—forms of greeting, like hand-slapping, and the popularity of slave bracelets, and the formation of 'brotherhood' social clubs. Self-imposed, informal black segregation, especially during off-duty hours, is de rigueur as far as the low-ranking black enlisted men are concerned. This is in the context of *no* formal color barrier whatever within the military community—absolutely equal treatment, regardless of race, at swimming pools, barbershops, snack bars, even in housing for dependents off the post. During duty hours, whites and blacks, typically, are working together with little, if any, display of racial animosity. Many white soldiers



THANK YOU CYNAR!
(Pronounced chee-nahr)

My lunch did taste better!

Recent research from Yale University confirms Italian studies that artichokes make whatever follows taste sweeter and better.

This is why Cynar, the zesty Italian aperitif made from artichokes, makes your food that much tastier.

Prove it to yourself! Before your meal try Cynar on the rocks with a slice of orange and dash of soda and then taste the exciting difference!

For attractive Cynar purse and Cynar recipe folder send 25 cents to cover mailing costs to: CYNAR Box 515N Riverdale Sta. NYC 10471

CYNAR
CYNAR
CYNAR

Liqueur
34 Proof, Imported by Cynar Aperitif New York

CYNAR
THE TASTE MAKER

are working under black superiors. Nevertheless, the off-duty separation is ominous. What haunts commanders is the possibility that black servicemen might feel they owe higher loyalty to each other than to the United States military."

In one way, Moskos said, he thought that the all-volunteer system might work for the better. "There may be less internal turbulence, because no one in the units will be serving under duress," he explained. "That should reduce tensions in general." What worried him was the fact that there had been a steady increase in the proportion of blacks in the Army's combat arms—the infantry, artillery, and armored units—especially in the infantry. "In an ironic sense, it is a step forward," he said. "Within the military, combat personnel are still accorded higher prestige than non-combat soldiers—they are admired but not envied." He was also concerned that, as a corollary to black overrepresentation in the combat units, blacks were underrepresented among technical specialists.

Moskos said he thought that the race problem was much worse in Europe than in the United States, and worst of all in Germany—among our 190,000 NATO ground-force troops there. "I don't want to pretend to know more than I know, or to belittle the hopes and plans of the Seventh Army, our main unit in Germany, to improve things," he said. "But there is no doubt in my mind that a great number of the low-ranking enlisted men there, white and black, are sullen and disaffected from the military system. You know, the sharp cleavage these days is between the short-term, low-ranking enlisted men and the noncoms—especially the senior noncoms—who are making the Army a career. In the Second World War, the enlisted men resented officers. That's completely out of date. These days, the privates call the career noncoms 'lifers,' and the 'lifers,' especially staff sergeants and master sergeants, are their villains. There is a real generation gap, and it coincides largely with whether you drink alcohol or smoke marijuana—whether you are a 'juicer' or a 'head.' Two-thirds of the noncoms are juicers, I'd estimate, and only a minuscule proportion of them also smoke marijuana. More than half, certainly, of the lower-ranking enlisted men use marijuana, and while a lot of them also drink—there is considerable overlap—the individual soldier easily identifies himself, and all the other soldiers he knows, as belonging to one group or

PORTLAND, Oregon
The Benson as low as $17*
800-228-3000 toll free

Downtown, near shops, theaters, offices. Airport limo.

*Price based on single occupancy, per night. Subject to state and local taxes.

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Partners in travel with United Airlines

BISON-TENNIAL

The noble American Bison commemorative on our original Buffalo ties and matching tie-fabric sport belts.
16 handsome tie colors. $8.50
*Bows — clip or tie. $6.50
†Adjustable Belts. $12.50
Choose a matching tie and belt set. The Spirit for '76.

COLORS

Bkgd.	Buffalo
Navy†	*Silver
	†*Red
	† Gold
Maroon†	*Silver
	*Navy
	Pink
Brown†	*Tan
Green†	*Tan
	† Silver
	Lime
Red†	Blue
Blue	Red
	Gold
Gray	Silver
Gold	*Blue*
Black†	*Red

Complete Catalog
BUFFALO COLLECTION
Free on Request

Send your gift list and we'll do the rest
Mail Orders add $1
Mastercharge, BankAmericard, Am. Ex.
Copyright © 1975 The Squire Shop, Inc.

the Squire shop
THE SQUIRE SHOP
4548 MAIN ST., BUFFALO, N.Y. 14226

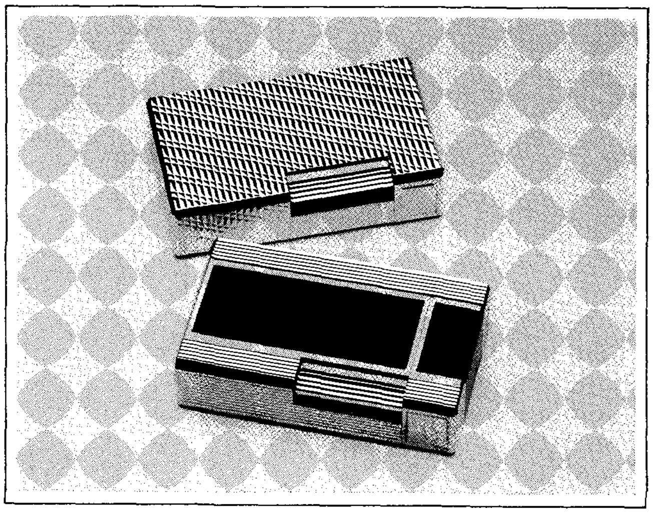
Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565
Karsh

the other. Well, the heads and the juicers are split. They feel altogether different about the propriety of using drugs. A good many noncoms are easing up about marijuana. They used to think any drug use was a moral outrage. Now some of them see it merely as an efficiency problem. Both heads and juicers regard heroin use—there are very few heroin users—as deviant behavior. Even the few heroin users think so. I am not talking about drugs and alcohol during duty hours; I am talking about what happens after retreat, when the job is done for the day, and the men get back to their barracks. And that is a complicating factor in Europe; the barracks have become of great concern, because the troops don't go out much. For whatever reason, our young soldiers seem to be petrified by foreign culture. They stay in their barracks, turn on their stereos and strobe lights, and smoke dope, in contrast to the troops in the United States. Here, if you smoke you do it off post. With so many men staying in their barracks voluntarily, you get a 'black' barracks or a 'white' barracks, and any barracks can become a tough neighborhood, precisely the way any block in a community can become tough. You get race hooliganism—fighting on the company street, thefts, muggings, all of it. That point has been reached in several instances."

Moskos spoke about the differences between the first-termers who came into the Army while the draft was still in force and the new volunteers. "There is a difference in expectations. The earlier volunteer came in with a rather low-level commitment to the Army, and most of the draftees were not committed at all. They did not expect much and they did not get much, so at least they were not disappointed. They were concerned with being given a clean discharge. Company punishment—Article 15 punishment, which the captain can impose without a court-martial—was a considerable deterrent against breaking the rules. And they were also willing to put up with quite a lot of petty harassment, telling themselves, 'I can get through this.' The new men are coming in with much higher expectations. That's especially true of those who have messed up somehow—have dropped out of school, say. Things have gone wrong, and they see the Army as a second chance: 'I can get a high-school diploma.' 'I can learn a trade.' A good many of the white volunteers join for psychological reasons—looking for a place to gain maturity, or to get away from their

Give the gift that's worth its weight in gold.

(The S. T. Dupont Lighter. $3000 and down.)



One of the world's sublime gifts, the S. T. Dupont Lighter is priced from $90 to $3000, according to the market price of gold. Available in gold or silver finish, hand applied Chinese lacquer, and solid gold.

S. T. Dupont
ORFÈVRES A PARIS

The year-round water sport.

Our traditional leather moccasin loves the water, fresh or salt. The special elk-tanned leather dries to its original softness no matter how often it's wet. Handlasted and handstitched. Soft, antiskid Sperry Top-Sider® sole makes it perfect for boating or street wear. $28.00 (Suggested Retail Price)

Write for catalogue: Sperry Top-Sider
18 Rubber Avenue, Naugatuck, Conn. 06770

SPERRY TOP-SIDER®

For people who are still individuals...

the Irish country hat

Each Irish country hat is handcrafted with pride by skilled artisans on the wild, western coast of Ireland. These hats are created by individuals, not production lines, and are designed to become an extension of your own personality.

Shape your Irish hat to suit yourself. The style of your hat can say a lot. That's why the Irish hat leaves the final shape up to you.

Benedict Boullet, Paris, France

The hand-woven tweed is extra thick, and fully lined in the crown. It sheds rain, protects from the wind, and can give you a comfortable shade from the sun.

Peter Christian, London, England

Irish country hats are made exclusively for Norm Thompson, and come in distinctive gray or brown tweed mixes. Sizes 6½ to 8. Each $16.50 ppd.

You have full return privileges.

Norm Thompson Dept. 01-31
1805 N.W. Thurman
Portland, Ore. 97209

Order TOLL FREE anytime 800-547-6712
(excluding Oregon, Hawaii & Alaska)

Irish Hat(s)	Qty.	Size	Brown	Gray
Men's 6½-8				
Women's 20¼-25				

☐ Check enclosed ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Master Charge

Card #__________
(Please include all raised letters and numbers)

Signature X__________

☐ Send FREE catalog. "Escape from the ordinary"®

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________Zip__________

mothers, or to travel. Blacks are less concerned about growing-up problems; by eighteen a black has more or less resolved them on his block, if they are resolvable. So the black volunteers are more interested in the instrumental things—education, learning a skill. But in both cases expectations are high. And then if it turns out that all the Army really has for the volunteer is a job washing tanks, or winding reels of telephone wire, he plummets. He has lost again. His morale sinks lower than the old draftee's. The new volunteer also has a shorter fuse on his temper. He does not like to be barked at by the sergeant, and there are still lots of barking sergeants. Article 15 punishment is not enough to deter him. He looks on it as a deal: 'I'll go AWOL for five days, and they'll restrict me to the company for a month. Fair enough.' He isn't even greatly worried about getting a less than honorable discharge—he doesn't think that that would be the end of the world. In fact, though, it is a terrible stigma on the outside—especially for a poor black. By the time he realizes that, it's too late.

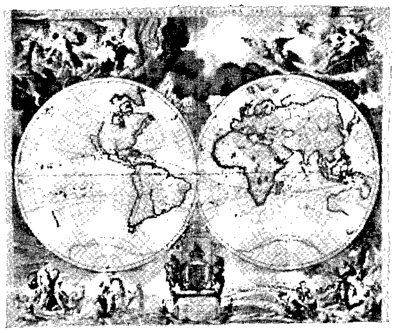
"Faced with such changes, some of the senior career noncoms are completely at a loss. They're a conservative force—they are the upholders of the traditional military ideals of soldierly honor and the whole military mystique. They feel that their own prestige and authority have been taken away. They think that most of the Army's innovations—civilians doing kitchen-police duty, for instance—are ruining the institution. Many of them no longer have a personal commitment to the military system; they are simply counting the days to their retirement. If you ask them what the trouble is, they'll answer with the Pentagonese word 'VOLAR'—the volunteer Army. There *are* senior noncoms, and noncoms of all sorts, luckily, who do not feel that way at all—the adapters, I call them. They are not satisfied with the way things are, by any means, but they regard the new men as a challenge, a potentially invigorating force. The adapters enjoy their own military service and think they are getting a lot out of it. They are actively engaged in trying to make the volunteer system work. Well, the Army must, of course, figure out ways and means of moving the many noncoms with attitudes somewhere in the middle—between the traditionalists and the adapters—toward the adapters' end of the spectrum. I see that as a pivotal issue. I may overemphasize the racial problem in the Army in Europe, because that is what

LLADRÓ
THE COLLECTORS CHOICE®

"Man from La Mancha", 15" tall
Limited Edition.
Superbly executed by world famous
Porcelanas Lladro of Spain

Available at fine stores.

Exclusive Importers
WEIL CERAMICS & GLASS, INC.
225 Fifth Avenue New York, N.Y. 10010



Antique Maps

Illustrated Catalog $1

TEJAS GALLERIES Dept. N
601 Rio Grande, Austin, Tx. 78701

The Real Arizona

For the special few who demand an authentic western vacation . . . with luxury. A privately owned 20,000 acre ranch offers riding, tennis, swimming, skeet, nearby golf. Special activities for the children. 60 minutes from Phoenix.

Special Package Plans Available.

For information contact: Dallas C. Gant, Jr.

RANCHO de los CABALLEROS

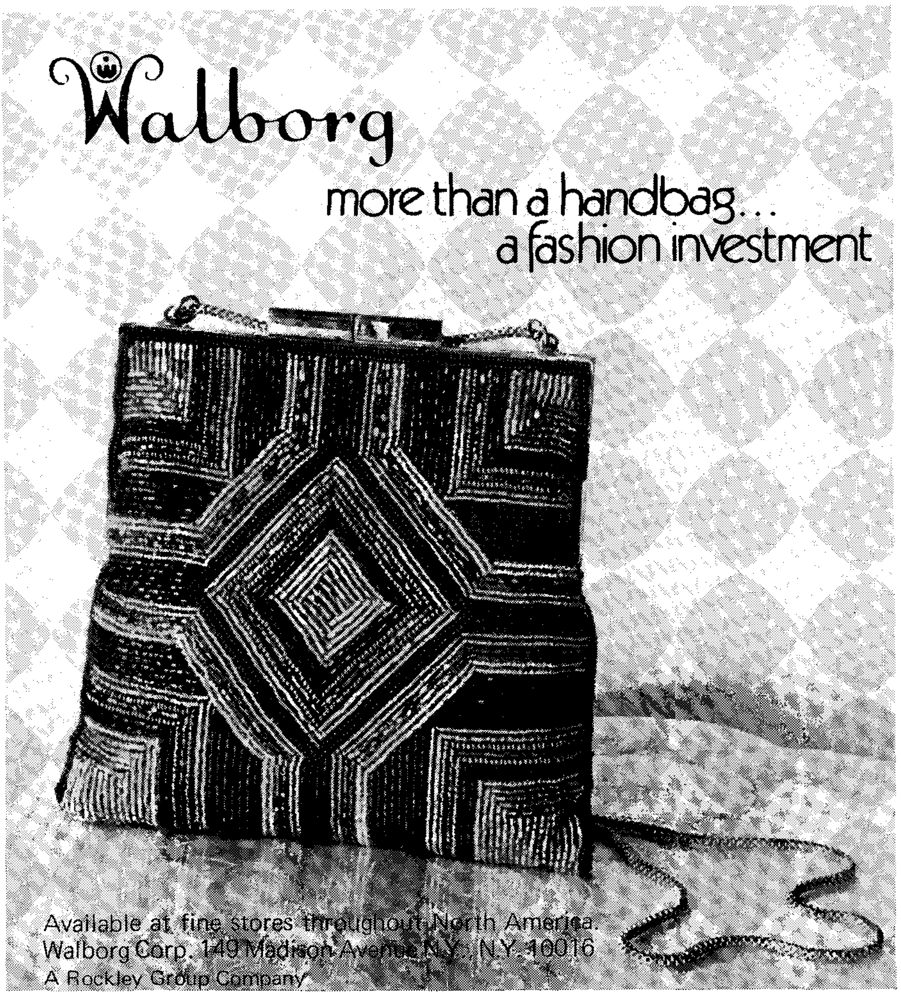
Wickenburg, Arizona 85358 • (602) 684-5484

've been studying at first hand. Ger-nany is probably the extreme case, ut off-duty separation is the pattern verywhere—in Japan and Korea, alhough not quite as marked in those wo places, and in the United States. 'd say that racism—the American lilemma—is *the* problem in all the ervices, wherever the troops are."

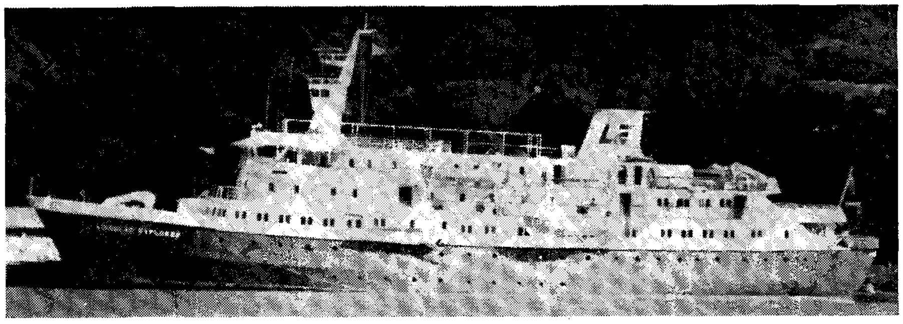
Moskos pointed out that the Pentazon is well aware of the problem, and s working hard to alleviate it. "I beieve the military has gone further in ıttacking racism than any other institu:ion in our society has," he said. He ıdded that he thought there was "institutional racism" of a kind that was well-nigh unprovable, in spite of the services' formal policy of nondiscrimination. What he called the "danger areas" were promotions, assignments, and punishments. He said that he thought the services were monitoring themselves in an effort to prevent racism from corrupting these decisions—to make sure, for example, that a black soldier did not get ten days' restriction for an offense that would have cost a white soldier only five—but that it was certainly hard to eliminate.

All the services, Moskos reminded me, are teaching race relations in a program that has been worked out by the Defense Race Relations Institute (D.R.R.I.), which was established in 1971, by the Department of Defense, to develop course materials and train course instructors. Almost every member of the armed forces takes the course, which deals with the dynamics of prejudice, examines real incidents that have occurred, and presents some minority-group history—not just black history but the story of Mexican-Americans, Puerto Ricans, American Indians, Asian-Americans, and the impoverished whites of Appalachia. "It's a fantastic effort," Moskos said. "No organization has ever tried to teach race relations on such a scale. A thousand instructors are trained each year, and they fan out to all the services. In addition to D.R.R.I. programs, nearly every major military installation has a human-relations council, which deals with race problems, among others.

"Officers and a certain number of noncoms in supervisory jobs are now rated in their efficiency reports on how well they are handling race relations within their units," Moskos went on. "That's in dead earnest. A man with a failing mark may not get promoted. He could even lose his command. I am completely in favor of it, and the guys who are into it are tremendously dedicated. I almost hate to say it, but the


Walborg
more than a handbag...
a fashion investment
Available at fine stores throughout North America.
Walborg Corp. 149 Madison Avenue N.Y., N.Y. 10016
A Rockley Group Company

TRAVEL THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD



Come explore the hidden worlds of the fascinating

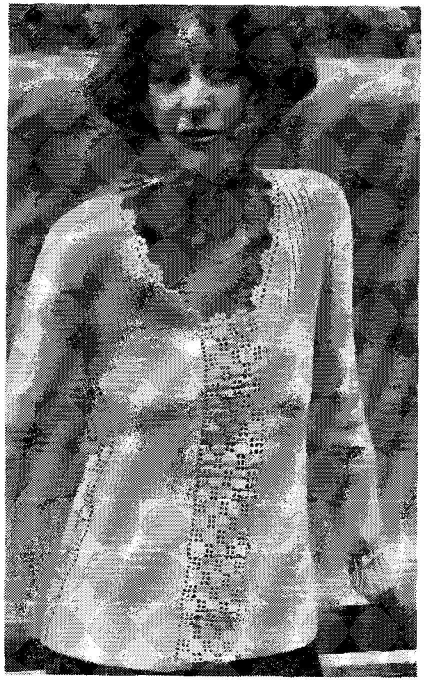
WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA

Sail with us aboard the M/S Lindblad Explorer* through waters rarely visited by cruise ships. Experience the excitement of exploring the Beagle channel and Strait of Magellan just as Darwin did. Take overland excursions and let your journey extend from the bottom of South America along the length of the continent all the way through the Panama Canal to Cristobal. Cruise in an atmosphere of great cultural revelation—the Inca Empire, the San Blas Indians, etc.—and find, perhaps the most scenic panorama the world may offer. We have divided this enormous cruise program into three separate sailings. We invite you to take one or all three. The first expedition departs February 23, 1976, and the third one ends on the 30th of March. For detailed information write for our brochure.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Dept. NYLE 12175
133 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 751-2300

*Panamanian registry

philia fashions ltd.



Imported for Philia at an astonishing price for the quality, the kind of sweater sophisticated women cherish. Natural creamy white cotton knit with unique hand crocheted panels mounted at sides and front. Fine ribbing at shoulders for small-boned look. SMLXL. **$36** ppd
Returnable. Send check or call charge-card order desk (212) 752-3973
Write to **PHILIA, 349 E.61 ST.,N.Y.10021**
Or visit our store at 1143 First Avenue N.Y.C.

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Thirsty Cotton Terry Patchwork Robe $58*

Our handsome multi-colour patchwork robe is fashioned from soft, thirsty, heavyweight cotton terry velour for years of comfortable wear. Flattering, fully cut caftan style with two roomy patch pockets. Excellent for after shower or swim, travel or leisure. Random multi-colour plaid patchwork. One generous size fits all. *Also available in solid shades of olive, yellow, red, blue or white.

Mail Orders: Cable Car Clothiers/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No. 150 Post St., S.F. Cal. 94108 (415) 397-7733

Circle Item Qty. Colour(s)
Patch Robe
Solid Robe
☐ Check Charge: ☐ M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg.
Bank Card # Exp.
Add $1.85 Ship. & Hdlg; 6½% Sales Tax in Calif.
☐ Please send catalogue 011201
Name
Address
Zip

basic premise—that we can change the racial attitudes of individuals through a teaching program—is not proved. It's too soon to measure results. I've seen considerable opposition to the classes at the company level—real doubts about them, I mean. Company officers are saying, 'If we bring all that up, aren't we just opening old wounds?' The focus on injustices that blacks have suffered in the past is strong, and some white enlisted men simply tune out. Not all of them, but some."

Moskos explained that a surprisingly high percentage of the race-relations-program instructors are black. "There is no reason they shouldn't be black, but that fact alone creates curious problems," he said. "Some of the black soldiers have so little faith in the military system that they question the credibility of a black officer teaching the race-relations course. They think he has gone over to the other side. And then, only time will tell whether a race-relations-program assignment is good or bad for an officer's or a noncom's career. It could go either way. That puzzle does nothing for the instructors' sense of security; they are just hoping they are not in a dead-end slot. I'd like to see some shift in content away from the course's emphasis: away from injustices suffered by blacks and toward positive reasons that military service is good for the black community—good for black health levels, good for black economic opportunity. A central role in the military is, after all, a valuable thing. It provides a partial answer to the nightmares of some black intellectuals about territorial segregation or genocide. As long as the black serviceman is an integral part of the military establishment, those horrors are not going to happen. The most impressive part of D.R.R.I. so far is the sense of purpose of many people who are working on it. Truly amazing. You see that they believe the military is one institution—one of the few—that can improve black opportunity in a significant way. They may be right. When the seventies are done, perhaps we'll all see, to the surprise of some, that the armed forces set the pace."

When Moskos spoke about his hopes for the D.R.R.I. program and for the general success of the all-volunteer forces, he sounded almost, if not quite, as devoted to the all-volunteer-armed-forces concept as Stephen Herbits, a Pentagon manpower expert I had talked to earlier. Yet I remembered, from having read Moskos' writings on the subject, that as recently as tw years earlier he had been in favor of different sort of volunteer nationa service, which might, as a practica matter, translate into service for perhaps sixty per cent of the young men and women in a given age group—say, from eighteen to twenty-two. Moskos had taken part in a small conference in New York City in th spring of 1971 which he and Janowitz and the Inter-University Seminar on Armed Forces and Society—a group founded ten years earlier by Janowitz—had organized, and the Russell Sage Foundation had sponsored. Its subject was "Youth and National Service." About twenty-five educators, social scientists, public officials, and executives of some of the voluntary associations—the National Center for Voluntary Action, the Peace Corps, the Office of Economic Opportunity—met and compared notes on opportunities and possibilities for national and community service of various kinds. Janowitz was the chairman of the meeting. Moskos' paper, entitled "The Social Equivalent of Military Service," argued that if a civilian alternative to military service was to be truly equivalent upper-middle-class young men and women should be required to give up their class privileges for a term of service. The conferees were well aware, as they met, that the country was moving toward an all-volunteer military, yet some of them hoped that, even so, a parallel system of civilian service might be developed. They agreed that it would cost a lot of money. Most of them also agreed, however, that the word "volunteer" means more than a trade for money or immediate self-betterment—that there were a lot of young men and women motivated by, as Janowitz summed it up, "altruistic impulses, common identification, a search for a break in educational routines, personal attachment to a youth movement, or the aspiration to deal with community and national problems." The question was what could be done for them if a term in the armed forces was not what they wanted.

During my talk with Moskos, I reminded him of the conference and asked him what had become of his enthusiasm for the broader national-service idea. Moskos replied that he really hadn't changed his mind about it—he had just stopped talking about it, because politically it appeared to be a lost cause. "Since I cannot have my preference, I try to think of ways to nake the all-volunteer force work as vell as possible," he said. "Morris Janowitz feels much the same way. It s dangerous to generalize about the nembers of the I.U.S., but I'd guess hat more than half of them wish a national-service system of some kind vere possible. But they know that al-nost no one in Congress would vote for it. Consequently, most of them are thinking about ways of improving the all-volunteer forces. That puts us at odds with countless academics—all those who think that anything that makes the military better is a betrayal of higher values. My personal objection to the all-volunteer system is the injustice of it. An all-volunteer force is a form of class privilege. Upper-middle-class kids won't serve in it. What kind of society excuses its most privileged members from defending it? I've managed to compartmentalize that objection in my mind, but I can't resolve it."

SO far, the recruiters' greatest success, judging by the rising chart-lines for the numbers of volunteers, has been with women. When a commission headed by former Secretary of Defense Thomas S. Gates was conducting the studies that led to the present all-volunteer system, the possibility that women might make up a substantial proportion of the uniformed forces received little attention—although adding the number of qualified and available young women to the number of qualified and available young men would have more than doubled the total of potential volunteers. Since the Second World War the percentage of women in the armed forces had dropped well below its wartime high of more than two per cent. In 1971, it was only 1.6 per cent.

By the time the all-volunteer experiment began, however, the Department of Defense was contemplating using more women, and using them in a much wider variety of jobs. The objective was to recruit approximately 14,600 during fiscal 1974—in round figures, 6,700 for the Army, 4,000 for the Air Force, 3,700 for the Navy, and one hundred for the Marines. That would have raised the total number of women on active duty from 45,900 at the end of fiscal 1973 to 60,500 twelve months later, which would have amounted to almost three per cent of the armed forces. The goal of finding 1,200 women volunteers a month, or forty of the total of 1,000 volunteers a day which the all-volunteer system now requires, seemed optimistic, but it was soon evident, from the number of fe-

Above all else

bACCARAT
the crystal of Kings

chRISTOfLE silvER
Paris

CERAlENE chINA
Limoges

From France, at fine stores everywhere . . . and at Baccarat, 55 E. 57 St., N.Y.C. 10022
Write Dept. Y-1 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china or gifts, 50¢ each; silver, 10¢

SEABROOK ISLAND.
EVERYTHING FOR SOMEONE.

Seabrook Island. Solitude. Ocean breezes rustling through the palmettos and live oaks. Sea Oats swaying gracefully atop the dunes. Rare pelicans gliding silently across the surf. Championship golf on our challenging oceanside course. Tennis. Fishing. The expansive white-sand beach. Exquisite Lowcountry dining at the elegant Beach and Golf Club. And just twenty miles away, historic Charleston—the city where the South began. For people who enjoy life, everything good in life. Come rent a luxurious, privately-owned fairway villa and experience Seabrook for yourself. You may find it everything you desire.

seabrook island
Dept. 11, P. O. Box 99
Charleston, S. C. 29402
(803) 559-5521

GENTLEMEN: It sounds like Seabrook might be everything for me. Please tell me more.

Name __________
Address __________
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Phone ______ ______

Invest in Miniature Prints.
From the Maybro collection. The new look in skirts. Wrap skirt, about $17. Gored skirt with braided belt, about $18. Of polyester and cotton, in select colors and patterns. Sizes 5 to 13.

maybro JR.
1407 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10018

Shirt to sash or not. About $18. Pants with draw-string waist. About $15. Of polyester and cotton, in select colors and patterns. Sizes 5 to 13. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

maybro JR.
1407 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10018

male applicants who appeared, that each service could easily meet its quota, even though the qualifying standards for women were (and still are) much higher than for men. All the services require women volunteers to be high-school graduates or to pass an equivalency exam. They must also score above the median grade in the obligatory aptitude exam, known as the Armed Forces Qualification Test.

In next to no time, the Department of Defense, delighted to find that at least one aspect of recruiting was easier than it had expected, raised its sights and planned to increase the total number of women to 93,200 by the end of fiscal 1976. Despite difficulties—shortages of barracks space, training facilities, and uniforms—by the end of fiscal 1975 the recruiters were more than a year ahead of the revised plan. There were 97,000 women on active duty, with a further increase to 109,200 planned for the end of fiscal 1976.

Mrs. Nancy Goldman, a research associate in the Center for Social Organization Studies at the University of Chicago, is the ranking academic authority on the role of women in the military. She is a fellow of the I.U.S.; one of the editors of its journal, *Armed Forces and Society;* and she has contributed articles on the subject to the *American Journal of Sociology* and *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.* Mrs. Goldman was graduated from Smith College in 1956 and then studied sociology at the University of Chicago from 1957 to 1959, but she did not get her master's degree until 1971. In the interim, she got married and had two children, and she decided that motherhood took temporary precedence over scholarship. As a sociologist, Mrs. Goldman's interests are not confined to women in the military; she is concerned about the sociology of occupations and professions in general, and in the sociology of sex roles. It is not hard to guess that she has lived some of her research.

I called on Mrs. Goldman at her apartment in Chicago, and we talked in her sunlit living room, filled with paintings and art objects. Mrs. Goldman has a pretty, friendly face and light-brown hair. Her voice is small and her speech precise. She gave Janowitz the credit for having steered her into military sociology. "I wanted a part-time research job in 1971," she said. "Not full-time, because I have a family, and I did not want to get too involved. So I took my thesis to show Morris—my subject was the organiza-

SAM F. JACKSON CO.
and
ROYAL DOULTON
PRESENT FOR
CHRISTMAS
ROBERT JEFFERSON

Winter Wren
4¾"
Price $275.00

May this tiny Lifesize wren say Merry Christmas to someone you love.

Sam F. Jackson Co.
417 University Blvd.
Tuscaloosa, Alabama
35401
(205) 758-2711

WRIST WRAP
Solid Sterling.
A close curve
hinged to fit
easily, elegantly.
By Sigi of Taxco.
$55
post-paid
specially
priced
for Christmas

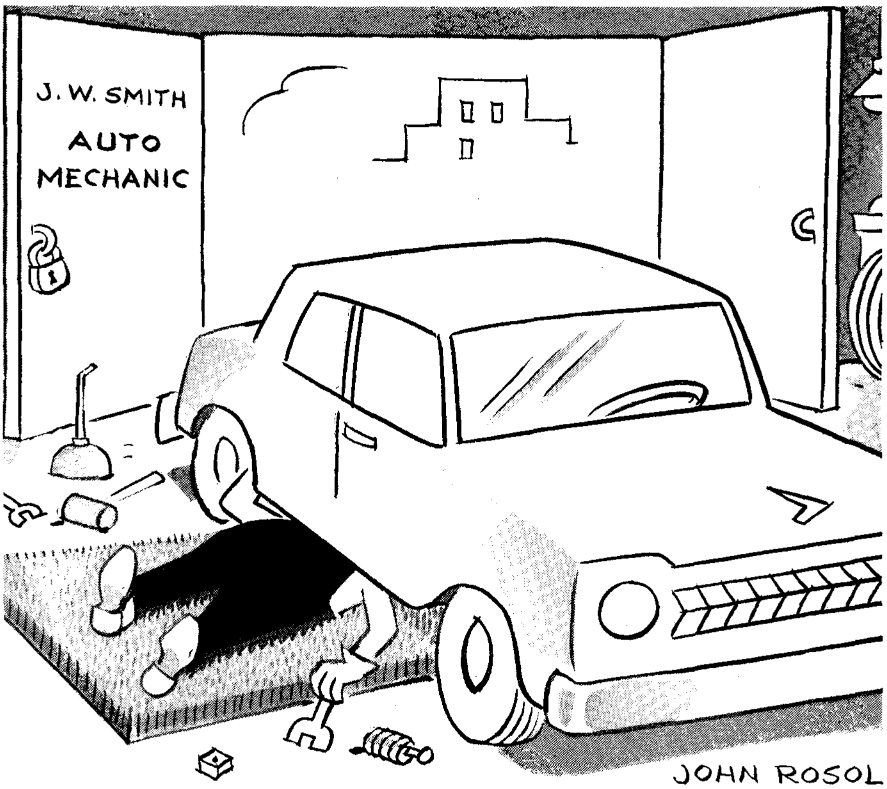
PAN AMERICAN PHOENIX
927 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021
Between 73-74 Streets (212) 249-3580

As in 1975, we offer a naturalist's adventure, in the heart of Europe:
The Swiss Safari
AUGUST 21 to SEPTEMBER 4, 1976

The first and last nights of this innovative tour are at deluxe hotels; for the main part of the safari we stay at inns that never advertise, a mountain refuge and farmhouses; we visit Roman excavations and baroque churches, see cheese being made, meet local people and savour local dishes and wines.
A highlight of the safari is the sunrise hike through the totally unspoiled Swiss National Park, teeming with wildlife.
Detailed brochure available from:
HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC
55 WEST 42 STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10036
TELEPHONE (212) 354-6634

nal development and change in what rted as a child-welfare agency unded in Chicago in 1899. He said ght away that he would like to see me work done on women in the ilitary. I was interested in women's eration, and he put it in terms I uld not resist. When you are think- g about women gaining places in cupations males have dominated, the ilitary is especially interesting. The ement of violence . . . Women in mbat assignments is a taboo, almost ke incest. So he got me started, and ot me an appointment. Curiously, I nd that the women who are inter- sted in women's lib are among the ast likely to volunteer for the mili- ry. My four closest women friends re so anti-military I seldom men- on the subject. In their cases, the ause had been mostly Vietnam. That's rue, I think, of many women—Viet- am and the trend of opinion against egimentation of every kind, against ev- rything associated with military disci- line. Perhaps that is levelling off to ome extent. When it comes to edu- ation and raising children, I think we re getting some backlash, away from ermissiveness. Perhaps it will become societal, too. In any case, there is going to be a significant increase in the number of women in the armed forces. The increase is *already* considerable. Just how high the percentage will get in the nineteen-seventies I don't know. At my most optimistic, I can see the possibility—only the possibility—of an increase to ten per cent, or more than 200,000 women on active duty. But reason tells me that the ceiling will be closer to five per cent. In Great Britain, where they have had trouble for ten years getting as many male volunteers as they want, and where they have increased the percentage of women, the latter are still less than five per cent. That influences my estimate. I can see six per cent in our Air Force—which seems to be the most ambitious—with the Army and Navy not quite up to that, and the Marines well below it. Averaging out, over-all, to somewhere around five. If my guess turns out to be too conservative, the attitudes of the services will have changed more than I anticipate. There are all kinds of provisos. For instance, you have to maintain a proper proportion of women officers to enlisted women, and you have to keep a proper ratio between one-term, or short-term, women volunteers and women who are making the military a full career. But if the Pentagon wanted to raise the proportion of women to the

(*Advertisement*)



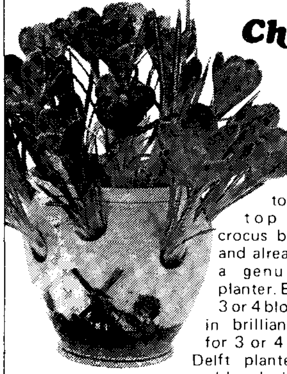
A title on the door...rates a Bigelow on the floor.

Men who know the mechanics of success rely on Bigelow carpets. It's the way to tune-up a business image without a major overhaul. Bigelow carpets that get you out from under are available in special designs, colors and textures. Write for our colorful free brochure on commercial carpets. Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Dept. R, P.O. Box 3089, Greenville, S.C. 29602. *People who know...buy Bigelow.*

The Original, One-and-Only **Fruit-of-the-Month Club**® from 'way out in Oregon

Christmas ROYAL RIVIERA® PEARS
January CRISP MOUNTAIN APPLES
February ROYAL GRAPEFRUIT
March ROYAL ORANGES
April HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLES
May WILD 'N RARE® PRESERVES
June HOME CANNED FRUIT
July GIANT KIWI BERRIES
August EXOTIC NECTARINES
September OREGOLD® PEACHES
October ALPHONSE LAVALLE GRAPES
November SPANISH MELONS

Christmas Crocus
pre-planted — ready to grow



GUARANTEED to bloom! Twelve top size Holland crocus bulbs pre-planted and already pre-started in a genuine Delft Ware planter. Each bulb sprouts 3 or 4 blooms bursting out in brilliant purple posies for 3 or 4 weeks. Reusable Delft planter is handmade and handpainted in Holland. Nothing to add but water — nothing to do except love 'em. ORDER NOW for Christmas!

Order Gift No. 801 . . . $10.95 delivered

Available for delivery Dec. 10 to Feb. 14 to the connecting 48 States.

©1975 Harry and David

A dozen dazzling gifts — all year

You never SAW 'em so big or TASTED 'em so good. Only 1 person in 1000 ever gets such impressive, exciting gifts. You'll get thanks and praise all year from the lucky folks you name. They'll receive a sumptuous Gift Box every month, each with your greetings.

3-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 111 . . . $24.95 delivered Surprise 'em with gorgeous Gift Boxes for Christmas, January and February!

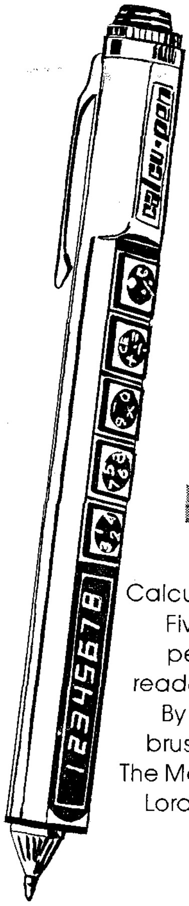
8-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 151 . . . $66.95 delivered Delight 'em to pieces, again and again — Christmas, Jan., Feb., May, Aug., Sept., Oct., and November!

12-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 201 . . . $95.95 delivered A gift Box every month, all year around!

WE GUARANTEE YOUR COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

EASY TO ORDER: Send list of names plus check or money order. (No C.O.D.'s) Tell us how to sign greetings. Everything's beautifully packaged.

Send your order to:
Harry and David®
Box 503-U Medford, Oregon 97501


Lord & Taylor

This pen is mightier!

INTRODUCING CAL-CU PEN

Calculator-pen combined! Five functions, including percentage key. 8-digit readout. Floating decimal. By Alexander Company, brushed silver color, 79.95 The Man's Shop, Street Floor Lord & Taylor—WI 7-3300 And at all Lord & Taylor stores

THE TWELVE DAYS-OF-CHRISTMAS GLASSES

Each of the twelve perfectly etched with the lyrical gifts of the traditional holiday song. Give separately on each day of the twelve days preceding Christmas or give them as a set in advance for holiday entertaining. Holds 14-ounces. **Set of Twelve $25.00ppd.**

Send me______set(s) of The Twelve-Days-of-Christmas glasses at $25.00 postpaid for each set of twelve.
Check enclosed for $______or charge my
BankAmericard #______
Master Charge #______
American Express #______
Name______
Telephone______
Address______
City______
State______ Zip______

THE TOG SHOP Lester Square Americus, Ga. 31709

highest possible level, it could be very high."

Mrs. Goldman pointed out to me that eight out of ten military job specialties are open to women; the reasons that twenty per cent are still closed are that by law women cannot be assigned to the Navy's combat aircraft or combat ships, and that as a matter of policy the Army and the Air Force exclude women from combat-oriented specialties. "A specialty may be listed as open, but the chances that a woman will actually get such a job assignment are very low," she explained. "But that doesn't much matter. Seventy-five per cent of the actual jobs in the defense establishment are non-combat jobs, and all of them are really 'open.' That's why 100,000 or so out of more than 2,000,000 doesn't overwhelm me. I don't think that many young women want women's jobs. I think they want the broadest possible range of assignments. The choices actually narrowed after the Second World War. Then women were mostly in nursing or in administrative and clerical assignments, but at least there were some in naval intelligence and in communications. Then there was a time after Korea when it looked as if there might not be any place at all for women in the military, or nothing more than a vestigial role. That did not quite happen, but as recently as 1971 ninety per cent of all the enlisted women on duty were either medical and dental specialists or administrative and clerical specialists. Things are much better than that now. Women are repairing airplanes, operating radios, teaching in the military schools. They are serving as doctors, dentists, and veterinarians. They are in the military police, driving trucks, and operating heavy machinery. The Navy is allowing women to fly some types of planes—helicopters, transports, and weather aircraft. Not jets, because they say the physical stamina required is too great.

"It's unreasonable, I'd say, to expect the military to pioneer in changing the role of women," Mrs. Goldman continued. "But in some ways it is ahead of many civilian employers. There is a strong emphasis on equal opportunities for men and women, and equal pay for equal work. There is better job security than in civilian employment. The services will need more women officers, and the Army, Navy, and Air Force Reserve Officers' Training Corps programs have already been opened to limited numbers of women. Having gone to an all-women's col-

I love it!

No more struggling to carry my luggage. Now I can just roll it along without waiting for Bill to come along. Luggage carrier, with double wheeled base, easy-opening telescopic rod plus vinyl tote to hold it all when not on the go, $25. Luggage Collections, 611 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery area.

It's my own personal porter and it's from Saks Fifth Avenue

FROM HILTON HEAD A TENNIS THERMOS.

Looks like a can of tennis balls, but it's a big full-size thermos. The tennis player's gift. Order for yourself, too. $7.50 each, plus $1.50 shipping and handling. Please specify quantity and preference of Dunlop, Spalding or Penn. Check or Master Charge, BankAmericard and American Express honored (please include card numbers). S.C. residents add 4% sales tax.

HILTON HEAD HARBOUR SHOP
Harbour House No. 10-11, Hilton Head, S.C. 29928.

LA JOLLA
So. California

Traditionally, we host most of La Jolla's Distinguished Visitors!
We would be pleased to accommodate you.

hotel La Valencia

P. O. Box 269, La Jolla, California 92037
"The Pacific Ocean Is Your Back Yard"

ge, and assuming that things haven't hanged completely, I can't help thinking that a military career ought to ound good to anyone whose mind isn't lready entirely closed to the idea of uch a career. Officers' salaries now tart at eight thousand dollars a year, nd there is a very long list of addition-l benefits, plus long paid vacations. I hink almost any college girl would be urprised by the options open to her. There are problems to be solved. The uestion of marriage and children is a ig one—there is a staff meeting on that t the Pentagon every five minutes. It is up to the military to figure out how to make a place for the career servicewoman who wants to get married and have children. The best they've done so far is to rule that women who have children are allowed to remain in the service as long as arrangements are made for the children's care. Unwanted pregnancies are another subject that frightens personnel officers—although the dissemination of birth-control information in the military is much better than in comparable civilian groups. The new generation is prepared for coeducational existence in almost every phase of life. It has been their experience. Except for a few highly specialized units, perhaps, I doubt if the military will be able to differentiate itself sharply from civilian society in this respect—at least, not in the long run. The short run is another question, because many of the high-ranking officers, with complete sincerity, do not want to change their image of the military—heroic and masculine, if not all-masculine. If manpower problems became serious, it would be easier for them to substitute civilians for military personnel—they might be women civilians, but they wouldn't be women in uniform."

Mrs. Goldman looked discouraged by that thought. "But of course," she added with a smile, "all the service academies are going to admit women. They have had contingency plans looking to that day for a long time. It will make a difference—a big difference."

AT a meeting of the Inter-University Seminar in October, 1973, the two hundred men and women who came to the gathering, in Chicago, were not only from all over the United States but from all over the world—Argentina, Brazil, Canada, England, France, Indonesia, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Korea, Lebanon, the Netherlands, Scotland, and West Germany. More than forty of a total of a

Come to America's great tropical island resort. And play your own game.

Even if your game is beachcombing, we make it exciting with 3½ miles of unspoiled white sand beach for your whole family to explore. Our facilities are unsurpassed: two 18-hole championship golf courses, 12 Har-Tru tennis courts, 2 huge pools. Sail or fish the blue-green Gulf of Mexico. Enjoy superb food, accommodations and friendly American service.

We're due west of Miami, 16 miles south of Naples. Drive . . . or fly from Miami via Marco Island Airways. We have joint fare arrangements with 7 major airlines. For details, call us toll-free at 800-237-7509. (In Florida, call 813-394-2511.) Or write: Marco Beach Hotel, Dept. 502, Marco Island, Florida 33937.

Marco Beach Hotel & Villas
One of America's great resorts Marco Island, Florida

The Olga Plus with Lycra*

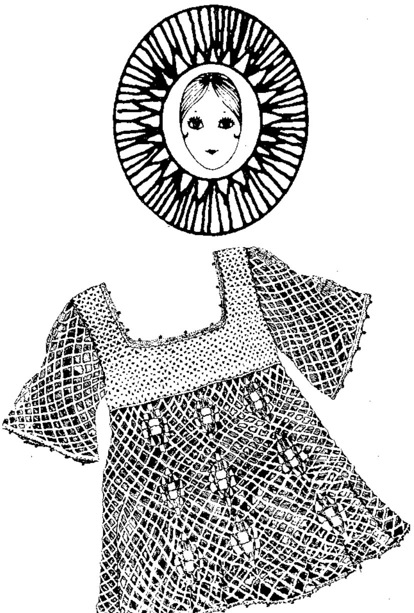
A FEELING AS WELL AS A LOOK

From Olga's Young Romantics Collection, her new Mini Doll with a grown-up secret: stretch lace trim of soft nylon and **Lycra**® spandex. Frames and shapes the bodice and waist. With bikini in fine nylon crepe tricot. In the best Sleepwear Departments. Style 9002, in Aqualight or Rouge, sizes P-S-M-L, 15.00

For where-to-buy call toll free: 800-447-4700. In Ill: 800-322-4400

*Dupont registered trademark

behind every OLGA® there really is an Olga



Hand Crocheted
Natural Cotton Top
from Haiti.
Sm. Med. Lrg. $29

Orders to 2001 Union Street, San Francisco 94123
Postage included • Calif. residents add Sales Tax.

Mayfair

SAN FRANCISCO: BERKELEY:
Ghirardelli Square Telegraph Avenue
Union Street.
Soon: Carmel by the Sea.

give a gift of gold

This elegant 14 kt. yellow gold pendant is an original design by Don Bryant, one of America's award winning jewelers.

Shown here actual size with Liberty Head Ten Dollar Gold Piece $475.
Pendant frame without coin $325.

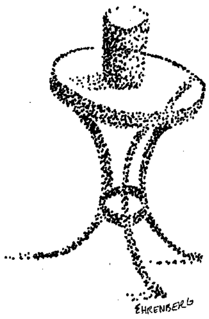
Available exclusively from:
Don Bryant, Jeweler
1131 Ninth St., Sacramento, CA 95814
(916) 447-1240 (CA residents add 6%)

shipped beautifully gift boxed with our compliments

hundred and eighty Americans present were military men or government officials, including General Calvert Benedict, deputy commandant of the Army War College; General J. H. Cushman, commandant of the Command and General Staff College (who brought several members of his faculty); and representatives of all the service academies (including the Coast Guard Academy), the National Security Council, and the Office of the Secretary of Defense. The military men looked just like American college professors, for the most part, because, with one or two exceptions, they were all dressed in civilian clothes. I saw some familiar faces, including those of Janowitz, Moskos, Mrs. Goldman, and Dr. Albert Biderman, another social scientist specializing in military matters, who works at the Bureau of Social Science Research, in Washington. I also recognized Major General Robert G. Gard, Jr., who had just assumed command of Fort Ord, California, and whom I had met earlier at an American Sociological Association meeting.

Gard is a member of the I.U.S., and he attends academic discussions of military matters as often as he can, which has meant two or three times a year in recent years. He is an Army brat, who was born at West Point, in 1928, and was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1950. After he had served as an artillery battery commander in Korea, the Army sent him to Harvard to study social sciences. For three years, he taught at West Point, and after getting his Ph.D. at Harvard and attending various Army schools he went to the Pentagon as one of Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara's two military assistants. In 1968 and 1969, Gard served with the 9th Infantry Division in Vietnam, first as division artillery commander and then as the division's chief of staff. By 1971, when he was promoted to brigadier general, he had been awarded twenty-five medals and was one of the most decorated Ph.D.s in the United States Army, but his new assignment—director of Discipline and Drug Policies in the Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Personnel of the Army, at the Pentagon—sounded like a career breaker. Old soldiers say that officers who are intellectuals can rise so high and no higher, and Gard had already broken through the traditional ceiling, which is full colonel. His combat record was impeccable, and he had been to all th right Army schools, but he was un deniably an intellectual—perhaps th Army's prize specimen. Drug abus was, and remains, an unmanageabl problem to the Army; it was a chanc for Gard to fail as he had never faile before. Two years later, in 1973, h was promoted to major general, whic made him, at forty-five, one of th Army's youngest two-star officers; h had not solved the drug problem, o the discipline problem, by any mean but he had helped greatly to effect number of reforms in the way officer and noncoms handle men who constantly break the rules. Gard obtaine approval to change the name of hi own job to Director of Human Resources Development, and his new titl summed up the direction in which h hoped the Army would move. He wa much pleased by the Fort Ord command—a troop command, not a staff assignment. Fort Ord is a huge complex, with a total population of nearly 70,000, including about 8,000 new volunteers. One of Gard's special interests was "advanced individual training"—the period, after the first seven weeks of basic training, during which a new man begins to learn a specific military skill.

Between seminar sessions—which dealt, among other things, with civilian-military relations and the functions of armed forces in general—I had lunch with Gard. He ordered the chef's salad. "I've lost ten pounds in the last two months," he told me, slapping his trim waistline. "I had to. I didn't dare face the troops otherwise." The General's manner is amiable and calm; he is slightly taller than average; he has sandy hair, cut short; his expression is open, smiling, and cheerful. He has heard a lot of criticism of the military from civilians in recent years, and he is well aware that most critics thinking about the sins of the Army brass have a mental image of a major general that is quite different from the way Gard looks and acts. He does not mind surprising them.

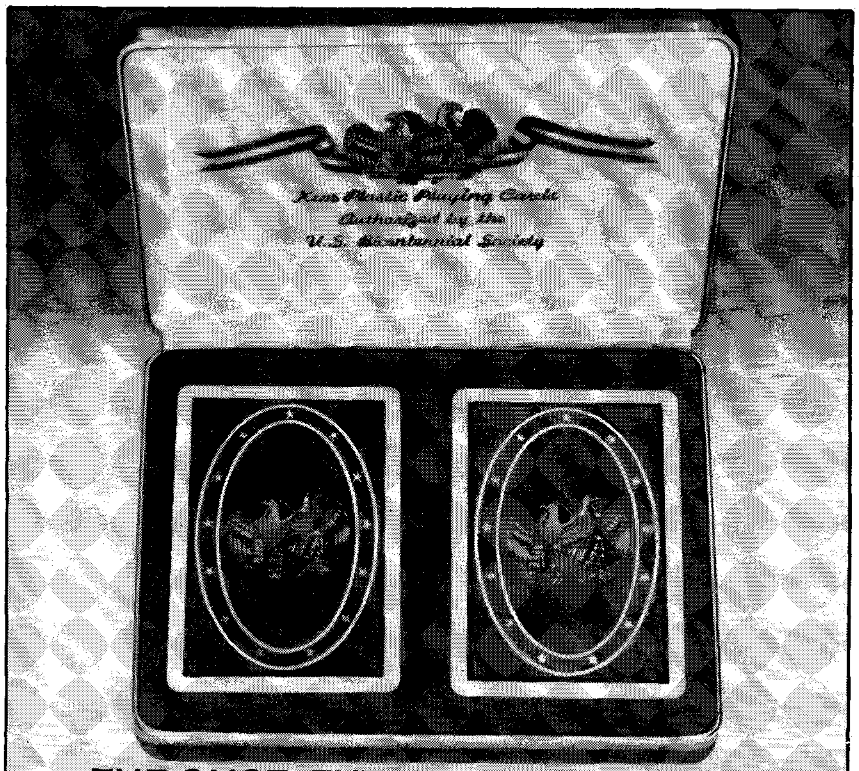


"I'm just beginning to find my way around Fort Ord," Gard said. "I probably shouldn't be here at all. I'm playing hooky. It is fascinating to work with the new volunteers. I suppose I'm on the spot. That is, I've talked an awful lot, and written some, about what the military profession has to do to maintain its traditional values—to my mind, its essential values—and, at the same time, adapt to modern demands. And suddenly I have 8,000 olunteers on my hands, and I'm supposed to *do* it!"

Gard said that he had found Fort Ord's atmosphere a little bit "tight" when he arrived, and that he was doing his best to encourage his men—especially the career noncoms who do much of the teaching—to relax a little. "The volunteers, to be sure, are volunteers, but they are also members of heir own generation," he said. "Like verybody—well, nearly everybody—n his late teens or early twenties, they are hostile to large bureaucracies. They hate insensitive administrators. They oathe the encumbering procedures. When they encounter an out-of-date policy, hey assume—and they're usually right—that apathy and inertia on the part of the people in charge are to blame. They are suspicious of the military. I can remember when an Army career was regarded as a disagreeable occupation, perhaps, but still a wholesome one. A lot of young people, including some volunteers, now almost take it for granted that the military is wasteful, reactionary, oppressive—you name it. Going beyond that, they question the effectiveness of using force as a means of achieving political objectives. That's fine. The problem is that in the absence of a consensus among nations on how to achieve peaceful change it seems inevitable that the United States—all the modern Western societies—will be required to maintain substantial active military forces for quite some time. However, our military establishment has become the largest bureaucracy in the United States; it is prone to bureaucratic ills, no matter how hard it tries to avoid them. To make matters worse, the military must hold to a set of values that are contrary to the values of liberal, civilian society, because part of the military has to be ready to engage in combat. That is its purpose. So the military organization is hierarchical, not egalitarian, and is oriented to the group, not the individual. It stresses discipline and obedience, not freedom of expression. It demands confidence and trust. It requires immediate decision and prompt action, not thorough analysis and extensive debate. It relies on training, simplification, and predictable behavior, not education, sophistication, and empiricism. It offers austerity, not material comforts. *There* is the difficulty. Those concepts are not universally admired, yet every combat soldier and every serviceman who may be required

SAINT LOUIS
Cristal de France
1767

BRISTOL. The complete simplicity of this classical design contributes new elegance to sparkling lead crystal. Complete stemware and barware service available. Write for name of nearest dealer and brochure. Jacques Jugeat, Inc., Dept. SL. 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.



THE ONCE-EVERY-200-YEARS GIFT.
KEM BICENTENNIAL PLAYING CARDS.

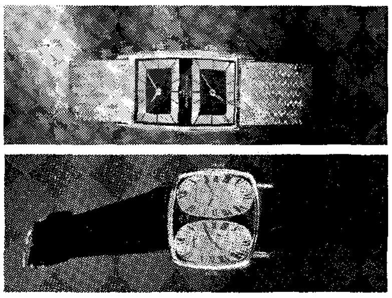
KEM
Authorized by the U.S. Bicentennial Society. A real collector's item.
Bicentennial design only available in double decks, $15.00;
Kem Plastic Playing Cards, Inc., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

TWO ZONE watches. One dial reports time wherever you are, the other tells time in the zone you're going to or coming from. *The traveler's choice,* by Baume & Mercier in 18K gold with two fine watch movements set in each case. Black or blue dials.

above **$1850.** below **$990**

Please add 1.75 for handling.
Californians add 6½% sales tax.

BAUME & MERCIER
GENEVE



Send for our watch catalog.

Tom Wing & sons 譚
Jade and Fine Jewelry
120 Grant Ave., San Francisco, CA 94108

Goose Down Sox Keep Feet Warm

$9.95

Slip on a pair of these to keep your feet warm in sleeping bag or bed; as inner sox for insulated pacs or waders. Downright comfortable travel slippers. Bauer Goose Down quilted in tough, washable Nylon taffeta. **Colors:** Red, Winter Blue, Taupe, Powder Blue. Specify shoe size and we will send a proper fit. **0123** Goose Down Sox, pair **$9.95** postpaid.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!

Enclosed is my check or money order for
$______. (Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please RUSH my 0123 Goose Down Sox.
Men's Size_____Color_____
Women's Size_____Color_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____Zip_____
☐ Send me FREE your new color catalog of over 1200 exciting outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. DNY, 1737 Airport Way S., Seattle, Wa. 98134

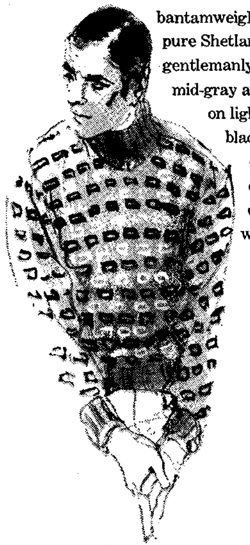
to support combat closely must be imbued with them. At the same time, the thick crust of senseless custom must be cracked wherever that's appropriate."

Gard said he believed that the Army had tended to overemphasize institutional objectives, even unimportant ones, as long as the draft was in effect, and that not enough attention was paid to the impact of that policy on the soldiers. He thought that this was changing. "The organization's effectiveness, as always, has the top priority," he said. "But it is crucially important that the volunteers see their military service as personally rewarding—a continuation, not an interruption, of their personal development. Those two things are completely compatible. I'm fond of the idea that there *is* a contract, an unwritten contract, between the soldier and the military. The armed services are entitled to expect job proficiency and disciplined behavior; the soldier, in return, is owed respect as a person, satisfying work to do, and the opportunity for individual development. I think it is a reasonable bargain. My rough guess is that at least two-thirds of the new men at Ord are after remedial education or a skill that they can transfer, at some later date, to a civilian occupation. The idea that they are looking for 'permissiveness'—by that I mean toleration of their failures to meet established military standards—is completely wrong. It is the other way around. They want a vigorous, challenging program. The worst thing we could do is fail to give it to them."

THE I.U.S. meeting lasted several days, and after the final session Janowitz and I sat down to talk in the living room of his house. I complimented him on the success of the conference, which seemed to me self-evident. Janowitz, who seldom yields to undue enthusiasm, admitted, after some coaxing, that it had gone well. In the next breath, he warned me against thinking that the military establishment listens carefully to academic students of the military. "I get a lot of invitations to speak—at the Air Force Academy, for instance—and so do some of the others. I do a lot of lecturing. That's what I am—I'm a teacher. But sometimes, when I hear myself making the same points, over and over, that I was making ten years ago . . ." Janowitz laughed. "I had a *new* idea not long ago," he said. "My first in months. I wrote an article and some staff officer forwarded it to the general who was then chief of staff. I

Carroll & Co.
WARDROBE FOR GENTLEMEN

Shetland from Scotland
(our new patterned turtle)

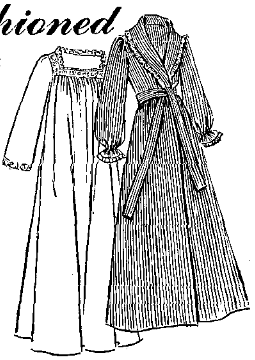


with that best-St. Moritz-circles look in its superb quadrangled pattern...knit for us by one Britain's best sweater-makers of a bulky but bantamweight and very soft pure Shetland in a series of gentlemanly color schemes: mid-gray and white quads on light gray ground, black and white on camel, blue and camel on white, or mid-blue and white on lt. blue; 40 to 46 sizes, **$45**

mail orders please add $1, *and 6% tax* in California

466 north rodeo drive, beverly hills, calif. 90210

Old Fashioned Elegance



Victorian Lace Trimmed Spun Sugar Seersucker Robe. The return of the wide-eyed, innocent Victorian heroine, you in a lacy confection of a robe. Clean, crisp cotton seersucker, frosted and sugared with 1" Cluny lace delicately scalloped and shirred. In parfait pink and white, or cool blue and white narrow stripes, deftly detailed into a figure flattering Empire design. Topped by a shawl collar, dramatized by flourishes of lace and ruffles. In spite of its gentle manners, miraculously machine washable. S. M. L. $26.95 ppd.

Sweet Dreams . . . Lace Trimmed Cotton Seersucker Nightgown. Dream in a drift of our truly soft and gentle all white cotton seersucker nightgown, its frothy Cluny lace applied with a lavish hand. Just the thing to wear under the robe. Machine washable. S. M. L. $19.95 ppd.

Write for Catalog

J. JILL LTD.

Dept. N-121
Stockbridge Road
Great Barrington
Mass. 01230

For the fourth year, we offer our discerning clients a leisurely and luxurious

WINE TOUR of FRANCE

SEPTEMBER 4 to 19, 1976

The tour is accompanied by an expert who will guide the 25 participants through the gastronomical and oenological wonders of France. The Burgundy, Cotes du Rhone and Bordeaux vineyards will be visited, where wine tastings are arranged at the chateaux; accommodations are at some of the most choice and elegant country inns and chateaux-hotels; there is ample time for enjoying the lovely French countryside at the best time of the year; and we dine chez Paul Bocuse and Les Freres Troisgros and at other of the greatest restaurants in the world.

Detailed brochure available from:

HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC
55 WEST 42 STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10036
TELEPHONE (212) 354-6634

nderstand he read it carefully and hen wrote on the bottom, 'Snake il.' ”

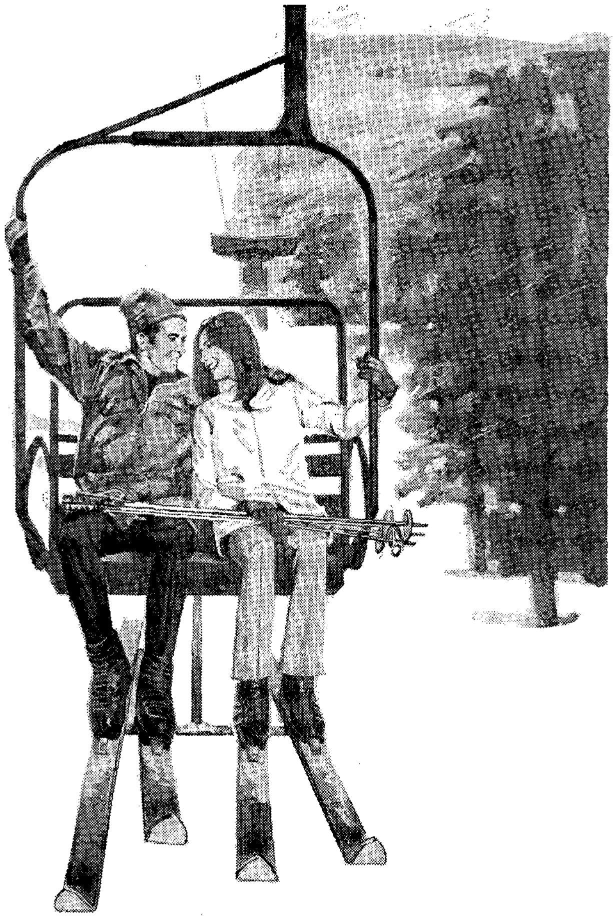
A moment later, Janowitz's voice id betray enthusiasm. “We *are* getng somewhere,” he said. “The .U.S. is growing steadily. I can imgine meetings like this one held freuently, scattered throughout the ountry. Scholars in any field have to now what other scholars are doing nd thinking, and we are helping hem keep in touch with one another. oung people studying the military vho are not getting support from their wn universities can come to us. We an pat them on the back and say, 'It's egitimate.' The scholarly journals still end to reject articles on the military, o matter how good they are, but it's othing like twenty years ago. There as been a very noticeable change in he atmosphere just in the past two ears. Suddenly the study of military nstitutions is relevant. Books are comng in by the dozen from all over the world. 'The Professional Soldier' is elling as well as it did during its early ears. Specific recommendations are ot important; what matters is that he real problems be posed consistently. The point is not to predict but to *clarify*, so the society can come to terms with the issues.”

One clarifying concept in “The Professional Soldier” was Janowitz's idea of “constabulary forces” as a way for our military to regard itself in years to come:

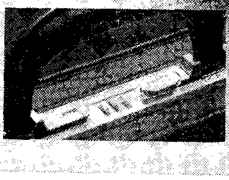
> The use of force in international relations has been so altered that it seems appropriate to speak of constabulary forces, rather than of military forces. The constabulary concept provides a continuity with past military experiences and traditions, but it also offers a basis for the radical adaptation of the profession. The military establishment becomes a constabulary force when it is continuously prepared to act, committed to the minimum use of force, and seeks viable international relations, rather than victory, because it has incorporated a protective military posture.

Janowitz enlarged on the constabulary concept in considerable detail in his book, and he has referred to the idea in many of the papers he has written since. He saw the military establishment, before Vietnam, as involved in a struggle between heroic leaders—warrior types who embodied traditionalism, glory, the martial spirit, and personal valor—and military managers, pragmatists concerned with the scientific and rational conduct of war, and having close links to civilian society. He also noted a third kind of professional, the military technolo-

Our Ski Slopes Aren't The Only Place Where You'll Get A Lift At The Nevele!
Of course the zing of skiing, the zest of skating, the nippy pleasures of winter world are hard to beat. Outdoors and in, you'll get the lift, the lilt, the lively joy of living you want a vacation to give. The way only the Nevele can give it.
Skiing (Double Chairlift) • Snowmakers • Covered All-Weather Skating Rink • Indoor Pool • Health Club • Sledding • Indoor Mini Golf (18 hole, Par 36) • Children's World • Great Entertainment • Full American Plan.
NEVELE
Ellenville, New York
Direct Wire N.Y.
(212) 244-0800
Hotel Tel: 914-647-6000



INCOMPARABLE



24K Ventura
Ms. & Mr. Executive Attache
The case with the golden touch! Automatic push button opening. To lock, there's a digital combination (no key to lose). Ultra-slim 3" or 5" widths, 7 fashionable colors, pocket/file interior. $62.50 to $200. Ventura, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101
Also available in Canada. Made in U.S.A. ©1975
ZEPEL

A MERRY GIFT
from
VESTED GENTRESS

VG
1976
VESTED GENTRESS
VG

Send for your
free 1976 vg
wall calendar,
poster size,
with lots of
your vg friends.

And remember. . .Holidays are
more fun — when you get a
vg fun fashion!

The Vested Gentress
VALLEY FORGE, PA 19481

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Unique
Original
Austrian
Backscrubber
$10

The original, fine quality Austrian backscrubber is uniquely designed to reach every inch of your back . . . scrubs, massages, stimulates, scratches! Generous brush panel is made from tough sisal fibers sheared uniformly to a length of ½" and permanently fastened to a colourful, heavy 29" canvas belt with man-sized rope handles for ease of arm motion. Use with or without soap in shower, bath or sauna. A most appreciated gift for friends or self.

Mail Orders: Cable Car Clothiers/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No. 150 Post St., S.F. Cal. 94108 (415) 397-7733
Item Backscrubber (65023) Qty. ____
☐ Check Charge: ☐ M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg.
Bank Card # ____ Exp. ____
Add $1.85 Ship. & Hdlg; 6½% Sales Tax in Calif.
☐ Please send catalogue 011201
Name ____
Address ____
____ Zip ____

gist. "With the introduction of nuclear weapons and missiles, the military seems to have been almost converted into a giant engineering establishment," he wrote. But technologists were not so likely to hold crucial leadership roles, he felt—or, at least, not unless they developed other skills and changed their outlook. The military managers, Janowitz argued, were becoming more important, although the military actually required a balance among the three types. The model military manager would not displace the heroic leader, but he would "undermine the long-standing traditionalism of the military establishment" and he would "weaken its opposition to technological innovation." Janowitz was urging a rethinking of the entire meaning of the military profession. He still urges it.

"The all-volunteer force is a *professional* force—a self-contained, technically trained force-in-being," Janowitz told me. "We have never had one before. The United States has to confront this issue for the first time in our history: How does a full-time professional military fit into the larger framework of a democratic society? How do these professionals—officers and enlisted men—mesh with civilian life? We are no longer talking about a distinctive, isolated, 'heroic' calling; this is a profession and an occupation, subject to all the vicissitudes of life in any bureaucratic setting. Major reorganizations will have to be made—in military education, in the career systems, in the way personnel are assigned. The profession needs complete redefinition. Otherwise, for the long run the military profession will not attract men and women of the necessary quality. For example, a serious problem that has been given little thought is how to link a military career, seldom longer than twenty years, to a second, civilian career. A considerable number of both officers and enlisted men will continue to serve for six years or less—as many as do now. Their service, essentially, will be an interlude in their civilian life. But a great many will stay twenty years, in order to qualify for a pension. What then? Well, one possibility I'd favor is to redefine military service as the first stage of a two-stage career in public service, with a civil-service job as the second stage. Then an eighteen-year-old could plan his life in terms of a real career. After an enlisted man or woman had completed perhaps three periods of military service successfully, he or she would be qualified for a civil-service job and could transfer to it, with

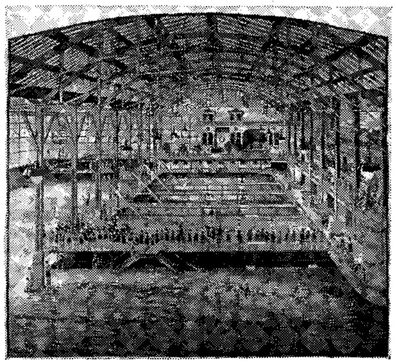
There are travelers who
yearn to be pampered
by the same traditions
of service they have
found in Europe.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Boston

Preferred Hotel reservations:
800-323-7500

POSTER ORIGINALS, LTD.
16 East 78 Street New York (212) 861-0422
386 West Broadway New York Mon-Sat 10-6



#158 Sutro/Baths 35 x 39¼"
Green, black, beige, brown
$15. plus tax $1. for postage
$3.50 for new color catalogue.

the Franconia Inn
(603) 823-8896
FRANCONIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE · 03580

redits toward a pension to be paid on etirement from the second career—nd, incidentally, that could be a way to reform of the military pension system nd its appalling costs. Another change hat is badly needed is to cut down on he continuous reassignment of personnel from one station to another, which s done to prevent stagnation, to train eople for higher command, and to repare the organization to accept onstant change. It made some sense when we were training small, versatile adres for expansion in case of war. Now the idea is outmoded. It's expensive. It disrupts military effectiveness and solidarity. When service people complain about the military, this endless rotation is one of their major gripes. For the Army, I think we could adopt a modified version of the British regimental structure. That is, each officer and enlisted man would be attached to a basic unit, and he would rotate on assignments within that unit. If he left for staff duty or special schooling, he would be expected to return afterward to his own brigade. The brigade, not the man, would be assigned to overseas duty. But the man would go with it. A home-port concept for the Navy and a home base for the Air Force would be rough equivalents."

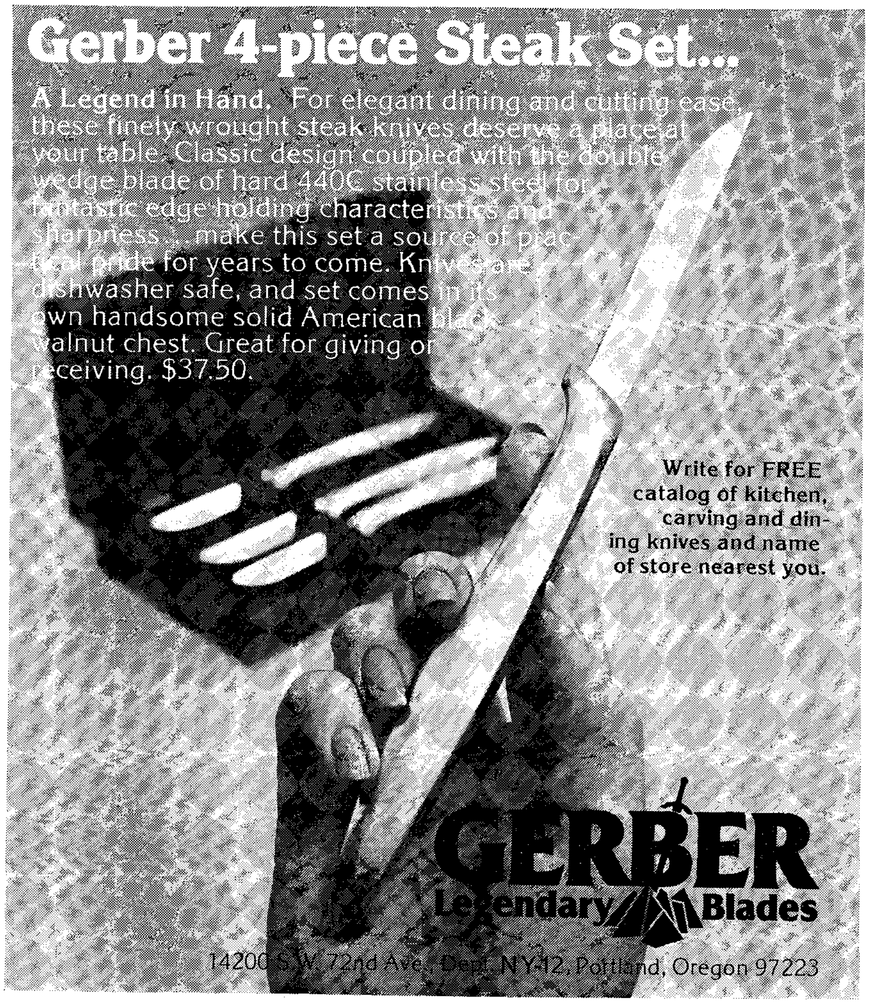
In the past, Janowitz went on, most officer recruits have entered military service not by attending one of the service academies but by signing up for R.O.T.C. in college or by attending Officer Candidate Schools after college. In 1970, for instance, only two per cent of newly commissioned Army officers were graduates of West Point. Some planning estimates have proposed that, in the future, thirty or thirty-five per cent of our officers should start with academy training. Janowitz hopes not. Since he hates the idea that the all-volunteer professional Army may develop into an isolated institution, erecting boundaries between itself and the civilian society, he is not happy about the increase in the size of the academies; he wants the military to be integrated with the society, not separated from it. In the nineteen-sixties, a quarter of the entering cadets at West Point came from career military families; they were the sons of men on active duty or of men who had completed twenty years of service. Many sons of noncommissioned officers were in the entering classes. If one counted cadets with uncles or cousins in the military, the percentage would have been much higher. About a quarter of the students in first-year classes at

A Season Well Chosen

"Flower Girl" created in blithe bronze-work mounted on jade and burlwood. One of eight from the new Jade Collection by Malcolm Moran capturing whimsical childhood moments. Numbered edition of 250. Shown: "Flower Girl", 7" high, $300

Subject to prior sale. Add state tax where applicable.

C.D.Peacock
STATE AND MONROE, 630-5701, CHICAGO
Old Orchard—Oakbrook—River Oaks—Hubbard Woods—Woodfield—Hawthorn Center
Our new Fox Valley store



Gerber 4-piece Steak Set...

A Legend in Hand. For elegant dining and cutting ease, these finely wrought steak knives deserve a place at your table. Classic design coupled with the double wedge blade of hard 440C stainless steel for fantastic edge holding characteristics and sharpness ... make this set a source of practical pride for years to come. Knives are dishwasher safe, and set comes in its own handsome solid American black walnut chest. Great for giving or receiving. $37.50.

Write for FREE catalog of kitchen, carving and dining knives and name of store nearest you.

GERBER
Legendary Blades
14200 S.W. 72nd Ave., Dept. NY-12, Portland, Oregon 97223

Something's fishy . . .
. . . **white** fish swim all over this **blue** back wrap, front tie dress from 100% cotton. Available December 1. Sizes 6-14. **$42.** Add $1.50 postage. Texas residents must add 5% sales tax. BankAmericard/Master Charge honored. **Send for new free catalogue.**

Malia

The Jerry Perlitz Shop
#7 Jefferson Square Austin, Texas 78731

BICENTENNIAL
6-Year Planning Calendar

- ★ First **six year planning calendar** ever!
- ★ Month-at-a-glance format with ample space available for daily appointments
- ★ Permanent record for all past activities
- ★ Facts and illus. of Revolutionary War
- ★ All current holidays in capital letters
- ★ Heavy leatherette cover; gold stamping
- ★ White spiral binding ★ White gift box
- ★ Early American White, Colonial Blue or Revolutionary Red

postage and handling included **$10**

Order Now in Time for Christmas

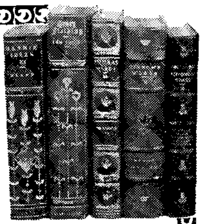
ALAN'S
Florida residents add 4% sales tax
1015 Cleveland St. Clearwater, FL 33515
Please send me ____ Calendars.
Colors ________ ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ CHECK
☐ BANK AMERICARD ☐ MASTER CHARGE
ACCT. # ________
EXP. DATE ________
NAME ________
ADDRESS ________
STATE ________ ZIP ________

medical school are sons or daughters of doctors, Janowitz says, but the social isolation of the medical profession doesn't call for quite the same concern. He thinks that father-son succession is probably essential to both the military and the medical professions, but he would nevertheless like to see the Officer Candidate School program, which has dwindled to almost nothing, revived. He would open it to students who had successfully completed their first two college years, and use to advantage the popular impulse to take a break somewhere in the college curriculum. "I'd expect some to go back to college and civilian life after a short-term tour of duty as junior officers," he said. "Others would decide on a military career, and they would be expected to complete work for their college degrees while they were on active duty."

In addition, Janowitz thinks, every college student in the United States should have access to a college R.O.T.C. program, although not necessarily on his or her own campus. He thinks there should be a composite training course in every major metropolitan area, open to students from all the accredited colleges in the vicinity. In a good many cities, he said, that arrangement has already been made informally; he would like to see it formalized, publicized, and extended. Fourteen colleges removed themselves from the R.O.T.C. program during the days of anti-Vietnam agitation, and these included liberal-arts schools in the Northeast like Harvard, Dartmouth, Boston University, Yale, Columbia, and Brown. Those units were replaced by new ones, many of them in the South and Southwest, where the military's social basis was still strong, and where military installations are heavily concentrated. Young officers, no matter where they came from originally, seem to make the most social contacts in the South and Southwest, Janowitz said, and marry more Southern and Southwestern girls; when they retire, it is mostly to the South and Southwest.

"There's a limit to what we call 'representation'—the idea that the military must be a cross-section of the society," Janowitz said. "The armed forces are going to have some selective social characteristics; the goal is to keep the officer corps from becoming *highly* unrepresentative. We want officers with strong loyalties to democratic institutions, who are devoted to civilian control of the military, and who are thoroughly professional in their

Michael Tilson Thomas' Accompanist



Sale
FINELY BOUND BOOKS
20% OFF

For that unusual lasting gift or your own collection
A great opportunity to acquire choice leather-bound sets and single volumes of famous authors at reasonable prices, bound entirely by hand in morocco and finest leathers. Sets of famous authors, color plate books, fore-edge paintings, cloth bound sets, etc.

Send $1. for catalogue

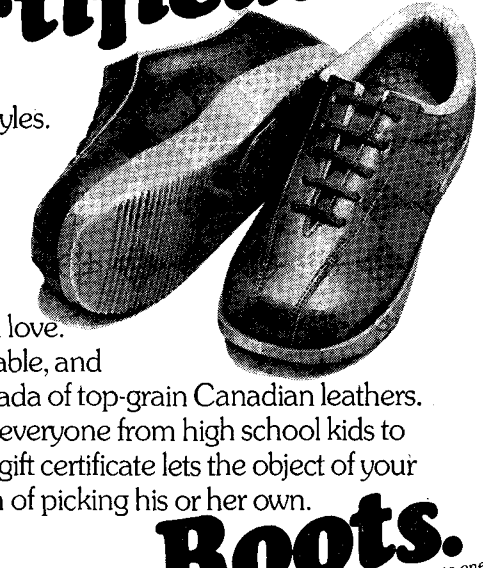
J. N. BARTFIELD
45 West 57th St. • New York, N. Y. 10019
PL 3-1830 — 2nd Floor
Open Monday to Saturday. 9:45 to 5

Rare maps, books and prints
Send $2 for our current fully illustrated map catalogue
W. Graham Arader, III
104 North Lowrys Lane
Rosemont, Pennsylvania 19010
(215) MU 8-4565
Monday-Friday, 9 A.M. - 5 P.M.
Saturday by Appointment
We welcome your visit

commitments. One assumes that recruitment on a broader democratic base s a way of finding them, but there is no way of proving this. There should be more alternatives to academy attendance—other channels. In two or hree years, officer recruitment will be a problem in terms of quality and special skills. The services, especially the Navy, are already short of black officers. Some R.O.T.C. units are primarily black; whether they will produce officers who will stay beyond their obligatory tours of duty remains to be seen. Still, we are getting a stream of officer recruits from urban, daytime universities, many of them in the North; a good many of them are Catholic, and they reach into the lower-middle-class and working-class populations. The academic quality of R.O.T.C. courses has gone up. So there will be some diversity in the future officer corps. I'd like to be sure that there will be enough." Boston University, he added, has asked to have R.O.T.C. back.

I asked Janowitz whether the idea of voluntary national service still interested him. He looked angry. "Of course!" he said. "But it is dead. No one mentions it anymore." Then he corrected himself. "That isn't quite right. The idea will be revived, but it will come in through the back door. We are not going to have a national-service youth agency—no one in Washington is interested in that at all, except a couple of diehards. But the idea of voluntary service is kept alive, in a diffuse way, through a great many organizations, essentially at the state and local levels. Religious groups run local programs, and so do a few municipalities. At the national level, there's ACTION, a federal agency that is a merger of what remains of the Peace Corps and its domestic counterpart, VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America), with several other national volunteer programs. Eventually, piecemeal, we shall get some of what I have advocated. I'm convinced that if voluntary national service had been adopted, the majority of those eligible would have participated, either in military service or parallel civilian service—and the country would have been better served. Right now, it is important that the civilian society should direct the military in redefining its professional outlook. We moved into the all-volunteer force with virtually no national debate; I frequently meet people who still don't realize that we have it. The Congress, the Armed Services Committee, the Gates Commission—every-

Give a comfortable gift certificate.



Roots® are made in 15 styles.
We have Roots for suits
and Roots for jocks.
Roots for the beach and
Roots for the trail.
Something, in other
words, for everyone you love.
They're all very comfortable, and
beautifully made in Canada of top-grain Canadian leathers.
They seem to appeal to everyone from high school kids to
grand-parents. And our gift certificate lets the object of your
affection have all the fun of picking his or her own.

Roots.
"Be kind to feet. They outnumber people two to one."

roots natural footwear
New York City — 118 East 59th Street (Between Park and Lex.) — (212) 753-1240
Sold only at Roots stores in: Albuquerque, Amsterdam (Neth.), Ann Arbor, Armonk, Atlanta, Austin, Berkeley, Birmingham (Ala.), Birmingham (Mich.), Boston, Boulder, Calgary, Cambridge, Chicago, Columbus, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Denver, East Lansing, Edmonton, Eugene, Evanston, Fort Lauderdale, Halifax, Hartford, Houston, Kansas City (Mo.), La Jolla, Las Vegas, London (Ont.), Los Angeles, Madison, Malibu, Miami, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Montreal, Munich (Ger.), New York, Ottawa, Palo Alto, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Sacramento, San Francisco, Scottsdale, Seattle, Toronto, Tucson, Vancouver, Victoria, White Plains.
Roots are made in 15 styles for men and women. For more about them send 25¢ for "The Book of Roots" to Roots Natural Footwear, 1203 Caledonia Rd., Toronto M6A 2X3, Canada.
For address of store nearest you call 800-521-8960 toll free. © 1975, Don Michael Co.

ALAN
MAUREEN
YALE 76

The Name Chain says it all.

...because it's a custom-made name bracelet. Individual sculptured pewter letters and numbers are linked together to spell a name, a special date, a message... anything! The Name Chain. Only $19.95 at leading jewelry counters. For the one near you, write Kimtron, Providence, R.I. 02907

THE NAME CHAIN™

ROUNDBOTTOMS
Roll with the "Punch"

The quintessence of understated continental humor sparkles through these inspired hand-blown, hand-cut crystal "Schnapps" (2 oz.) glasses by Rosenthal.
Their unbalanced balance is artistic, impeccable and comic. Always about to fall, never falling.
2 for 18.00, 6 for 45.00

Schreibman's
Pepper Pike, Ohio 44124
Kamm's Corners, Ohio 44111 Fairview Park, Ohio 44126
Please include sales tax where applicable
also $1.00 for postage and handling.

L.L.Bean, Inc.

Leather
Carryall
Bag

Handsome, sturdy cowhide, tanned to a supple glove leather finish. Roomy and easily carried. For shopping, boating, camping. Color, Saddle Tan. Two sizes: Regular, 12" x 6" x 12½" high. Price, $19.00 postpaid. Large 15" x 7½" x 17" high. Price, $28.50 postpaid.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Ship________Reg. Carryall Bags @ $19.00
Ship________Large Carryall Bags @ $28.50
Name________________
Address________________
City________________
State________Zip________

Outdoor Sporting Specialties
L. L. Bean, Inc.
366 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032

body dealt with a great transition almost exclusively in terms of monetary, economic incentives. That was the mold, and hardly anyone has broken out of it. But the vitality of the military profession depends on a delicate balance between a special sense of inner-group loyalty and participation in the larger society. This balance is everything. That's one of the reasons that the ideas proposed by Al Biderman for using the military and its facilities for a whole range of national emergencies are so good. He has not suggested a diversion, as some traditionalists argue, from the military's fundamental mission. Handling emergencies *is* our military tradition, but now the emergencies have changed to oil spills, pollution, environmental control, and waste of natural resources.

"Finally, it is enormously important that military personnel take part in civic affairs and public affairs—assuming that their physical rotation is slowed down enough for them to do so. We probably have to continue to keep the military out of partisan politics. In the West German military forces, you know, the idea that an Army man is a civilian in uniform has been pushed so far that active-duty officers and enlisted men are allowed to run for political office, although if they win they must take a leave of absence. We don't want to go that far. But military personnel should certainly serve on local school boards, on public panels, and on advisory committees. They should be in contact with the community in every way, both for reasons of self-respect and as an antidote to social isolation. That's one of the ways our professional military will understand that deterrence—peacekeeping through a military presence—constitutes the modern definition of the heroic role."

—Bruce Bliven, Jr.

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

Also at the airport were a legion of gentlemen from the Bermuda bureau of tourism wearing bermuda shorts and blazers with the Bermuda crest reading "Quo Fata Ferunt," or, as one readily translated, "Where the fares may led us."

—*Washington Post.*

It's rather free, but it's good.

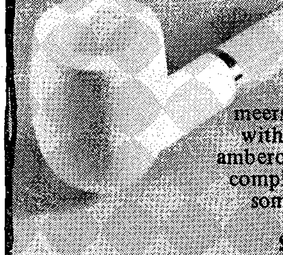
•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From a book review in Liberty Letter*]

Author Allen is to be congratulated for a good job, and his occasional deliberate misstatements, designed to render the book acceptable to mass distribution, are to be excused.

America's most famous pipestore
DAVID P. EHRLICH 1868 BOSTON
The country's most distinguished maker of the finest in Block Meerschaum Pipes.
DAVID P. EHRLICH of Boston



shown
Medium block meerschaum billiard with gold band and amberoid mouthpiece complete with handsome presentation case.
$50.00 prepaid

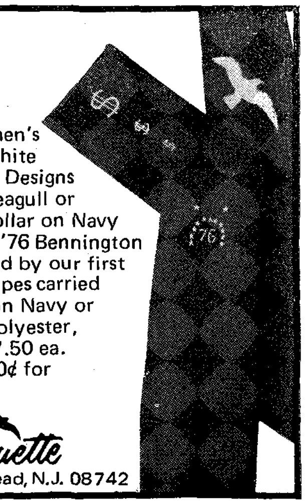
Write for free catalogue.
David P. Ehrlich Co., 32 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. 02108 Dept. Y406

Specializing for over 100 years as makers of the ultimate in fine block meerschaum and briar pipes.

Note: All orders received by Dec. 15, 1975 will be shipped in time for Christmas.

We accept Mastercharge, BankAmericard and American Express.

Ties
for Our
Times



Distinctive men's neckwear: White embroidered Designs of Soaring Seagull or Shrinking Dollar on Navy or Burgundy; '76 Bennington motif inspired by our first Stars and Stripes carried into battle, on Navy or Red. 100% polyester, 3½" wide. $7.50 ea. Please add 50¢ for shipping.

Mr. Mouette
Box 77, Bay Head, N.J. 08742

EXCEPTIONAL
FOOD & WINE
The COACH HOUSE
110 WAVERLY PLACE, N.Y.C. • 777-0303
777-0349

KING'S ALLEY HOTEL
...on Christiansted Harbor, St. Croix, Virgin Islands. Sweet water pool. Air conditioned rooms, each with outside gallery. Ideal in-town location. Victor Gilbert, President.
CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX
U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS 00820
PHONE COLLECT (809) 773-0103

Cointreau...the art of lingering.

There is a time for slowness.
A time for not pushing it.
A time for reveling in the
deliciousness of the moment.
Moment of firelight,
friendship, music, love.
This is the moment for Cointreau.
Clear dry, elegant Cointreau with
its whisper of orange. Imported
from France. And today the best selling
brand of liqueur in the world.
Because everywhere in the world
there are people who believe that the
secret of the good life may be found
in the Art of Lingering.

IMPORTED
80 PROOF
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
SPÉCIALITÉ
PRODUCT OF FRANCE

Pronounced *"Kwan-tro"*

COINTREAU LIQUEUR SPÉCIALITÉ, 80 PROOF, RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

Cordoba
The Small Chrysler

This is Cordoba. The small Chrysler. An automobile in which you will enjoy not only great comfort . . . but great confidence. It is confidence you can see, the confidence of knowing your automobile possesses a look of great dignity. It is confidence you can *feel*, in thickly cushioned contour-seats available in rich crushed velour or soft Corinthian leather. It is confidence you experience when you are in control of a truly road worthy automobile. This is the confidence you will find in a most surprisingly affordable small Chrysler. Cordoba.

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

FOOTBALL

Odds and Ends

STADIUM PARKING

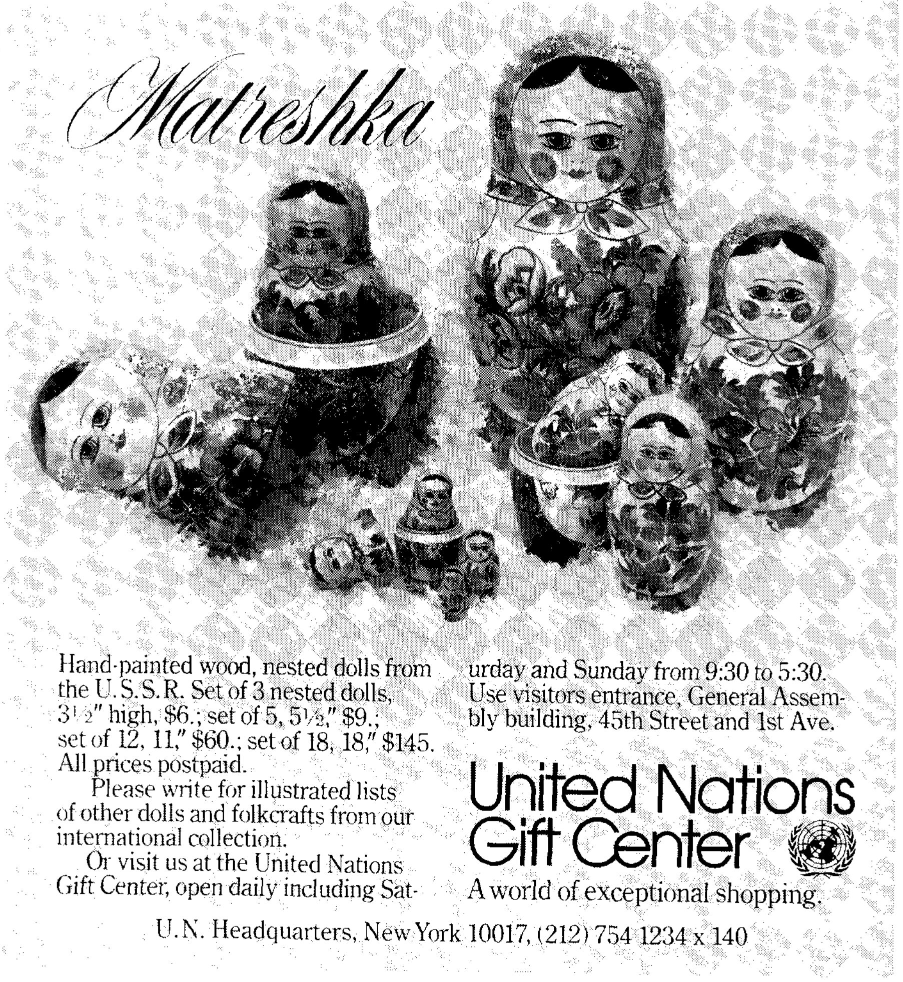
THE main event on the horizon, and the one that was for so many years—before professional football grew outsize—the end-all of the season, is an easy one for the drawers of conclusions: Navy d Army, who will have rested up for fortnight, will join in a match whose onclusion has already been decided by ose drawers. A reinvigorated Navy ill overcome a depleted Army: this a guess far safer to hazard than last eek's guess at who would take the Ivy eague championship—a matter that, ecause of one exigency or another, ill be brought up later on. A review f another sort of season—the Ivy eague freshman term, which is mainy not so much a matter of winning ames as it is a matter of serving as roving ground for those who can be xpected to ascend to the varsity next all—suggests that John Hatem, a not specially rugged but fast-on-his-feet unning back for Yale, will be the League's sophomore to be watched, articularly by Yale's opposition. Gesicki, who graduates magna cum laude from the Yale varsity next spring, will, it can be expected, be succeeded by this young man, who spent most of his time this fall sweeping the flanks on a pitchback from quarterback—a maneuver that gave Gesicki vast mileage. The freshman season has its devotees, and not all of them parents of the players. An even less prominent season is the one enjoyed in deep-seated obscurity by the lightweight—or, in official terminology, the hundred-and-fifty-pound—squads that function in and around the Ivy League. Their matches are tucked into odd corners of the usually teeming fall schedules, and only buffs of extreme mobility can manage a good attendance record. For years, Army, under the ministry of Eric Tipton, once a varsity punter of renown, has carried off the championship, often without losing a single contest; this fall, in consonance with the new order in the League varsity quadrant (the upsurge of Brown, the decline and fall of Dartmouth, for example), three squads were in a tie on the last evening of the lightweight schedule. (Yes, these squads are known to perform after dark on a Friday night.) Cornell, Princeton, and Army were the three contenders; Cornell

WE HAVE A NATURAL GIFT FOR KEEPING THINGS TOGETHER.

The new and luxuriously soft Such-A-Clutch from Buxton. It's available in many exciting colors, too.

© COPYRIGHT, BUXTON, INC. 1975

BUXTON®
IT'S A NATURAL GIFT.


Matreshka

Hand-painted wood, nested dolls from the U.S.S.R. Set of 3 nested dolls, 3½" high, $6.; set of 5, 5½," $9.; set of 12, 11," $60.; set of 18, 18," $145. All prices postpaid.

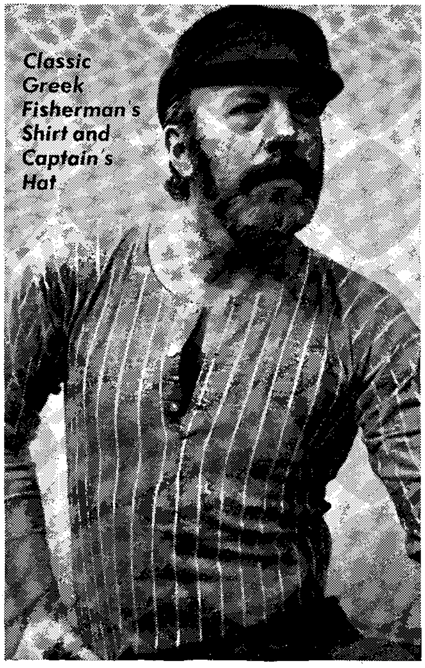
Please write for illustrated lists of other dolls and folkcrafts from our international collection.

Or visit us at the United Nations Gift Center, open daily including Saturday and Sunday from 9:30 to 5:30. Use visitors entrance, General Assembly building, 45th Street and 1st Ave.

United Nations Gift Center

A world of exceptional shopping.

U.N. Headquarters, New York 10017, (212) 754 1234 x 140 philia fashions ltd.



From the golf links to a fishing venture, at sea or in the city. Solidweight soft cotton knit in washed blue or tan brown exploded with white pin-stripes. Chest sizes XS(34-36) S(36-38) M(38-40) L(42-44) XL(44-46). ***$20*** *ppd. Hat, black only, the original classic with uniquely embroidered visor and band. From 6-7/8 to 7-5/8.* ***$12.*** *Send check, no COD's. Returnable. Chargecard order desk, call (212) 752-3973. Write to:* ***PHILIA, 349 E. 61 ST., N.Y. 10021***
Or visit our store at 1143 First Avenue, N.Y.C.

Tennis+

A new 4700-acre guest ranch in the magnificent Arizona desert, 60 miles northwest of Phoenix.

The Tennis Center, with 11 acrylic courts and the finest teaching aids, features weekly clinics.

Plus holidays on horseback, arts and crafts, swimming, and wildlife study.

Great home-style food too.

Accommodations are limited to 125 guests in the Ranch Lodge and in luxurious Casitas with fireplaces.

The Wickenburg Inn Tennis and Guest Ranch is a complete resort in unmatched natural surroundings.

The West never felt so good.

THE WICKENBURG INN
Tennis and Guest Ranch
P.O. Box P, Wickenburg, Arizona 85358 (602) 684-7811

See your Travel Agent.

Please send me your latest brochures.

Name

Address

City State Zip

kept its place on top by putting away Rutgers, and Dan White's lightweight Princetonians removed Army, at 21–13, from the spot in the limelight (or should it be floodlights?) that Tipton had taught his pupils was to be their own forevermore. Lightweight football is not tag football, it is for real; more people should take a look at it.

THE new order in the Ivy League varsity quadrant deals with more than the ups and the downs of its constituents. Alumni who have had the sequence of events for their varsities neatly arranged in the back of their mind for ever so long must study a brand-new scoreboard. For one: Harvard, which for ages has ended its season with Princeton, Brown, and Yale in a row, will, beginning next year, end it this way—Princeton, Brown, Pennsylvania, and Yale. Princeton, which year after year has begun its curriculum with Rutgers at Palmer Stadium, will go on the road at the start of the season—first to Cornell and then to Rutgers, before it comes home to entertain Brown. (Cornell has practically always been Princeton's *final* home game every second season.) Columbia, whose second opponent has been Princeton for ever and ever, has moved Princeton up to fourth place, and Dartmouth, which finished up this year at Princeton—which it has done every second year—will finish up at Princeton again next year, instead of having Princeton at Hanover. Yale is dropping its old friend Colgate and taking on new partners outside the League—Lehigh next year, and Miami (the one in Ohio) the year after that. Pennsylvania, accustomed to playing Princeton earlier in the year, will henceforth play the match as the seventh game on the schedule. And all this is but temporary; when Army and Navy effect their projected reëntry into the League engagement book, there will be further—and probably some more heartburning—alterations in the scheme of things. —J. W. L.

•

THE BUREAUCRATIC MIND AT WORK

[*From the Federal Personnel Manual, Manual Supplement 990-3, Civil Service Commission*]

PART M-771

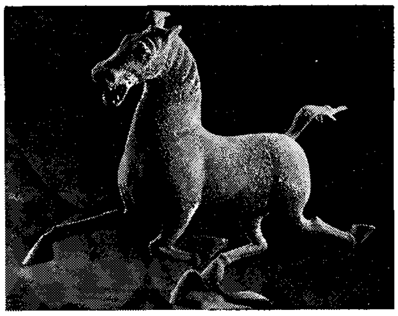
EMPLOYEE GRIEVANCES AND ADMINISTRATIVE APPEALS

If the United States is attacked file this page in book III of FPM Supplement 990-1, in front of part 771.

Effective upon an attack on the United States and until further notice:

a. Part 771 is suspended.

from the Archaeological Findings of The People's Republic of China



an exact replica of the bronze galloping horse poised on a swallow, Eastern Han Dynasty (25-220 A.D.), found in Kansu, 1969. Direct from The People's Republic of China, limited edition in bronze, 18½ inches long and 13½ inches high. **1000.00**

Miniature in gold-washed sterling silver, 2½ inches long and 2 inches high. 100.00

Please add 1.75 for handling.
Californians add 6½% sales tax.

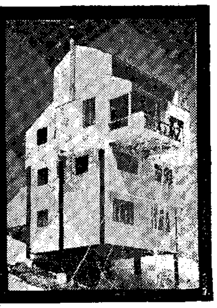
Tom Wing & sons 譚
Jade and Fine Jewelry
120 Grant Ave., San Francisco, CA 94108

The Aschaffenburgs' home has seventy-five bedrooms and a great kitchen.

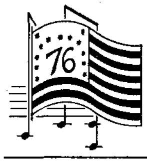
The Pontchartrain Hotel

IN NEW ORLEANS
A luxury hotel owned and operated by the Aschaffenburg family since 1928.
Preferred Hotels Reservations:
800-323-7500 or direct: (504)524-0581

SACRIFICE SALE
UNIQUE SKI HOUSE
Architect's 4 Story
Colorful Furn. 13 Rm.
Southern Vermont
Natl. Award Winner
With lower Sep. Furn.
5 Rm. Rental Apt.
5 Min. To Golf, Tennis,
Lakes, 2 Ski Areas
Send For Prospectus
BRUCE ARNEILL, Arch.
216 Crown St.
New Haven, Ct. 06510



EARLY AMERICAN MUSIC



intro. Lowell Thomas
Choral / Instrumental / Organ
"Death of General Washington" "Bunker Hill"
"Battle of Trenton" "Chester" "Federal March"
TRINITY-PAWLING MADRIGAL SINGERS
TRINITY-PAWLING SCHOOL, PAWLING, N.Y. 12564
STEREO LP $5.50 INCL. NON-PROFIT GROUP

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes originally appeared in this magazine.)

The Survival of the Bark Canoe, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95*).

Henri Vaillancourt is an artisan whose profession is making birch-bark canoes exactly as the Indians did. After a visit to his workshop in Greenville, New Hampshire, Mr. McPhee joins him and three other men in a canoe trip on the Penobscot River to the Allagash lakes of Maine, where, amid scenic wonders, allusions to Thoreau fly as thick as mosquitoes among the boatmen, and where for a while the blustery north wind seems no less dangerous than the willful, stormy temperament of Vaillancourt himself. "The Survival of Five Men in Two Bark Canoes" could have been an alternate title.

Think Good Thoughts About a Pussycat, by George Booth (*Dodd, Mead, $6.95*).

Good thoughts indeed, in cartoon form, about a passel of pussycats and one particular bullterrier; the human beings on view are beyond the reach of any such exhortation. This is Mr. Booth's first collection between hard covers.

Art on the Edge, by Harold Rosenberg (*Macmillan, $12.95*).

Twenty-eight critical essays, all but one of which first appeared in these pages. The "edge" of the title, with its implied warning, refers to the constantly thinning one between art itself and the encroaching crafts and commercial design of the mass media.

Passions, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $8.95*).

"She was short, with . . . large black eyes, from which shone the Polish-Jewish joy of life that no troubles seem able to mar." Joy is one of the many passions that Mr. Singer considers in these stories about Polish Jews at home (in the old days) and dispersed (now) as far afield as Argentina and Brooklyn. In most of the stories, the author appears as one of his own characters.

Passage to Ararat, by Michael J. Arlen (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $8.95*).

A report on a journey to the Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic, land where Mr. Arlen's forefathers died. The book is a record of conversations he had with Armenians and of the sights he saw. It is, as well, a history of the tribulations of this tragic region, culminating in the massacre of much of its population by the Turks at the beginning of this century. In the course of his travels, Mr. Arlen solved a number of mysteries and put to rest a number of personal concerns.

Vinegar Puss, by S. J. Perelman (*Simon & Schuster, $7.95*).

Mr. P., his Irritation Quotient remaining at a record high, here describes some more of the occasions and encounters that have hit his ever-exposed nerves (or tickled his ribs).

Book Traveller, by Bruce Bliven, Jr. (*Dodd, Mead, $4.95*).

George Fabian Scheer, of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, is a salesman who represents a group of New York publishers. Mr. Bliven, listening to this different drummer as he makes his rounds to a scattering of old-fashioned independent bookshops in Louisiana and Texas, here reports on what he learned about their proprietors and customers and preferences, and the result, by implication, is a report on the book business in America today.

Buried City, by Howard Moss (*Atheneum, $6.95*).

Chekhov's plays, the sea and the shore, a shared cottage in Wellfleet, a Chassidic neighborhood in Saratoga, and lower Fifth Avenue in winter are just a few of the numberless topics that engage the poet's muse. This volume contains twenty-four poems, all of them written since 1971.

Washington Journal, by Elizabeth Drew (*Random House, $12.95*).

A day-by-day account, composed of interviews, personal observations, and reflections, of the events of 1973-74, when the Watergate conspirators were identified and brought to justice, and when the heroes—notably John Doar, and Peter Rodino and his House Judiciary Committee—did what they had to do to preserve the Constitution. The departure of Nixon by helicopter from the White House lawn on August 9, 1974, brings to a close this journal of the plague year.

Look How the Fish Live, by J. F. Powers (*Knopf, $6.95*).

Short stories, some of them set in the Catholic diocese in Minnesota that Mr. Powers has staked out as his literary territory, and dealing, in large degree, with such clerical matters as the contrast between the traditional behavior of an older priest and the bewilderingly informal and open conduct of his new curate, and the never-ending conflict between the religious and the secular. That this conflict is sometimes misleading is made clear in a closing story, about an old retired bishop who buys himself a new Mercedes and then quietly takes over the duties of an itinerant priest.

Desert and Plain, the Mountains and the River, by Berton Roueché, with photographs by David Plowden (*Dutton, $12.95*).

Reports on four journeys by our country-man-at-large, the first aboard a towboat down the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers; the second to Canyon County, Idaho, one of the most productive agricultural counties in the nation; the third to the untroubled town of Stapleton (pop. 303), in western Nebraska; and the fourth to the Appalachian coal town of Welch, West Virginia, the birthplace of the federal food-stamp program. The book is subtitled "A Celebration of Rural America." True enough. Even more, perhaps, it is a celebration of the rural Americans Mr. Roueché met along the way. Appended to the text and covering much of the same territory is a series of handsome photographs by David Plowden.

A Dove of the East, by Mark Helprin (*Knopf, $6.95*).

Twenty short stories. Among the characters portrayed are a young couple in the mountains of Nevada, a doctor at a hospital in Haifa, and a bulky, awkward girl named Johanna, who worked in a typewriter-ribbon factory in the South Bronx during a hot summer, and who never realized how lovable she was.

Picked-Up Pieces, by John Updike (*Knopf, $12.95*).

John Updike—poet, novelist, and short-story writer—displays a fourth string to his bow in this collection of literary essays written over the past ten years or so.

Denison's Ice Road, by Edith Iglauer (*Dutton, $8.95*).

Miss Iglauer continues to bring us news from the Arctic. The ice road runs over frozen water between Yellowknife, capital of Canada's Northwest Territories, and Port Radium, on Great Bear Lake. It has been built every winter since 1964 by John Denison, a pragmatic visionary and ex-Mountie. The reporter—well insulated in layers of assorted fabrics—goes along for the ride with the construction crew, observing, reporting, and explaining as she goes.

Without Feathers, by Woody Allen (*Random House, $7.95*).

The humorist in a new collection of pieces, some of them parodies and others self-generated.

Pieces of the Frame, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10*).

A trip through the backwoods of Georgia with an astonishing young woman named Carol and a colleague of hers, ecologists both; the decay of present-day Atlantic City as refracted through a game of Monopoly; a walk from Birnam Wood to Dunsinane; a basketball game near the Tower of London; a quarter-horse race at Ruidoso Downs, in New Mexico—these are the subjects of a handful of the reports in this collection. Needless to say, the protean Mr. McPhee as often as not doubles as recorder and participant.

Terribly Nice People, by William Hamilton (*Putnam, $6.95*).

Hamiltonians on display, their words as unruffled as their demeanor.

Global Reach, by Richard J. Barnet and Ronald E. Müller (*Simon & Schuster, $11.95*).

The great international corporations, together with the international banks, are now reorganizing the earth, overstepping hitherto sacred boundaries for resources and manufacturing. This report is at once an analysis of the "multinationals" in all their economic, technological, and ideological complexities and a diagnosis of their strengths and weaknesses—among the latter, their conversion of the world into "a global shopping center in which forty to fifty per cent of the potential customers are living at the edge of starvation."

Jean Renoir, by Penelope Gilliatt (*McGraw-Hill, $5.95*).

A portrait of the artist as an old man. Miss Gilliatt's Profile of this "great, great master of the cinema" is also a record of his incomparable conversation at home (and at home with himself) in his apartment and wandering the streets of Paris. The book also contains a selection of reviews of Jean Renoir's movies.

London Was Yesterday, by Janet Flanner (*Viking/Studio, $9.95*).

Reports filed with this magazine between 1934 and 1939 from the city "offering the most vital atmosphere of any capital in Europe." Included here are a Profile of Queen Mary, in all her regal domesticity; accounts of the courtship that led to Edward VIII's abdication; and chronicles of political events in and out of Parliament up to the brink of the Second World War, with, needless to say, a running commentary—critical and often prescient—on arts and letters as well as the Army, the Navy, the Church, and the stage. "It's impossible for a foreigner . . . to understand the English from his foreign viewpoint," Miss Flanner writes on July 7, 1937. This volume belies her words. Many photographs.

The New Yorker Album of Drawings 1925-1975 (*Viking, $15*).

A selection made by the editors from among all the drawings we have published over the last fifty years.

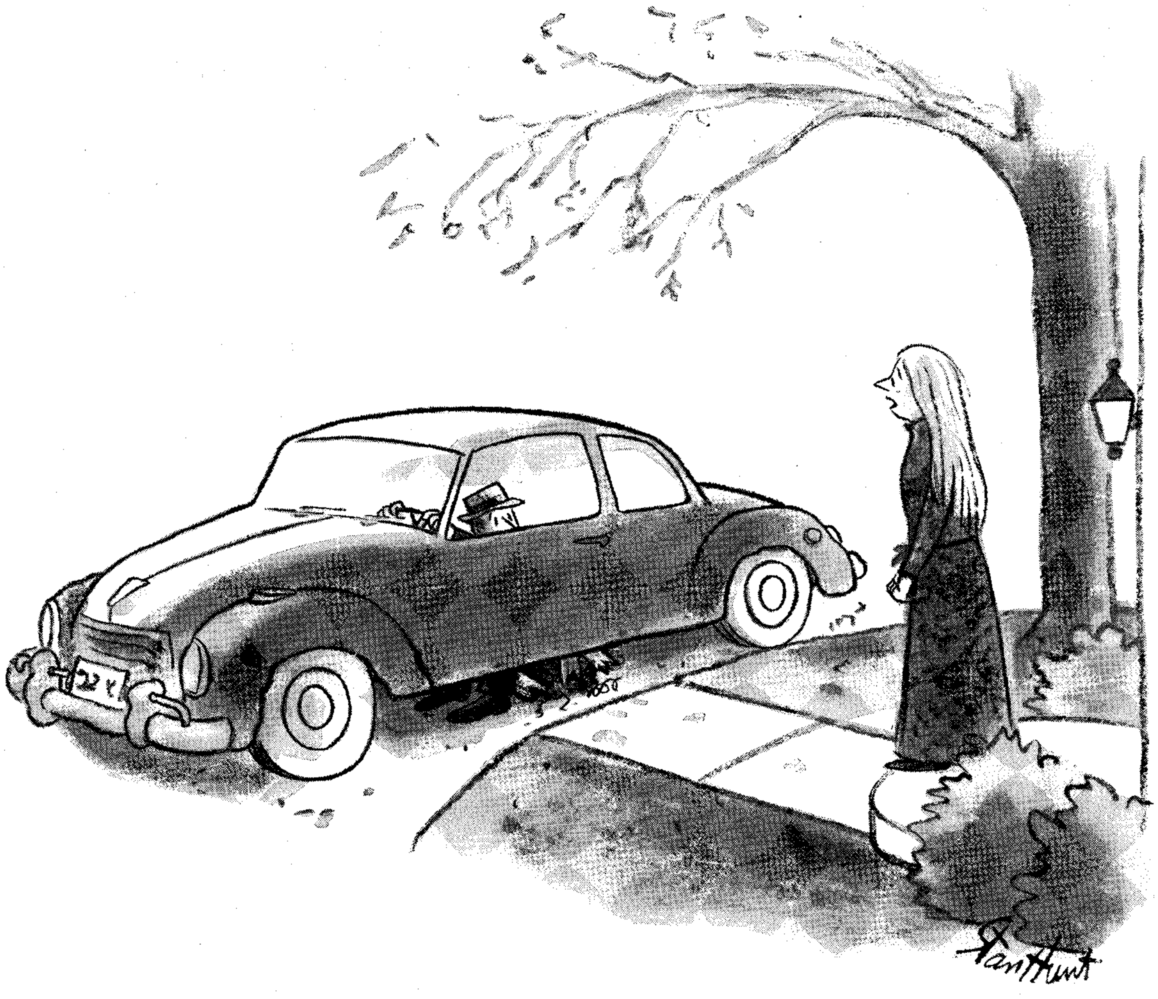
BOOKS

Children's Books for Christmas

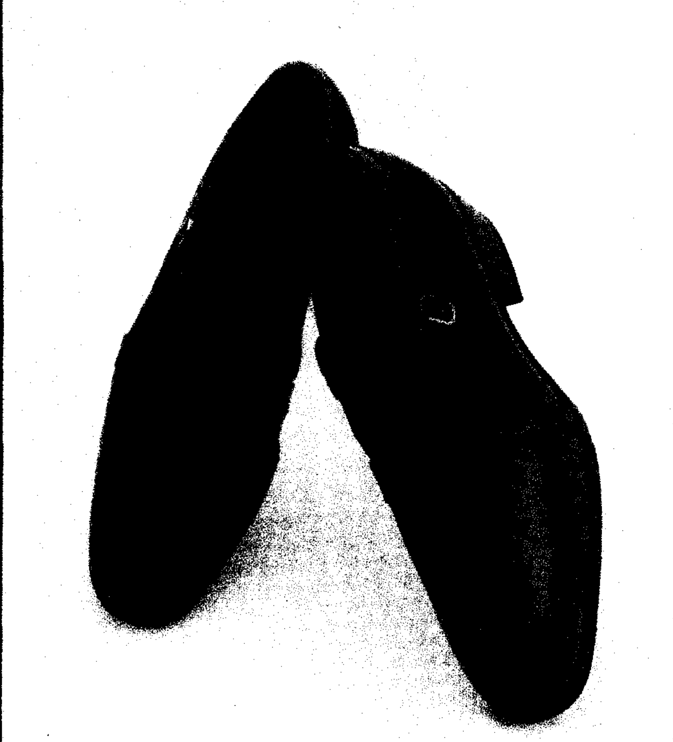
BOSTON'S claim that the Mother Goose rhymes were first said and sung there has never been firmly established, except in the minds of chauvinistic Bostonians, and the gravestone in the Old Granary Burying Ground may or may not mark the spot where the remains of the merry old singer of them were laid to rest in peace. In such a case as that of Mother Goose, legend is quite as important and quite as interesting as unqualified verification, and I believe that on the eve of our Bicentennial we should allow this star to shine in the crown of the capital of the old Bay Colony, whose residents were the prime movers in getting the show on the road when we routed George the Fink.

The preface to "The Only True Mother Goose Melodies," published in Boston by J. S. Locke & Company in 1833 (there had, of course, been many earlier versions), tells, in the form of a letter to the *Boston Transcript*, that a journeyman printer, Thomas Fleet, having fled England during the religious riots in Queen Anne's reign, set up shop in Pudding Lane, now Devonshire Street. Here he married a Miss Elizabeth Goose, and the officiating clergyman at the wedding was Cotton Mather. In due course, the couple were blessed with issue, to the boundless pride and joy of Fleet's mother-in-law, who "spent her whole time in the nursery, and in wandering about the house, pouring forth, in not the most melodious strains, the songs and ditties which she had learned in her younger days, greatly to the annoyance of the whole neighborhood—to Fleet in particular, who was a man fond of quiet." His protests and his scathing gibes would not shut her up, and it was hey-diddle-diddle and fee, fi, fo, fum! until the cows came home and went back out to pasture. Plagued as he was, Mr. Fleet kept his head and, being an ingenious man and a sharp trader, hit upon a way to turn the nuisance into profit by "collecting the songs and ditties as they came from his mother, and such as he could gather from other sources, and publishing them for the benefit of the world—not forgetting himself." The prefatory letter en "*Cotton Mather and Mother Go* thus stand in juxtaposition;—and the former was instrumental in menting the union, which resulted placing the latter so conspicuously b fore the world, it is but just that should be so,—although the one was learned man, a most voluminous wr er, and published a great many book some wise and some foolish, it may w be doubted whether any one, or all them, together, have passed through many editions,—been read by so man hundreds of thousands, not to say mi lions,—put so many persons to slee or in general done so much good to th world as the simple melodies of th other."

I found this jewel in a treasu of jewels, published last year, that only recently came across—"Yank Doodle's Literary Sampler of Pros Poetry, & Pictures, Being an Antho ogy of Diverse Works Published fo the Edification and/or Entertainmen of Young Readers in America Befor 1900" (Crowell). In this work, Virginia Haviland an Margaret N. Coughlan, both distinguishe librarians at the Librar of Congress, have selected and annotate samples, presented i facsimile, of chapbooks battledores, didactic fables, fairy tales, novels Bibles, alphabet books and collections of nursery rhymes illustrated with rebuses, all from the Rare Book Collections of the Library of Congress. Strictly speaking, I suppose, it is not a book for children, but, with a caring guide—parental or avuncular or just friendly—the young would, I think, be fascinated to tour these pages and learn what amused and taught their forebears. In the eighteen-fifties, arithmetic could be painlessly ingested by studying "Marmaduke Multiply's Merry Method of Making Minor Mathematicians; or, The Multiplication



"*Oh dear, I suppose this means we'll* *have* *to turn it in!*"



The Trevi 93103 gold cavello;
also, 92090 black, 93102 brown

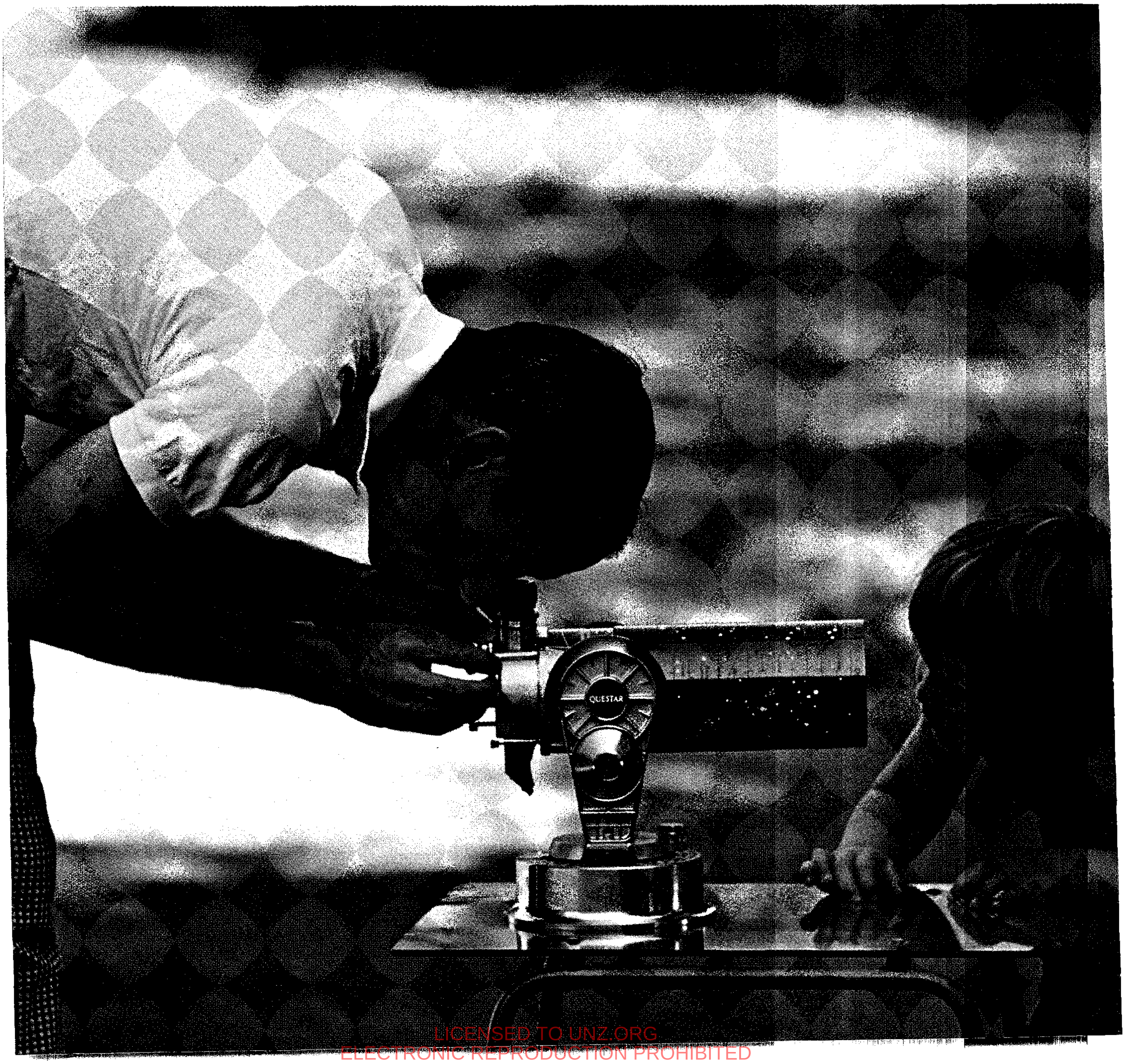
Good Company

Many fine things come together in a pair of Florsheim Shoes: premium leathers, serious craftsmanship, styling authenticated by an industry leader. It takes over 200 operations to achieve the refined look, good fit and longer wear of each pair. Florsheim, the good shoe company.

FLORSHEIM®

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 60606 • A DIVISION OF INTERCO INCORPORATED

"I went into investment banking because I thought I'd be better at that than at basic research. But I've found banking is a way I can use my science—keep in touch—in the broadest sense."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOEL MEYEROWITZ

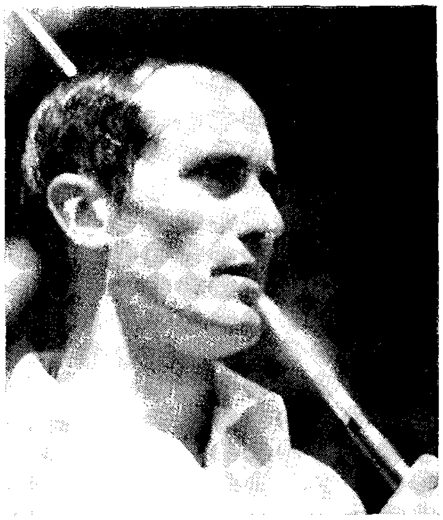
ıy Leness, B. A. Harvard 1961 concen-
ɜd in physics. Married: two daughters
8, son 3. At 35 a senior vice president
ı one of New York's major investment
ıking houses, White Weld & Co. Incor-
ɪ. On the day we talked to him he was
ɪing a $27 million financing for a semi-
submersible drilling rig.

**"It's not the size of the deal that
rests me, it's the complexity, the
ɜed and challenge of finding the
expertise and bringing people
together."**

es: astronomy, gardening, golf, squash.

ogs 70 days a year in airplanes, calling
on clients and keeping up with energy
nology. The one thing he dislikes about
it is being away from the family, but he
makes up for it on weekends.

**'I've been reading every issue of
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN since I
s in college. Even if I didn't need
know I'd want to know. I guess I
on't have to read it anymore, but
I'd miss it—and it can be very
ıluable. I remember an article on
phototypesetting that led me to
some profitable investigation."**



In a society that lives by innovation, discovery is our most important product. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is the magazine of discovery, attracting a growing number of newsstand buyers and subscribers. Each month it is read by an audience of more than one and a half million men and women who turn new ideas into a better life for everyone.

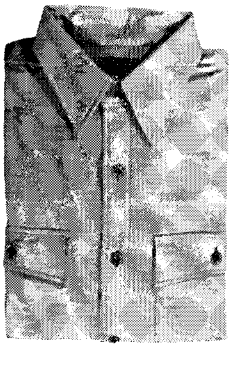
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

415 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

I love it!

It's perfect for tooling around with words. Can't wait to nail the Sunday puzzle with it. "Nail Pen" in gold vermeil electroplate or silver plate, retractable, refillable, 7.50. With one initial on top, $1 additional. Stationery Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

It's such fun to write with and it's from Saks Fifth Avenue



L.L.Bean, Inc.

Chamois Cloth Shirt

For Men and Women

Sueded cotton. Looks and feels like high grade chamois leather. Machine washable and is more durable than wool. Mr. Bean personally used this shirt on his hunting and fishing trips. Colors: Navy Blue, Tan, Bright Red, Forest Green. Ladies' sizes: 10 to 20. Price, $12.35 postpaid. Men's sizes: 14½ to 19. Price, $12.50 postpaid.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Ship ______ Ladies' Chamois Cloth Shirts @ $12.35

Size__________ Color__________

Ship ______ Men's Chamois Cloth Shirts @ $12.50

Size__________ Color__________

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

State__________ Zip__________

Outdoor Sporting Specialties

L. L. Bean, Inc.
364 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032

Table," with attractive pictures and wry rhymes that must have served as dependable mnemonics:

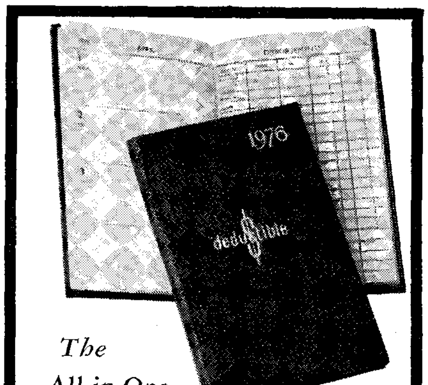
6 times 8 are 48.
Dear Aunt, your dress is out of date.

From Samuel Griswold Goodrich, young readers learned history and geography in a series called "The Tales of Peter Parley About America" and "The Tales of Peter Parley About Europe." The lessons read like fiction, and, on the whole, that is what they were. So extensive was Goodrich's enterprise that he hired a staff of writers, among them Nathaniel Hawthorne. Natural science was available in splendidly illustrated books on animals. In 1813, there appeared "The History of Insects," a chapbook with faithful representations and descriptions of a beetle and some bees and a grasshopper: "However small and contemptible this class of beings may appear . . . when, we come to reflect, and carefully investigate, we shall be struck with wonder and astonishment, and shall discover, that the smallest gnat . . . is as much a subject of admiration as the largest elephant."

To return for a moment to the epistolary preface to "The Only True Mother Goose Melodies," we must not be so rash, in our longing to turn back the clock to the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, as to believe that tads of the time could appreciate the joke the writer makes in equating Cotton Mather's polemics and exhortative sermons with Mother Goose's jingles as soporifics. But we can be envious that they had the *opportunity* to do so. And what a joy the joke must have been to backsliding parents or governesses reading aloud at bedtime on Beacon Hill!

In the foreword to another "Mother Goose" cited in the "Sampler," this one written in hieroglyphics and published in 1855, the customer is enjoined to fly in the face of medical authority and to shortchange the chemist: "When the doctor sends for physic for a nervous little chick, make a mistake, and go to the bookseller's and buy Mother Goose in Hieroglyphics; that's what is wanted—a pretty book, written with pictures, as they wrote in Egypt a long while ago, *when folks knew something,*—about the time when Mother Goose herself was a little gosling." (The italics are mine.) The spieler goes on to say that when the pretty book is worn out, it should be replaced with another, and another after that, "till the wee ones are old enough to read Robinson Crusoe, and the like."

If in 1855 this anonymous writer



The All-in-One

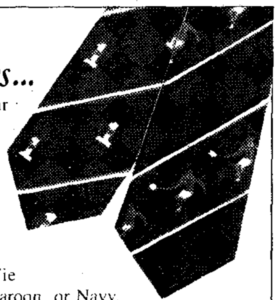
DEDUCTIBLE $ 1976
from England

Unique pocket diary—appointments — expenses — entertainment together.

Skilfully relates daily activity to cash spent. Format recalls/you record re-imbursable tax items. Auto & credit card detail. Personal notes — phone, address — entertainment — memo.

Slim, flexible, compact, 5" x 3". Black, leatherbound — blue paper — gilt edges, perforated corners $8.00 Corporate enquiries invited.

Leathersmith® of London, Ltd.
3 East 48th Street, New York 10017



Sports Action Ties...

For You—and your friends—a "hole-in-one" or tennis action tie in finest imported silk, woven in France and only from Langrock.

Hole-In-One Tie in Green, Black, Maroon, or Navy. Tennis Tie blue background. Order both for gift giving. Supply limited, so order now.

Hole-In-One/Tennis Ties @ $16 each. Check or American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge cards.

LANGROCK
42 Nassau Street, Dept. A-5, Princeton, N.J. 08540
Telephone: 609-924-2424

TASTE LOUISIANA

Our gourmet gift package includes a selection of ready-to-serve Louisiana Delicacies. Shrimp Creole, Crayfish Bisque, Turtle Soup, Gumbo, Remoulade Sauce, Pickled Okra, Pepper Sauce, Creole Mustard, Yams and Cane Syrup $17.95 PPD.

The petite gourmet has Pepper Sauce, Remoulade Sauce, Turtle Soup, Creole Mustard, and Creole Gumbo and Jambalaya Mix $11.50 PPD.

CREOLE COOKERY
7740 Florida Blvd., Baton Rouge, La. 70806

DEERFIELD INN 1884

An intimate country inn offering fine dining and lodging to the New England traveler, in the beautiful setting of historic Deerfield, Massachusetts.

Open year-round.
(413) 774-3147

ooked to ancient Egypt as the time when folks knew something, what would he say, now, a hundred and wenty years later? Randall Jarrell's "A Sad Heart at the Supermarket," published in 1962, includes an essay, "The Schools of Yesteryear (A One-Sided Dialogue)," in which a junior in college, in conversation with his uncle, is flabbergasted and horrified to earn that in the fifth grade his kinsman and his kinsman's classmates read and memorized "L'Allegro." The collegian says, "Why, I read it in sophomore English. We spent two whole days on that poem and on—you know, that other one that goes with it. They're by John Milton. . . . But Uncle Wadsworth, you don't mean to say they had Milton in a Fifth Reader! Why, we were sophomores in college, and there were two football players that were juniors, and believe me, it was all Dr. Taylor could do to get us through that poem. How could little kids in the fifth grade read Milton?" The table of contents of "Appleton's Fifth Reader," which Uncle Wadsworth studied, contains selections by Addison, Bishop Berkeley, Bunyan, Cervantes, Fielding, Jefferson, Shakespeare, Mark Twain, George Herbert, Defoe, and many more. How on earth, the nephew wants to know, did those writers get into a Fifth Reader? And Uncle Wadsworth replies, "Alvin, they've always *been* there. Yesterday, here in the United States, those things were in the Fifth Reader; today, everywhere else in the world, those things or their equivalent are in the Fifth Reader; it is only here in the United States, today, that the Fifth Reader consists of 'Josie's Home Run,' by Ruth G. Plowhead, and 'A Midnight Lion Hunt,' by Three Boy Scouts. I read, in a recent best-seller, this sentence: 'For the first time in history Americans see their children getting less education than they got themselves.' That may be; and for the first time in history Americans see a book on why their children can't read becoming a best-seller, being serialized in newspapers across the nation."

One of the reasons that folks no longer know something is that there are very few folks left: there are only ethnic groups. Vast numbers of the population, deprived of education, not brain*washed* but brain*clogged* by untaught teachers and the fatty matter of mass media, don't know *anything* and don't give a damn that they don't. Listen to this. The Viking Press, a responsible publishing house, has brought out a "touching, hilarious" novel for pubescents, "I Know You, Al," by

The Christmas Spoon
from A. Michelsen costs $60.—

Spoons are usually meant for eating with. So was the first Christmas Spoon made by A. Michelsen, Danish Silversmith, in 1910. But today most people buy these goldplated silver spoons for their beauty. To display them in fine collections. To enjoy the feeling of the craftsmanship and its value as a piece of art. This spoon is the 66th. The motif is handpainted in rich blue and yellow enamel. You can also get a Christmas Fork. It costs the same.

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN
573 Madison Avenue, New York 10022

You can afford that St. Moritzy feeling

It's hansom views of New York's Central Park.
It's Old World charm renewed with New World snap, sparkle and polish.
The cachet of dining in the Café de la Paix.
The intimate ambiance of Harry's New York Bar.
And the world famous renown of Rumpelmayer's.
It's New York's truly Continental hotel.
Elegance that's still surprisingly affordable.
From only $31.00*

Based on single occupancy, per night. Double occupancy from $39.00. Subject to state and local taxes.

St. Moritz
ON-THE-PARK
50 Central Park South, New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) 755-5800
See your travel agent or
call toll-free 800-323-1776
(Illinois call 800-942-8888).

IN NEW YORK...

Complimentary Continental breakfast served in your room.

Each room and suite has a serving pantry.

Gracious dining in the Restaurant Laurent.

The super place to stay in the fashionable heart of the city, just off Park Avenue.

Elegant Quiet Secure

The Lombardy HOTEL

Single, $50 to $55; Double, $60 to $65;
Two-Room Suite, $80 to $100.
Also by the week or month.

DO YOU WISH OUR BROCHURE?

Kathleen Brick, Reservations
111 East 56th Street, New York 10022
212 PLaza 3-8600

GODIVA CHOCOLATES IN A CERAMIC SHELL JAR.

Delicately colored shells decorate the lid of our versatile ceramic jar, a charming momento to have after the half pound of irresistible Godiva chocolates inside have been thoroughly enjoyed. 12.00.

Send . . . Shell Jars at 12.00 each.
Check enclosed. . . . .
Chg. Acc't # . . . .
Amer. Express # . . . .
Name. . . . .
Address. . . . .
City. . . . .
State. . . . . Zip. . . . .

(Please add 1.25 for postage and handling, and sales tax where applicable.)

Garfinckel's
1401 "F" Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20004

Constance C. Greene, illustrated by Byron Barton. The narrator, whose name I did not catch, has the tedious habit of saying "I know you, Al" to her best friend, who was christened Alexandra, and Al's invariable and tedious signoff line is "Have a weird day." Their adventures and dilemmas are standard and boring, their conversation is standard and prurient, and there is no reason for me to mention the vehicle in which they ride (the fare is $5.95) except to illustrate the lower depths to which writers and editors have sunk. When the narrator's grandfather comes to pay a call, the following ensues:

> "What's Al short for?" he asked her, shaking her hand.
>
> "Alexandra," she said.
>
> "When you're older, you'll probably be glad of Alexandra," he said. "You know me, Al."
>
> We looked at each other, confused.
>
> "I know *you*, Al," I said.
>
> "You two are old enough to read Damon Runyon," my grandfather said. "He wrote a book of pieces about some very interesting characters. He called it *You Know Me Al*. Give it a whirl. You might like it."

If these stories hit the girls between the eyes, they may be inspired to go on to such other Runyon stories as "Haircut" and "The Maysville Minstrel;" as they browse through the library stacks, perhaps they will come on Ring Lardner, who is best remembered for "Guys and Dolls." Wouldn't you think that somebody at Viking ("Ring Lardner" was once the twenty-fourth title in the Viking Portable Library) would have caught such a terrible boner? Not so very many years ago, if it had slipped through the editorial offices because everybody was suffering from ambulatory encephalitis, it might still have been caught at the printing concern—by the shop steward, say, for in the good old school days, the good old golden-rule days, even blue-collar workingmen read. Think of it! Miss Greene, her editor, the copy editor, and the printer should be required to write five hundred times, *"Ring Lardner belongs in a high echelon of American literature and Damon Runyon in one close to the bottom."*

A product that has had me up a stump is "The Great Sea Monster by Berthe Amoss or A Book by You," published by Parents' Magazine Press. According to some notes on the jacket, Mrs. Amoss was once invited to "speak to some third graders in the hope of sparking their interest in writing." She gave them a chalk talk on "the intricate process of doodling, thinking, selecting, and actual writing and drawing that goes into the creation of successful picture book." It was new to me that doodling is the first step i the production of this particular a form, and I'd like to have the views o William Steig, Anita Lobel, Elle Raskin, Anne Rockwell, James Mar shall, and very many other author illustrators whose work I admire. do not admire Mrs. Amoss's pictures which are made with skinny, fuzz lines. There are words for only four o the fifteen pictures in the story. "Onc there was a boy called John" appears i the first, "And he lived by the sea" is i the second, "Yummy!" is in the sev enth, and "Hiccup!" is in the thir teenth. Beneath the pictures, however there is a text giving the simple recip for making a jiffy book: First, tell little about your hero—where he live and what he likes to do. Then mak something happen: "I get my hero i an awful pickle." The dilemma is resolved: "It unhappened and my book i finished!" Facing the last picture an the line of text just quoted (I take exception to the word "unhappened") there is a drawing of a witch holding in one hand a paintbrush (it looks more like a Stone Age mace with blood dripping from it) and in the other a finished picture. Above her are the words:

> Did you read to the end?
> It's easy, don't you think?

On the last page you will read "It's exciting to be an author!" and then you read about Berthe Amoss and her chalk talk, which you have already read in the flap copy. Bah. This is more than humbug. It is a conundrum to which there is no conceivable possible solution, and could drive a reader bonkers, but it could do something much worse: it might lead a child to believe that since he has constructed one book out of an absentminded doodle, he can go on and write another, and, finding how easy it is, start calling himself not a "pupil" or a "minor" but an "author." There is a ubiquitous canard waddling throughout the land quacking that *anybody* can write and be published, and can realize golden eggs from royalties and subsidiary rights, and will become famous by being interviewed on television or endorsing Donald Duck 100% Frozen Concentrated Grapefruit Juice.

The author of the much-discussed "She Was Nice to Mice" (McGraw-Hill), Alexandra Elizabeth Sheedy, is thirteen years old, and so is her illustrator, who is also her best friend, Jessica Ann Levy. Her subtitle is "The Other Side of Elizabeth I's Character

KODAK CAROUSEL custom 840H
AUTO-FOCUS

The gift that projects a beautiful image.

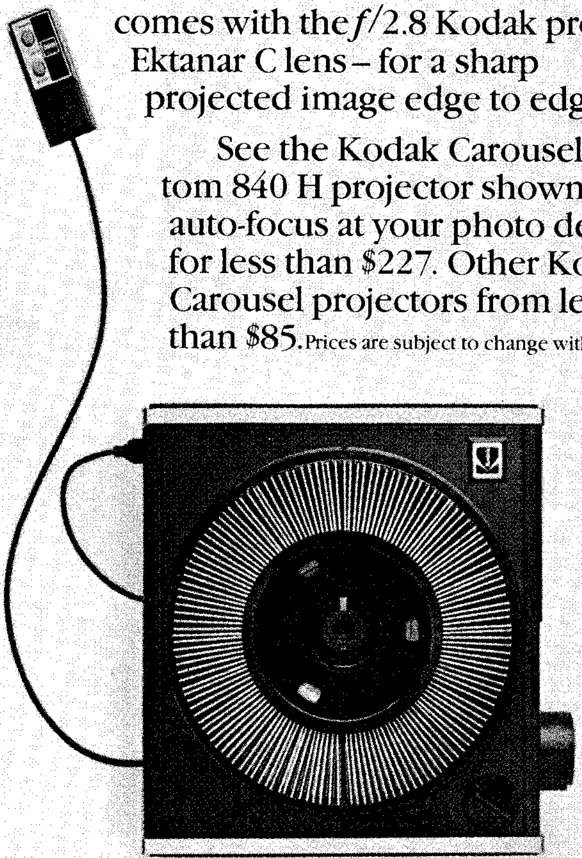
Good-looking on, good-looking off. That's how we designed the Kodak Carousel custom H projector series.

On duty, the Carousel custom H projector uses dependable gravity to drop each slide into place. There's no pushing or pulling. Just one beautiful slide after another.

Off duty, it has a handsome smoke-tinted dust cover that snaps on in place of the 140-slide tray. So you don't have to hide the projector away somewhere between shows.

And like all Kodak Carousel H projectors, the custom H series now comes with the f/2.8 Kodak projection Ektanar C lens – for a sharp projected image edge to edge.

See the Kodak Carousel custom 840 H projector shown with auto-focus at your photo dealer's for less than $227. Other Kodak Carousel projectors from less than $85. Prices are subject to change without notice.



Kodak Carousel custom H projector

KODAK GIFTS. FOR THE TIMES OF YOUR LIFE.

"You can't judge this wine by looking at the bottle."

Ernest & Julio Gallo
Chenin Blanc
of California
GALLO

"Too many people judge wine by its label. That's unfortunate."

"Because they'll never experience the delight I felt when I tasted the superb Chenin Blanc recently introduced by Ernest and Julio Gallo.

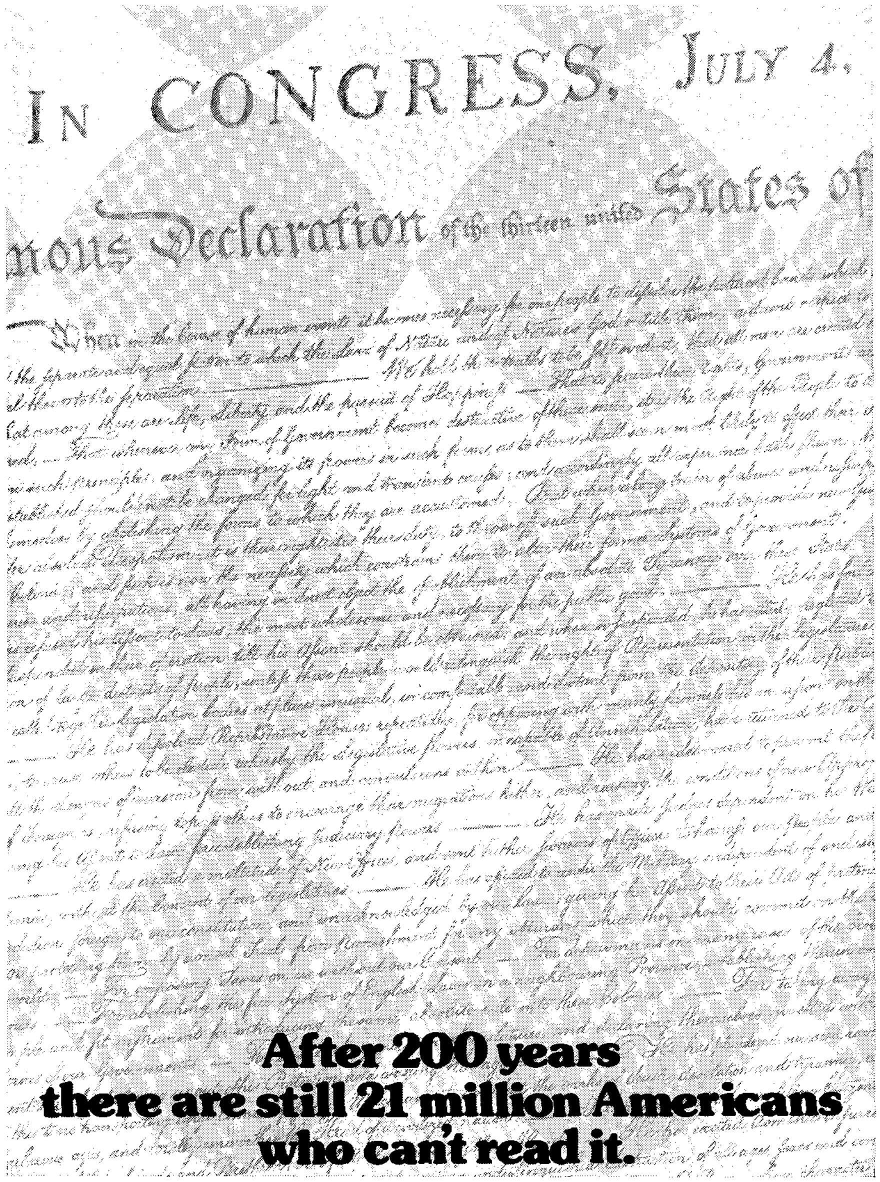
"Ernest & Julio Gallo have succeeded in greatly enhancing the fragrance, taste and character of the marvelous Chenin Blanc grape. An amazing achievement. A wine that must be sampled to be believed.

"I recommend you purchase Ernest & Julio Gallo's Chenin Blanc. Don't pause to brood over the label. Take it home. Chill it. Taste it. Splendid!" Peter Ustinov

Ernest & Julio Gallo vinted, cellared and bottled this fine California wine in Modesto, California.

Never Before Revealed by Previous Historians." In the words of her publisher, the book "is the memoirs of a literary mouse who lived at the court of Queen Elizabeth I and observed her closely and lovingly, both at public occasions and in the privacy of her chambers." Her Majesty's role as mouse-champion is dramatically revealed one evening when a guest in the banquet hall spills pudding in Arabella Stuart's lap; a mouse named Skidmore rushes out from the communal hole to retrieve the bits that have fallen to the floor. He is seen, pinned to the floor with their feet by some lords, and threatened with a knife by another, who "shrilled, 'Now you little foul rodent, we'll see your bewitched head roll! Just like the bewitched Anne Boleyn's did! Cruel and filthy beings do not live long!' " At this outrageous slander of her mother, the Queen orders the offending wretch to the Tower, and then, bless her heart, directs that the mouse be given as much pudding as he can eat. After the royal rescue of Skidmore, the palace mice love their sovereign more than ever; heretofore she was an almost celestial being, to be worshipped from afar, but now her mercy and her largesse embolden them to hang around in her immediate presence, and the narrator becomes a familiar in the boudoir and watches her get ready for bed, divesting herself of her slipcovers and several gross of petticoats, of jewels, greasepaint, chalk powder, and wig. The voyeur also on one occasion sees Essex strip to his smalls and head for the monarchical couch. Whimsical as all getout, the wee mice, while dressing in the style of the court and imitating courtly protocol, fail to catch on to certain amenities—referring to Elizabeth, for example, as "Queen" in the manner of Mrs. Al Smith (or Mayor John F. Hylan's wife, or Mrs. Jimmy Walker, or Mayor John P. O'Brien, or whoever it was, real or apocryphal), who rejoined, "You said a mouthful, Queen," to Marie of Rumania on her observation that the day was a hot one when they were driving up Fifth Avenue.

I set "She Was Nice to Mice" aside for the chuck-out box, finding its archness too icky by half; and then, on seeing an ad with glowing testimonials from usually sensible critics, I reread it. My original opinion did not budge. So I tried it out on four of my stable of constant readers. Miss Daisy D., who is eight and is a prodigious and catholic consumer of the written word, flatly refused to go beyond the third chapter; to a titular uncle she said, "This writing—you can't read it. Yuck!"


IN CONGRESS, JULY 4.
...nous Declaration of the thirteen united States of
After 200 years
there are still 21 million Americans
who can't read it.

One of the greatest documents ever written. And 21 million Americans can't read it. Or a ballot. Or a help wanted ad. Or a job application form.

Why? Because reading and books were never a part of their lives.

RIF is changing that. RIF is Reading Is Fundamental, a national non-profit program that gives kids the incentive, and the books. Books they can choose for themselves, and keep for their own.

Right now, there are over 400 local, community RIF projects all over America helping children help themselves to read.

But to keep going, and keep helping, we need your help. In this significant Bicentennial year, RIF (as an official Bicentennial program) wants to get 25 million books into the hands of 5 million kids.

That's why we're asking you to send a tax deductible donation to RIF, Box 23444, Washington, D.C. 20024.

If America is to grow up thinking, Reading Is Fundamental.

If America is to grow up thinking,
READING IS FUN•DAMENTAL

Take your pick with SUPERSTICK
17 MATCHED CLUBS IN ONE

NOW ONLY
$29.95

• NO BAG • NO CADDY • NO TOOLS

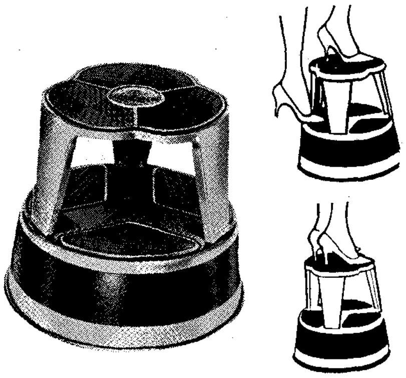
The **Super-Stick** Adjustable Club is precision engineered with an Investment Cast, Stainless Steel Head, True Temper Shaft — fully guaranteed ...• FOR TRAVEL...Club closes to 24" — packs in any suitcase — extends and locks SOLID at 38" playing length • SELECTOR DIAL...highly legible, with high-torque locking teeth for solid hits in all 17 positions • A GREAT GIFT FOR YOURSELF OR A GOLFING FRIEND.

HIGHLANDER PRODUCTS CO.
470 E. Thornton St. Akron, Ohio 44311

Rush me ______ Men's, ________ Ladies'/Junior SuperStick(s) @ **$29.95 ea.** plus $1.50 ea. for post. & hand. **Rt. Hand Only**

Now Available With Non-Collapsible Carbonite Graphite Shaft — $84.95

I enclose ______ Check or ______ Money Order
for total of $ ____________. (Ohio residents add 4% sales tax)
Charge my ______ Mast. Chg. ______ Bank Am.
Acct. No. ____________ Exp. Date ______
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE—NO COD's PLEASE
Name (Print) ____________
Address ____________
City/State ____________ Zip ______
WE SHIP IN 24 HOURS NY125



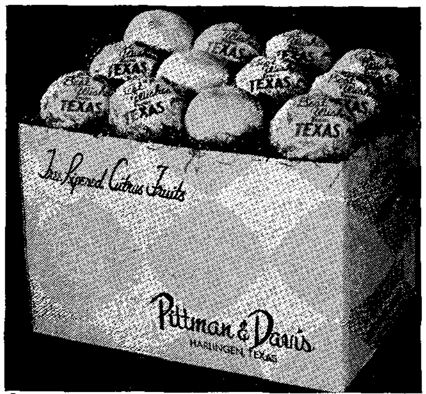
Kick-Step Stool

Kick to where you need it. Rolls easily. Step or sit on it and the spring mounted casters retract. The stool "locks" to the floor then and cannot move. Safe and rigid. Useful for reaching ceiling height or sitting and working low. Fine quality, steel frame, rubber treads on platform, protective bumper. 14" high. **Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back.** ☐ **$27 ea.** ☐ **2 for $52 — postpaid. 6% sales tax in California.**
☐ Black ☐ White ☐ Beige ☐ Silver
Name
Address
Zip
☐ Check Encl. ☐ BofA ☐ Am. Ex.
Acct. No.
J. D. Browne Ghirardelli Square
900 Northpoint • San Francisco • Ca. 94109

Her sister Nina, who is ten, apparently misunderstood my request for a frank opinion and gave her mother a written report saying that this was the best book she had ever read. The lie was so blatant that she was immediately exposed, and admitted that she had only thumbed through, glancing at the black-and-white drawings, which, she said, were "a gross out." A man-child of eleven, who esteems Russell Baker, found Miss Sheedy's work "amateurish." Since it is touted as "delightful . . . for people of all ages," I asked a twenty-nine-year-old photographer to have a look at it on my premises while I was reading something else and both of us were drinking a quite tasty California Chablis. When he finished, he looked at the price ($5.95), sighed, and said, "Change and decay in all around I see." At the end of the blurbs in the ad, there is the joyful cry "Small wonder that the young author is the happiest young lady in town!" I was led to speculate on how she was getting along with her schoolmates, to say nothing of her teachers, who have probably had their share of rejection slips. An awful image of a new breed rose to my mind's eye: the Book Biz Mother, as ruthless as the Show Biz Mother, keeping children awake with Benzedrine as they sit at their electric typewriters hellbent for the Book-of-the-Month Club. If Alexandra Elizabeth Sheedy has talent that will reach maturity with her maturity, she has been given a rotten, dirty deal. The publication of this facile fluff, written in her nonage to please grownups, may distract her from honest labor, honest thought, and honest writing. It is immoral to encourage children to practice the antics and the politics of hacks on the best-seller list.

NOW I will change my "Penseroso" weeds for my "Allegro" glad rags—at least for a while.

P. L. Travers, in "About the Sleeping Beauty," illustrated by Charles Keeping (McGraw-Hill), includes five versions of the tale—those told by Giambattista Basile in Italy in the early seventeenth century, by Charles Perrault in late-seventeenth-century France, by the Grimms in Germany in the early nineteenth century, and by Bradley-Birt in Bengal and Jeremiah Curtin in Ireland during the late nineteenth century. Besides these, Miss Travers has added a sumptuous retelling of her own, so enthralling that the reader swoons and quivers as if he did not know the tale by heart and had not known it ever since he could remember. Hers is longer than the oth-



TEXAS RED
GRAPEFRUIT!
The Best - From the Lush
Rio Grande Valley
THIS IS OUR 50th YEAR

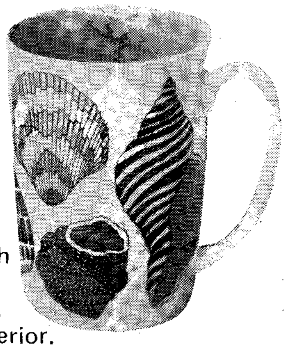
½-bu. Grapefruit	$ 9.20
Carton of 12 Grapefruit	$ 7.15
Full bu. Grapefruit	$13.55
Carton of 6 Grapefruit	$ 5.15
½-bu. G.F. & Oranges	$ 9.25
Full bu. G.F. & Oranges	$13.60
G.F. & Oranges in Mexican bamboo baskets:	
½-bu. $10.95	Full bu. $15.50

All are *delivered* prices

WE TRUST YOU! Send your gift list now and pay our invoice in January.

Other citrus packs and also pecans, rare honey, fruit cakes, cheese, smoked hams and turkeys.

Write for free Illustrated folder.
PITTMAN & DAVIS, INC.
875 N. Exp., HARLINGEN, TEXAS 78550
Established 1926



SEASHELL MUGS

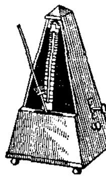
The shell's the thing this season. Gather yours from our seashore. White porcelain with brown and beige shells, a light sand interior. 4" tall with easy-to-grasp handles. **Boxed set of 4 mugs. $15.95 postpaid**
Send for our free color catalog of sportswear.

THE TOG SHOP Lester Square
Americus, Ga. 31709

XMAS HOME AWAY IN BOSTON

Our short term furnished apartments offer alternative accommodations over the Xmas Holidays at attractive rates We have pleasant clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back *Bay and Beacon Hill*

For details,
Home Away, 322 Beacon St
Boston, Mass. 02116 **(617) 266-8755**



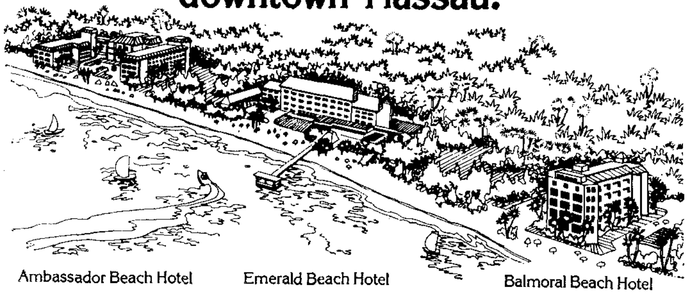
Carnegie A-440 Pizza Hall
2212
Carmel
Valley Rd.
Del Mar, Ca.
Only 15
minutes
north of
San Diego
(714) 755-6778

and richer in exotic detail (it is in Arabia), and if it is perhaps more histicated, the essence of the origi- myth—or dream or magic, or atever you like to call it—remains adulterated. In an afterword, she ites that she thinks it likely that re are thirteen Wise Women at ery christening, and she is especially ateful to the one at her own who ve her "the everlasting gift, spotless id all spotted joys, of love for the ry tale." She continues, "It began in quite early, before there was any aration between myself and the rld. Eve's apple had not yet been ten; every bird had an emperor to g to and any passing ant or beetle ght be a prince in disguise. This un- ferentiated world is common to all ildren." Eavesdropping deliberately only half listening, children absorb s of grownup gossip, hints of scandal d evil, and make up stories for them- lves as lurid and miraculous and ine-chilling and heartbreaking as any ey read. Of the author's own Great- unt Jane "it was said—or rather, it as whispered, the rumour being so deous—[that she] lived on her capi- l." She goes on, "What was capital, I ondered, wild with conjecture, full of ncern. And the dreadful answer me bubbling up—it was *herself*, her bstance! . . . Aunt Jane, stealthily bbling at her liver, was at once her wn Prometheus and her own eagle. he myth did not need to be told me. rose and spoke itself."

The fairy tale, I hear to my distress, out of fashion. If it really is, the lame lies at the door of pedantic par- nts and teachers and psychologists ho don't approve of fantasy, and, in- tead of acquainting children with the xquisite terrors that lurk in the woods n nights of the full moon (witches, ragons, ogres), preach to them in a evelheaded, no-nonsense way about he realities of sex, drug, and drink buse, the carcinogenic properties of ba- on, and how to win friends and influ- nce people in spite of coming from a roken home. So much of childhood, ike so much of old age, is intolerably oring, and the vast lacunae of time hat hang heavy *must* be filled with he improbable, the perilous, the death-dealing, and the death-defying; week-long weddings in the castles of Spain, secret gardens and incorporeal companions therein, frogs that speak in complete sentences, princesses who sleep for a hundred years—these and all the other accoutrements of the imagination are nourishment as necessary as the peck of dirt each child must eat.

I don't believe that the fairy tale is

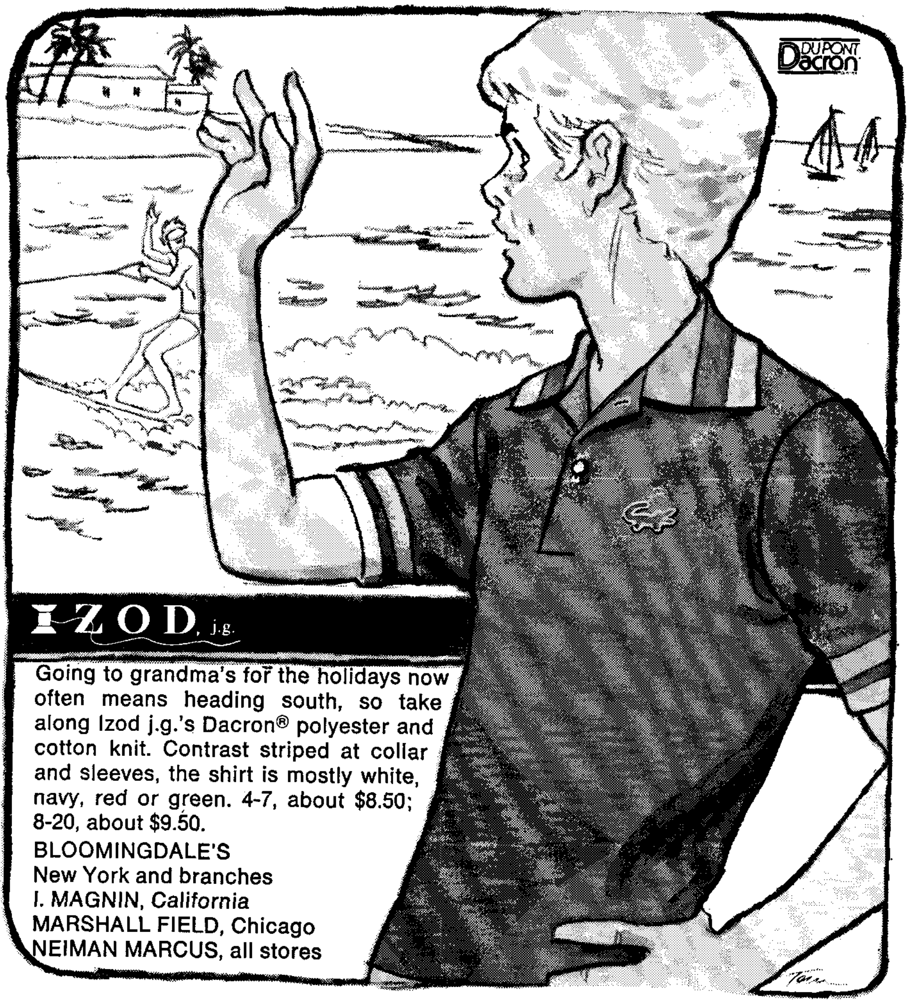
10 tennis courts.
18 restaurants and lounges.
7,132 feet of white sandy beach.
4 swimming pools.
A championship 18-hole golf course.
Waterskiing. Snorkeling.
Scuba diving and para-sailing.
All just 5 minutes from
downtown Nassau.



The Great Resorts of Cable Beach

Where you get all the advantages
of three hotels just by staying at one.

See your Travel Agent today for free brochures.
Or call toll-free 1-800-327-0787.
In Florida, toll-free 1-800-432-5594. In Miami, 443-3821.



Going to grandma's for the holidays now often means heading south, so take along Izod j.g.'s Dacron® polyester and cotton knit. Contrast striped at collar and sleeves, the shirt is mostly white, navy, red or green. 4-7, about $8.50; 8-20, about $9.50.

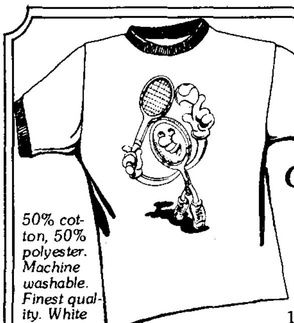
BLOOMINGDALE'S
New York and branches
I. MAGNIN, California
MARSHALL FIELD, Chicago
NEIMAN MARCUS, all stores

Lark® Luggage

For people who hate to leave the finer things of life at home.

Lark Luggage Corp.
Empire State Bldg. N.Y., N.Y. 10001

Copyright © 1975, Lark Luggage Corp.



The Overhead Smash "T" Shirt

50% cotton, 50% polyester. Machine washable. Finest quality. White with red piping. Mr. Tennis is in black.

Sizes: Kids . . . 10-12 & 14-16; Adults . . . Small, Medium, Large & X-large. $4.50, 2 for $8.50, 3 for $12.00 (plus 20¢ for handling).

Mail check to:
MR. TENNIS
24 Penobscot Building Concourse
Detroit, Michigan 48226

18th & 19th Century Antiques

SARAH POTTER CONOVER, INC.
17 EAST 64TH STREET NEW YORK

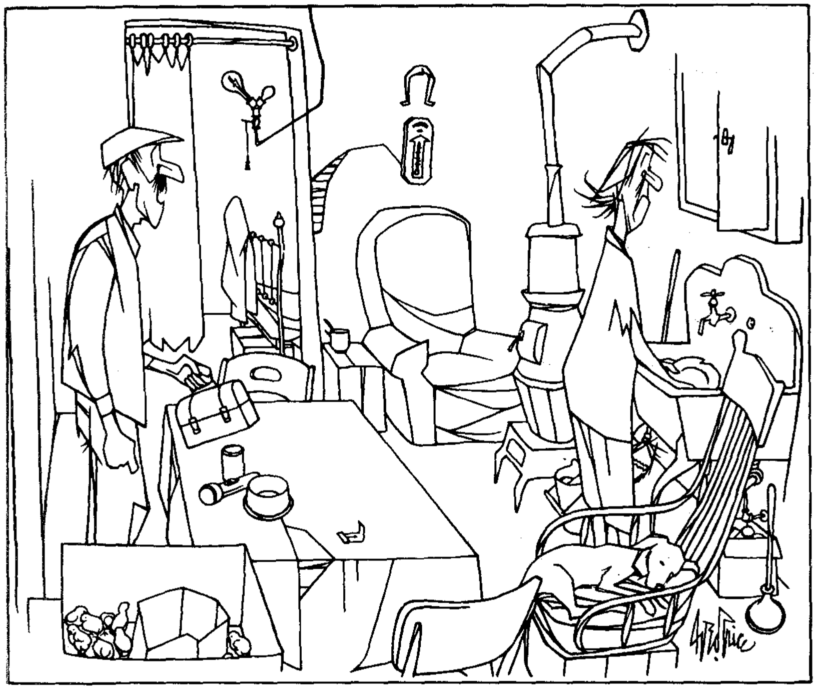
out of fashion. I believe that it has been *suppressed.* But not very successfully, because year after year collections of fairy tales appear; somebody must be buying them and somebody must be reading them, or the publishers, not known for their eleemosynary bent, would discontinue the line.

For centuries in Russia, the only written literature was religious—hagiography, sermons, homilies. The laity, to be sure, had in its possession a huge artistic fiction, but it was available only orally, from colloquial tale-tellers, who through the ages embellished, borrowed this to graft onto that, replaced a drab that with a gaudy this, snipped something out and covered the hole with a more novel appliqué. The first appearance of Russian folklore in print was in England, and translated into English by Samuel Collins, who in the sixteen-sixties lived in Moscow as physician to Czar Aleksei Mikhailovich, father of Peter the Great. Together with ten tales, Collins brought back a collection of observations on the customs and manners, the dress and the speech of the Muscovite empire, and in 1671, shortly after his death, the notes and the stories were published under the title "The Present State of Russia." It was not until the nineteenth century that the classics of folktales were collected, by Aleksandr Nikolaevich Afanas'ev, a lawyer by profession and an ethnographer by avocation; he brought them out in serial form from 1855 to 1864, making his contribution to world literature forty years after the Brothers Grimm had made theirs in Germany. Pantheon has reissued Afanas'ev's "Russian Fairy Tales," translated by Norbert Guterman and illustrated (quite winningly) by Alexander Alexeieff; $12.95. The characters are familiar—stepmothers and highwaymen, kings and misers, articulate foxes and bears and spiders, and inarticulate human simpletons—and so are the adventures, as they are in all countries among all peoples. It is good to have the nice old Russian chestnuts together in one plump package. From Crowell come two books by Pushkin, both translated and revised by Patricia Tracy Lowe and both illustrated by I. Bilibin—"The Tale of the Golden Cockerel" and "The Tale of Czar Saltan." In the first of these, according to Roman Jakobson in his epilogue to "Russian Fairy Tales," Pushkin "simply retells [Washington] Irving's 'Legend of the Arabian Astrologer,' and he does it in trochaic tetrameters." I have never read the Irving story, so I cannot judge the success of Pushkin's poetically licensed larceny. And whil do not read Russian, this translati in prose, sounds off-key: the bones the fable are nimble, but they are h bled by a monotonous cadence a banal language. On the other hand find "The Tale of Czar Saltan; The Prince and the Swan Princess" entertaining and satisfying that, ri ning the risk of being booed by sch ars, I am going to conclude that M Lowe's translation of this is better cause it is the better story.

Leon Shtainmets, a citizen of U.S.S.R. who is now living in Philad phia, has retold and illustra Hans Christian Andersen's "H Clodhopper" (Lippincott) w such good-willed sassiness for sassy little yarn that I hope book sells well. This, in case yo memory needs to be refreshed, one of those three-brothers stori and in this one they seek to mai a princess. "Only the clever need a ply," she has announced. One of t brothers has memorized the Latin d tionary and every word in the c newspapers for the last three yea backward and forward, and a seco has got all the village laws by heart; also embroiders suspenders, and c talk voluminously on this outré subje Their father gives them fine horses go show off to the princess. The thi brother, "silly at best and foolish worst," rides his billy goat to the cou on the way picking up a dead crow, broken wooden shoe, and a pocketf of mud. The cat gets his brothe tongues when they are interviewe and they are sent packing, along wi the rest of the suitors who don't mea ure up, but Hans Clodhopper, course, wins the princess with his pa ter and the ingenious use to which l puts his debris.

"Hans in Luck" is the Grimm sto about the lad who after seven yea asks his master for his wages, so th he can go home to his mother, ar is given a lump of gold the size (his head. On the way, he trades it fo a horse, trades the horse for a cov and goes on swapping until he arriv empty-handed and as happy as a lar to be without possessions. It reappea with wonderful bright-colored and wi ty illustrations by Felix Hoffmann, an is published by Atheneum (a Margar K. McElderry Book). "The Quee Who Couldn't Bake Gingerbread," German folktale adapted by Doroth Van Woerkom and illustrated by Pa Galdone (Knopf), tells of King Pila of Mulligatawny, who wants a quee who can bake gingerbread but, failin to find one, marries Princess Calliop

©1973 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.



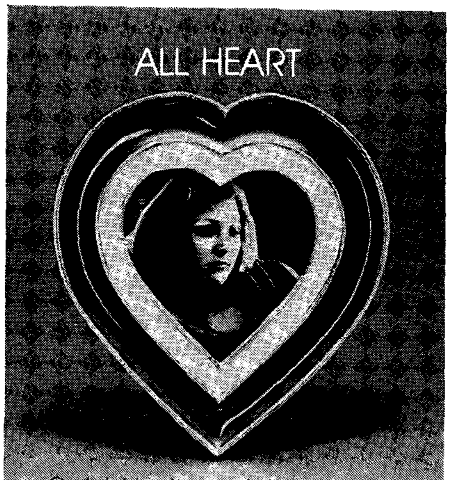
"I heard a bit of good news today. We shall pass this way but once."

500 comic drawings. Truthful.
Visually beautiful. Most of all, funny.
$15.00

THE
NEW YORKER
ALBUM OF DRAWINGS
1925~1975

PUBLISHED BY
THE VIKING PRESS

ALL HEART

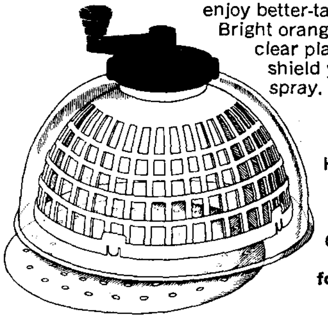


Our bright red enamel picture frame will very surely capture the heart of that special someone. The frame itself is 2"x4" with a 2"x2" heart opening. By The Bucklers Incorporated, $6.00. Please add 85¢ for delivery (in Georgia, please add 3% sales tax).
WRITE FOR OUR NEW SPRING COLOR CATALOG, TOO (TO BE MAILED IN JANUARY)

DAVISON'S
Sea Island
P.O. Box 222, Sea Island, Georgia 31561

SALAD SPINNER

Crisper salads start here. Our French salad spinner spins greens dry in seconds so you can enjoy better-tasting salads. Bright orange basket has clear plastic dome to shield you from the spray. Comes apart for easy cleaning. **$10.50.** At Hoffritz. Mail 85¢ pstg. & hndlg. Area sales tax. Credit cards. **Send $1.50 for catalog of 1,200 items.**



HOFFRITZ HAS IT
20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N23, NYC 10003

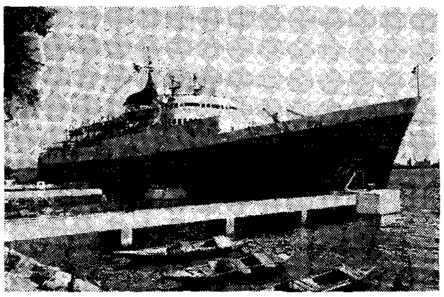
December
ROYAL ALBERT
Bone China
ENGLAND
December

Flower of the Month Series
For Royal Albert color leaflet, kindly send 10¢ stamp
EBELING & REUSS CO.
West Valley Road, Devon, PA 19333

of Tintinnabulum, who, for her part, hoped to find a husband who played the slide trombone. Sensibly, they face up to the fact that wisdom in a woman is more important than gingerbread, and kindness in a man more to be prized than his performance on a musical instrument. They vow never to mention the cake or the slip-horn again. And then one of those days dawns when everything goes wrong, and they quarrel and shout the taboo words. But they are soon repentant, and, setting out to remove the impediments to their complete matrimonial fulfillment, Pilaf learns to make gingerbread fit for a king, and Calliope masters the slide trombone as if she had sat at the feet of Jack Teagarden at Eddie Condon's club. A Bengali folktale, "The Old Woman and the Red Pumpkin," translated and adapted by Betsy Bang and illustrated merrily by Molly Garrett Bang (Macmillan), recounts the method employed by a smart old woman to outwit a bear, a tiger, and a jackal who aim to eat her up. She first meets the three when she is nothing but skin and bones and is on her way through the forest to her daughter's, there to get fat on curry and curds. She persuades the animals that she'll be a much more filling dinner on her way back. She makes the return journey inside a pumpkin, singing as she rolls along, and enjoying snacks of tamarinds, plums, and rice. She has a near-mishap with her hungry ambushers, but extricates herself as easy as pie. From Norway comes "The Squire's Bride," originally collected and told by P. C. Asbjørnsen, now embellished with pictures as pert as the old story, which were drawn by Marcia Sewall (Atheneum). The squire of the title is a rich old widower, and he wants to marry his poor neighbor's daughter, but she'll have none of him and plays a very mean and very funny trick on him, so the "bride" of the title does not exist.

IN the nineteenth century, and well into the twentieth, magazines for children were numerous and widely read, and their contributors, as well as many of their editors, were writers in the front rank of our literature and that of other countries. *The Youth's Companion*, begun in 1827, was merged with the *American Boy* in 1929, and in its early issues appeared the work of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, John Greenleaf Whittier, James M. Barrie, Rudyard Kipling, Louisa May Alcott. The last took over the editorship

In the Raymond & Whitcomb manner



the APOLLO, registered in Greece

Passage from Rio

February 28 to March 14, 1976

You are invited to fly to Brazil and board the 6,000-ton APOLLO in a party limited to fewer than 200 for Carnival weekend in Rio de Janeiro. Then sail a leisurely course plied by no other vessel to Salvador (Bahia), Brazil's first capital and favorite city, and gracious Fortaleza in the nation's great North East. Enter the Amazon, call at its chief port, Belem, before proceeding through "The Narrows," most intriguing of all Amazon channels. Sail on to Surinam, most Asian of American nations, and an expedition to Djuka and Amerindian frontier settlements before debarking and flying home from Barbados. New York to New York rates per person are from $1975 to $2995.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
400 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017 • 212 PLaza 9-3960
"First In Travel Since 1879"

A fine location for the finer things in life.
Including the art of fine living. Stay in one of our handsome rooms or suites which are available by the day, month or year. Dine in our Polo Bar & Lounge or Mayfair Room. And agree.

The Westbury
Madison Avenue at 69th St.
New York, New York 10021
(212) 535-2000

People who go places know where to stay.

Cece Price and her unique portrait gallery

Select from today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors

Portrait brochure available
C. C. PRICE, INC.
15 E. 48th St., N.Y. 10017
(212) 755-1982

Nothing great lasts forever. Including winter vacations at Rockresorts' Little Dix Bay in the British Virgin Islands. 1975/76 is almost sold out. Almost. Which means you can still give it a shot. Call us at 212/586-4459.
LITTLE DIX BAY

f *Merry's Museum for Boys and irls* in 1867 and kept the job for ree years. The magazine had been arted in 1841 and had attracted, mong others, Longfellow, Haw- orne, and Holmes; in 1866, one is- e contained an appraisal of and an xcerpt from "Hans Brinker; or, The ilver Skates," by Mary Mapes Dodge, ith pictures by Thomas Nast. *The iverside Magazine for Young People* ad among its contents poetry and rose by such luminaries as Frank R. tockton, Sarah Orne Jewett, and obert Browning, whose version of The Pied Piper of Hamelin," illustrated by John La Farge, ran in 1868. he following year, "The Court ards," by Hans Christian Andersen, ppeared. The periodical that enjoyed e greatest fame and popularity—and, ke *The Youth's Companion*, an im- ressive longevity—was *St. Nicholas*, hich, established in November, 1873, id not perish until June, 1943. Mary apes Dodge was its first editor, and er assistant was Frank R. Stockton. er aim was to make it "a child's pleas- re ground," and she succeeded trium- hantly. Arthur Rackham's illustra- ions abundantly beautified the poems, he folktales, and the short stories and erialized novels that would become lassics—many of the stories that Kip- ng later collected in his "Jungle ooks" and "Just-So Stories" were irst printed here, as were Frances odgson Burnett's "Sara Crewe," Little Lord Fauntleroy," and (O hining star of children's books!) "The ecret Garden." The roster is long nd glorious.

Today, there are only a handful of agazines for the juvenile audience, nd few writers of consequence contribute to them. The terrible pity of it s that many authors celebrated for their fiction and poetry for adults still can and do deal in magic and spells. And while their works are published in books and anthologies, they are very often overlooked in the plethora of rubbish oozing from all the houses, reputable and fly-by-night. Well, we must make the best of it and give thanks that each year a few new titles show up to surprise us. (But why should we be surprised? Why shouldn't John Gardner write "Dragon, Dragon and Other Tales," for the young?) And daily we should bless the wealth of wonders reissued in paperback. Of E. E. Cummings' four "Fairy Tales," for instance, with pictures by John Eaton (available as one of the Harcourt Brace Jovanovich paperbacks called Voyager Books), my favorite is "The House That Ate Mosquito Pie,"

The Westbury Hotel is in the heart of New York. And vice versa.

It's on Manhattan's exclusive East Side. Located in the midst of some of the city's finest museums, art galleries, a wealth of international boutiques. And conveniently close to the heart of New York's midtown business center.

You'll find gourmet dining in the elegant Mayfair room, and the famous Polo Bar and Restaurant, right in the hotel. The Westbury has the relaxed, unhurried atmosphere and superlative service that Knott Hotels are famous for. So stay where you and the American Express® Card are welcome. The Westbury, on Madison Avenue at 69th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. For reservations just call the toll-free number, **800-327-3384**, and mention American Express.

AMERICAN EXPRESS ®

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
040 012 493 6 500AX
CHARLES F FROST
58

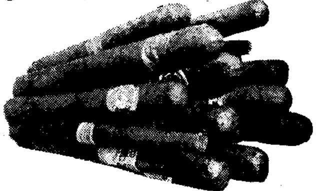
Save a child. Your education is not complete until you learn to care.

Since 1932, Save the Children Federation has been helping children round the world to have better lives. Because of people like you. Educated, involved, and in touch with your own hearts. If you haven't already, won't you please fill out the coupon and mail it today.

I wish to contribute $16 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl ☐ either
☐ **Where the need is most urgent** ☐ Appalachia (U.S.) ☐ Bangladesh ☐ Colombia
☐ Dominican Republic ☐ Honduras ☐ Indian (Latin America) ☐ Indian (U.S.)
☐ Israel ☐ Korea ☐ Lebanon ☐ Mexico ☐ Rural South (U.S.) ☐ Tanzania
Enclosed is my first payment: ☐ $16 monthly ☐ $48 quarterly ☐ $192 annually
☐ Instead of becoming a sponsor, I am enclosing a contribution of $________
☐ Please send me more information.
NAME ________________ TEL. NO. ________
ADDRESS ________________
CITY ________ STATE ________ ZIP ________
(Contributions are income tax deductible)

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Westport, Connecticut 06880
NY 12/1/5

PRESENTING:
CIGARS OF THE MONTH



...a years subscription to the worlds finest cigars.

As a gift or for yourself. A medley of 12 of the worlds finest handmade cigar brands to delight the aficianado or introduce the novice to the joys of cigar smoking.

Begin your plan at any time. Your first shipment of 8 hand rolled cigars will arrive gift boxed and *accompanied by a certificate of* membership to our unique plan. An informative letter of introduction to cigar smoking and a descriptive outline of the cigar brands to be shipped in future months will be enclosed. Name of the giver will appear on each certificate.

3 MONTH PLAN	$21 pp
6 MONTH PLAN	$39 pp
12 MONTH PLAN	$76 pp

You receive a different brand each month (8 cigars monthly): Jan./Punch – Feb./Dos Gonzales – March/Bances – April/Hoya de Nicaragua – May/Tabacalera – June/Rey del Mundo – July/Flor de Mexico – Aug./Hoyo de Monterrey – Sept./Suerdieck – Oct./Upmann Nov./Danlys – Dec./Royal Jamaican

Please indicate the month you wish your plan to begin. Consecutive monthly shipments only. Send check, m.o. or BAC, MC or AmEx # and expiration date. Be sure to provide name and address of recipient if applicable. Catalog 50¢. Free with order.

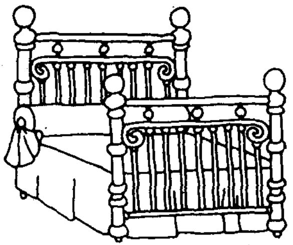
Georgetown
TOBACCO & PIPE STORES
3144 M Street, N.W., Dept. ny,
Washington, D.C. 20007

"Tales of compulsive readability from one of the top mystery editors in the field."—*Publishers Weekly*

OPEN AT YOUR OWN RISK

Edited by
JOAN KAHN

$12.95, now at your bookstore
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY



Getaway to Yesterday

Visit the Inn in the Berkshires with two centuries of tradition, and all the modern amenities. Live amidst antiques. Savor lobster, homemade apple pie, potables from our tavern. Norman Rockwell Museum close by.

The Red Lion Inn
Since 1773, Box NY7, Stockbridge,
Mass. 01262. (413) 298-5545

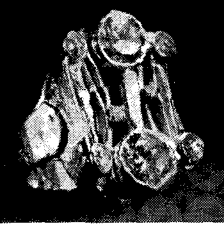
the tender romance between an untenanted house and a bird; before the "singing floating flying person" comes into his life, the house, remote on the top of a high hill, has nobody "except the morning to play with and no one except the sunset to talk with and no one except the twilight to confide in." The story goes on, "There was the afternoon, of course; but the afternoon rarely came near the house because the afternoon was too busy putting the moon to bed." And then he falls in love with the bird who comes to live in him, and in her honor he washes his many windows and winds all his clocks and gives himself a fresh coat of paint. And she, for her part, goes foraging for mosquitoes, which the house cooks into a pie with plenty of sugar. "Gertrude's Child" (a Harlin Quist hard-cover reissue) is by Richard Hughes, who is most—and most justly—famous for his superb "A High Wind in Jamaica," and it is a smashing story about an old man who runs a shop stocked with children, who are bought by dolls, rocking horses, Teddy bears, and other toys, as well as by ponies and puppies; he doesn't like to sell children to kittens, because they are too cruel. Gertrude, a wooden doll, runs away from home, because she is mistreated by the little girl who owns her; she buys a little girl of six and does perfectly terrible things to her—cuts off all her hair, leaves her in the bathtub till the water is stone cold, puts her to bed without any supper—but it's all right in the end, when they become friends. James Thurber, who primarily addressed an audience of cynical adults, occasionally took it into his head to entertain children, and one of his best, although not best-known, books for them is "The Great Quillow." It is a Voyager Book, and is illustrated by Doris Lee. This is the legend of how the toymaker Quillow, who is five feet tall, brings about the demise of Hunder, a giant so big that "it would have taken six ordinary men to lift the great brass key to his front door, and four to carry one of the candles with which he lighted his house." He strides around the countryside laying waste to whole villages and laughing "like the hurricane" or "guffawing like a volcano." But little Quillow settles his hash once and for all, and people can once again sleep without fear. We associate Horace (if we know who he was) with the "Odes" and "Epodes" and, most important, the "Ars Poetica;" now we have his "Two Roman Mice," c. 29 B.C., retold and illustrated by Marilynne K. Roach (Crowell). Horace did not, of course,

This 18k and 24k hand-fabricated yellow gold ring is the only one like it in the world. Miyé Matsukata designed it for large diamonds already owned by the customer.

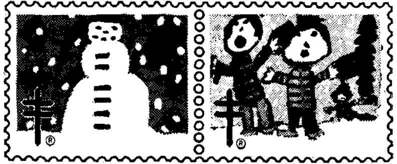
Instead of buying "new" diamonds, bring what you already own to Miss Matsukata and she will design a one-of-a-kind ring for you... just as she has for twenty-five years.

The Archives of American Art of the Smithsonian Institution is documenting Miss Matsukata's work.

MIYÉ MATSUKATA
Janiyé, atelier
551 Boylston Street (Copley Square)
Boston, Massachusetts 02116
By appointment, please; 617-536-8595



It's a matter of life and breath.®



Give more to Christmas Seals

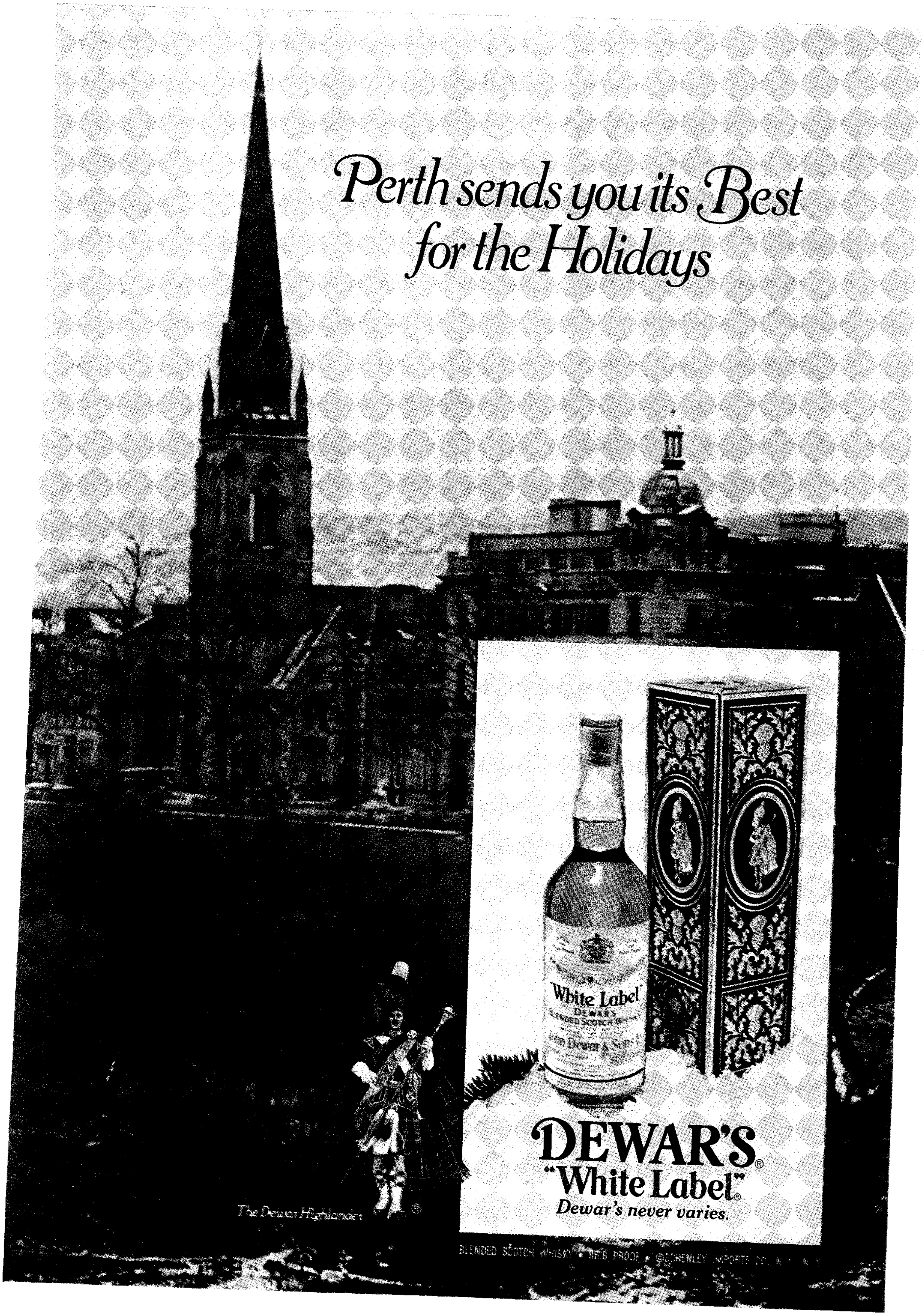
A GREAT SUMMER ABROAD!
For Young People of 14 to 21

LIVE WITH A FOREIGN FAMILY — in your choice of 30 countries! Learn to speak their language. *See the country with friends made there,* as no tourist ever could. Our world-wide non-profit organization, *now in its 43rd year,* specializes in arranging foreign home-stays and travel — in small groups with talented leaders. Please write (stating age and year in school) for information.

The Experiment in International Living
3 Kipling Rd., Brattleboro, Vermont 05301
New York Office: (212) 868-1572

TRADITIONAL GUERNSEYS

Island made fishermen's sweaters for adults and children – 10 different colours. Knitted in pure English worsted wool. For free brochure and shade card please write to: LE TRICOTEUR, Bouet, St. Peter Port, Guernsey, Channel Islands.


Perth sends you its Best for the Holidays
White Label
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DEWAR'S®
"White Label"®
Dewar's never varies.
The Dewar Highlander®
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

DATSUN.
A LOT OF MILES PER GALLON
A LOT OF MILES PER CAR.

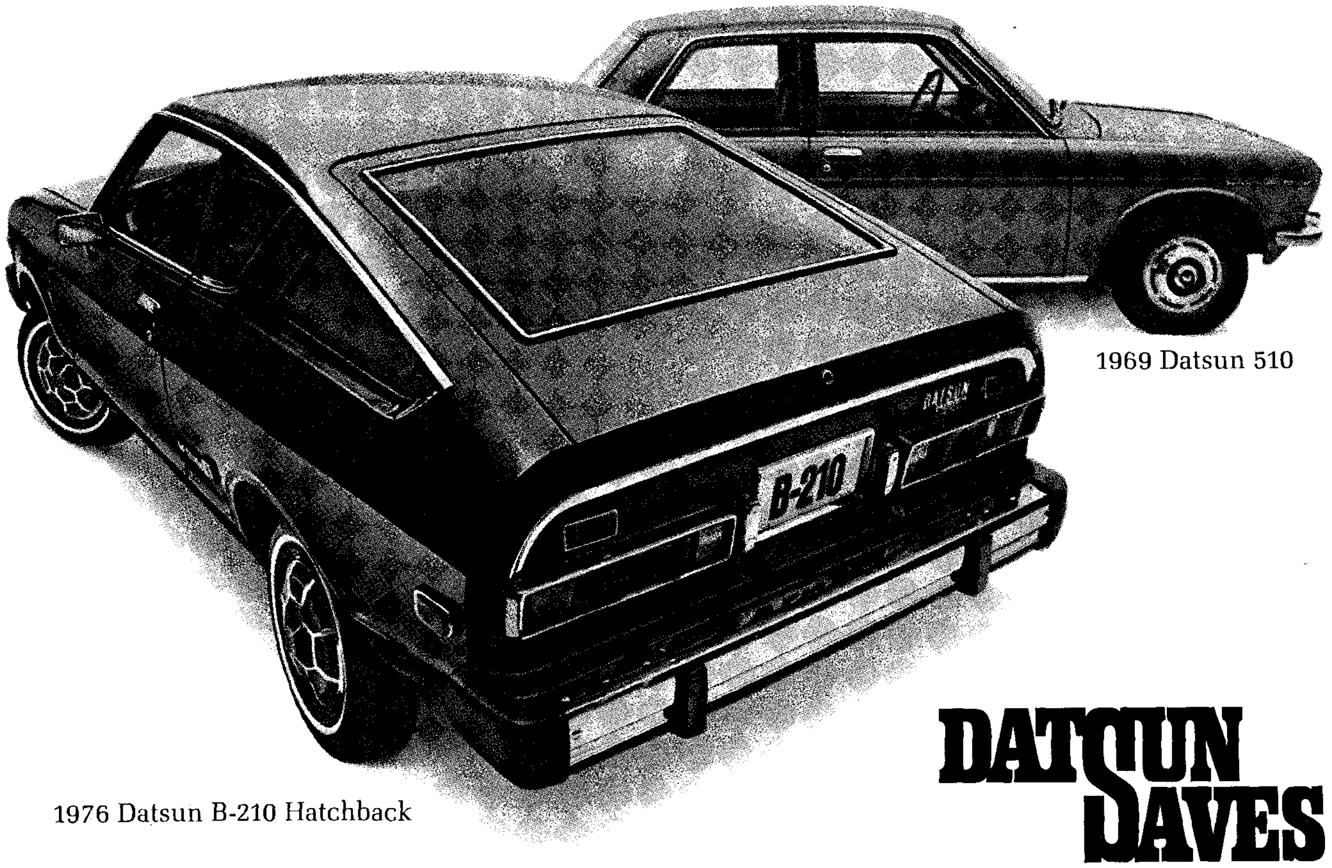
Datsun's gas economy is nothing new. We've been building economy cars for 43 years, and we seem to get better with age. Take our 1976 Datsun B-210. The latest EPA fuel economy tests record the B-210 at 41 MPG on the highway, 29 in the city. (*EPA dynamometer estimate with manual transmission. Actual MPG may be more or less, depending on the condition of your car and how you drive.) Better than last year!

Datsun's durability is nothing new. Today you probably saw three or four old Datsun 510s like the mellow '69 shown. Of all Datsuns sold in this country for the past 16 years, 9 out of 10 are still on the road!

We make sure Datsuns last by building in durability features not found on many comparable cars. Aluminum heads dissipate heat faster than cast iron: Datsuns have aluminum heads. Unibody construction is more rattle-free and durable than bolt-on: Datsun cars have unibody. 60 Amp/Hr. batteries give more dependable starts than 45 or 50 Amp/Hr. batteries: Datsuns come with 60 Amp/Hr. batteries. We could go on and on, but you've got the point.

Add to Datsun durability a nationwide, computer-connected parts system. Plus a dealer network with nearly 4,000 highly trained technicians. To be sure, no one can promise you 100,000 trouble-free miles. But we're working on it.

41 MPG ON THE HIGHWAY. 29 MPG IN THE CITY.*



1969 Datsun 510

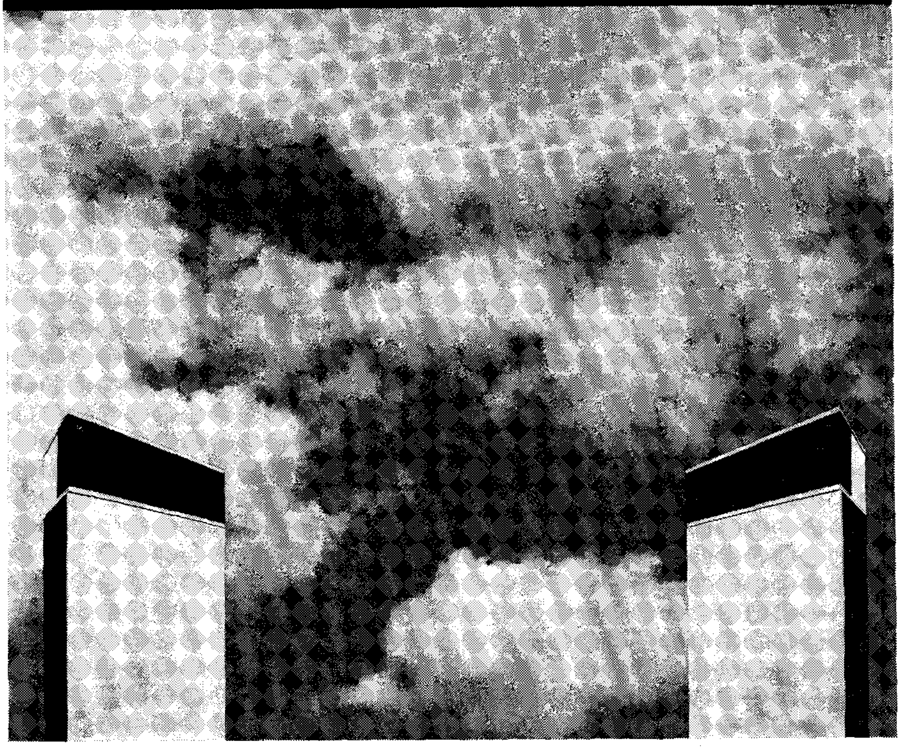
1976 Datsun B-210 Hatchback

DATSUN SAVES

ddress this fable about the rustic and he urban mouse to children but inluded it in one of his satires as a hank-you note to his patron Maeenas, who gave him the lovely country etreat in the Sabine Hills. It is a very retty little book, and if you want to heck up on Miss Roach you can read he Latin text at the end.

HERE are some books for the very young which I especially fancied n the 1975 crop:

"Who Said Meow?," by Maria Polushkin, with pictures by Giulio Maestro (Crown). Adapted from the Russian, this engagingly reports how a mischievous cat nearly drives a sweet puppy out of his mind by reiterating 'Meow" but never being visible; the puppy is too innocent to know that this is one of the favorite props in every slyboots' bag of tricks. The two bunnies who live "In the Rabbitgarden," described and delineated by Leo Lionni (Pantheon), are admonished by the old rabbit never to eat apples or the fox will get them; then, one day when they are alone, they meet a cordial serpent who introduces them to the pleasures of apples, but he is in the service of a benevolent deity, and when the fox comes the serpent saves the little dummies' lives. "Dancing in the Moon," counting rhymes concocted and decorated by Fritz Eichenberg (Voyager), is dedicated to "Albert Einstein, who liked children, animals, and numbers." I especially liked "11 geese disturbing the peace" and "13 squirrels collecting pearls." Arnold Lobel acquaints us with "Owl at Home" (Harper & Row) as he thinks of sad things so that he can cry and make "tear-water tea," and as he says to the moon through his bedroom window, "What a good, round friend you are!" This author's wife, Anita Lobel, makes beautiful, intricate pictures to go with her "King Rooster, Queen Hen" (Greenwillow Books, William Morrow), a cautionary tale of the dangers that await those who entertain o'erweening ambition to rise above their station. Russell Hoban, the writer, and James Marshall, the artist, team up to present "Dinner at Alberta's" (Crowell), in which Arthur, a crocodile child, is a sore trial to his family, because of his abominable table manners and his everlasting electric guitar, but, thanks to getting a crush on Alberta Saurian, who is fastidious, he learns to chew with his mouth closed and stops feeling the saltshaker and diddling with his spoon. Syd Hoff has published a little etiquette book called "Dinosaur Do's & Don't's"



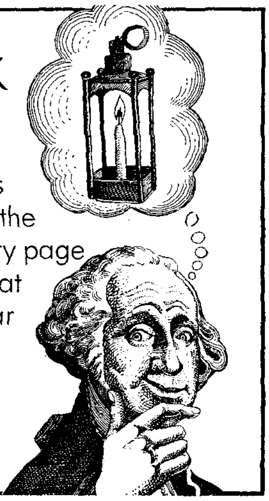
Klipschorn® Loudspeakers

FINISH THIS STEREO PAIR YOURSELF AND SAVE $560.00

Style C has the same components, same sound, as finished styles. Just simpler appearance and no finish. Yet, exposed wood is birch veneer plywood and grill cloth is installed. Send coupon for literature on all Klipsch speakers.

Klipsch and Associates, Inc. P.O. Box 688 N-12 Hope, Arkansas 71801
In Canada: Superior Electronics, Inc.

Please send me your latest brochure and list of dealers.
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City __________ State ________ Zip ________



Richard Bissell's new book

NEW LIGHT ON 1776 AND ALL THAT

"is witty and moving . . . This clear and exciting story of the Revolution is funny on every page and yet it leaves you — or at least me—with my first clear picture of the events."
—George Abbott. Illustrations by Ron Carreiro.
$6.95 at all bookstores.

LITTLE, BROWN

NUMBER SIXTEEN

An unique, luxury "pension". Central, private and informal. It's for those who prefer not to pay "Grand Hotel" prices.

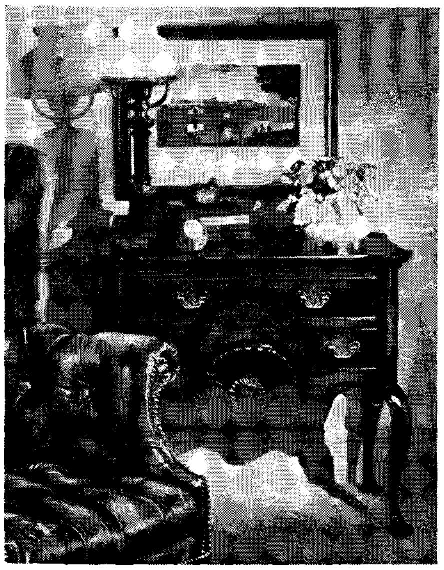
16 SUMNER PLACE **LONDON** SW7 3EG ENGLAND
Telephone 01-589-5232

On St. Croix A WORLD ALL YOUR OWN for golf, tennis, swimming, snorkeling, fishing and relaxing. Call Ralph Locke (212-586-3070).

The Buccaneer

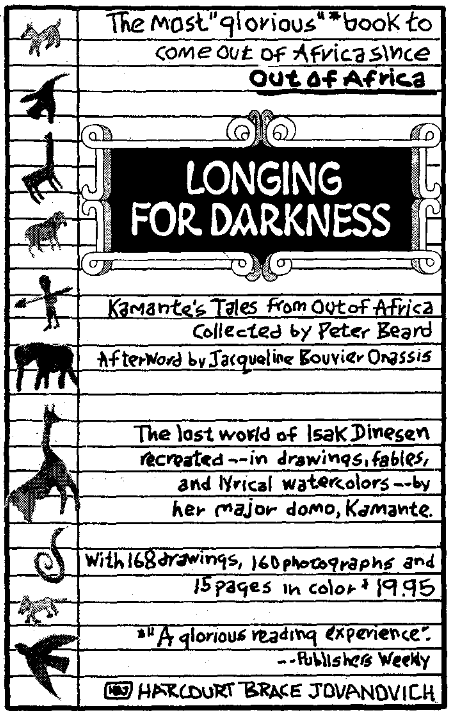
Box 218-Y St. Croix, U.S.V.I. 00820

KNOB CREEK



Lovely lamps, carefully finished occasional furniture like the console table above, a magnificent wing chair — it's all Knob Creek. Now you can have a complete Knob Creek living room or library. To suit your taste. Craftsmanship and design assure you of having the antiques of tomorrow. At better stores. Write for folder. Knob Creek, Dept. 75, Morganton, N. C. 28655.

KNOB CREEK



The most "glorious"* book to come out of Africa since Out of Africa

LONGING FOR DARKNESS

Kamante's Tales from Out of Africa
Collected by Peter Beard
Afterword by Jacqueline Bouvier Onassis

The lost world of Isak Dinesen recreated—in drawings, fables, and lyrical watercolors—by her major domo, Kamante.

With 168 drawings, 160 photographs and 15 pages in color $19.95

*"A glorious reading experience." —Publishers Weekly

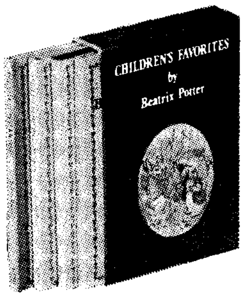
HBJ HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

132 UNUSUAL MUSEUMS IN EUROPE
That Most Travelers Don't Know About
A unique handbook for the accomplished traveler who has seen Europe's big museums and enjoys discovering the less well-known. Also lists the personal favorites of Thomas Hoving, Director of New York's Metropolitan Museum. A nice gift for well-traveled friends.
$2.50 each or 5 for $10.00
PASSPORT PUBLICATIONS
20 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago, IL 60606

(Windmill Books and Dutton). The good dinosaur (and the good young *Homo sapiens*) doesn't skate in the house, read other people's mail, or cheat, but he does write letters to grandparents who live far away, and he covers his mouth when he sneezes. Speaking of sneezing, on "The Day the Cow Sneezed," as we are told and shown by James Flora in a Voyager Book, a chain of accidents began that ended up with widespread ruin throughout the town—a steamroller got loose, flattened trees, knocked over City Hall, trains, iron deer, messed up the zoo, and set a Ferris wheel off its base, and *it* rolled, picking up speed, and . . . "The Trouble with Alaric," according to his biographer and portraitist, Jane Williamson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is that he does not want to be a dog but incontrovertibly is one. He eats with a fork, and instead of barking says "Hello." His best friend, a person, solves his identity problem by making him brush his *teeth, cook breakfast and wash the* dishes, go to the office on the subway, shop for groceries after work, and help get dinner. After one day of person life, he wakes up to the fun and games of a dog's life and says "Woof!" "Molly Patch and Her Animal Friends," written by Ben Shecter, who did the pictures, too (Harper & Row), begins, "When the city noises grew too loud, and friendly faces disappeared, Molly Patch moved to the country." There, without visible means of support, this little girl succored ailing and malingering raccoons and bears with honey and hugs, learned from a field mouse how to ice-skate, gave garden parties, fed strawberry doughnuts to a snake, kept a notebook, and was happy. A snail named Maurice becomes "The Guest" of Mona, who is a moose created by James Marshall (Houghton Mifflin). She likes having him around the house, and when, one day, he disappears, she mourns; but he returns, explaining that he missed his family and has brought all twenty of them (from Jean Pierre to Fifi, with Napoléon and Henri in between) back to stay and daily eat French toast. "Good Old James," by John Donovan, with drawings by James Stevenson (Harper & Row), is a poignant little story of a senior citizen who finds leisure a bore and travel a bore, but who, in an uncomplaining what-the-hell spirit, makes friends with a fly as he walks into the sunset. The princess of "The Princess and Froggie," by Harve and Kaethe Zemach (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is, as drawn by Margot Zemach, one of the tackiest noblewomen of all time. Her friend Froggie is not a prince in disguise, he is simply a frog, but he is very helpful in retrieving balls dropped in the pond, finding lost pennies, and chasing bird off her daddy's, the King's, head; his chivalrous *gestes* are rewarded with lollipops.

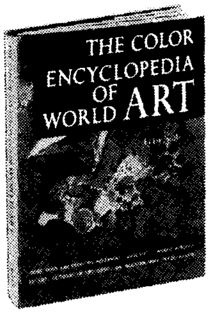
The masterly caricaturist David Levine has combined his talent with that of Joseph Moses in "The Great Rain Robbery" (Houghton Mifflin), and the result is ideal, being both instructive and delighting. Two hundred years ago, in the English town of Jipswich, it rained for days and weeks and months, and the monotony of the deluge made everybody nettlesome. Then, one day, a Mystery began and the deluge was forgotten—all the "J"s vanished. The town became "Ipswich," and children asked for "am" and "elly" for their bread. The Mystery became a Menace: the janitor was "one *who performs custodial services,"* and the jail was renamed "Town House of Incarceration." Dr. Samuel Johnson (Ohnson, though, once he hit town) was called in and managed to restore all the "J"s—they'd been stolen by Uriah, the umbrella-maker, to use as handles—except the one in front of Ipswich. The heroine of "Time for Jody," by Wendy Kesselman and illustrated by Gerald Dumas (Harper & Row), is a groundhog who is invited by the animals of the Distant Field to take the job of waking them up in the spring—lacking a groundhog of their own, they generally sleep till summer. Jody's father has been the official harbinger of spring in his neck of the woods for many years, and it is to be hoped that his daughter has inherited his punctual character. Jody accepts the offer and takes with her twenty-seven alarm clocks, which she sets for February 2nd, and when they go off and she doesn't see her shadow, goody, goody, she goes back to bed for six more weeks—*but* she forgets to set the clocks again! However, when she does wake up everybody and announce the arrival of spring, a big, neighborly old rabbit in a big flowered wrapper smiles at her and says, "It's nice having a groundhog. . . . We haven't been up so early in years."

There are more—there are ever so many more—cuckoo and touching and pretty stories for fledglings, and they concern monkeys, witches, donkeys, smart boys and bad girls, tigers, ducks that catch cold, crabs, bright girls and incorrigibly rotten boys, shrews, pos-


CHILDREN'S FAVORITES by Beatrix Potter

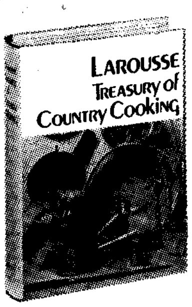
CHILDREN'S FAVORITES BY BEATRIX POTTER

The Tale of Peter Rabbit • The Tale of Benjamin Bunny • The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin • The Tale of Two Bad Mice • Each illustrated with the original full-color drawings. New deluxe, slipcased set of four volumes, $6.95


THE COLOR ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD ART

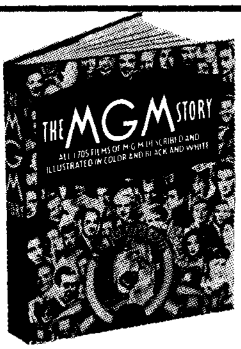
THE COLOR ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD ART

By Jay Jacobs. A complete reference library of the arts of all time in one volume with 256 full-color illustrations and 2,400 entries. Covered are painters, sculptors, architects, styles, schools and movements, and art terms. 8¾″ x 11¼″. $25, but only $22.50 if ordered by Christmas.


LAROUSSE Treasury of Country Cooking

LAROUSSE TREASURY OF COUNTRY COOKING

New from the publishers of *Larousse Gastronomique:* 450 recipes created and tested especially for Americans — including not only many unusual and delicious French Provincial dishes, but also the best of regional cooking from all over the world. Illus. $14.95, but only $12.95 if ordered by Christmas.


THE MGM STORY

THE MGM STORY

The Complete History of Fifty Roaring Years. By John Douglas Eames. Every feature film MGM ever made is detailed and photo-illustrated in this book! *Gone With the Wind, Camille,* and 1,703 others are here along with a color section on Metro's great musicals. 400 pages. 9½″ x 12¾″. $25, but only $19.95 if ordered by Christmas.

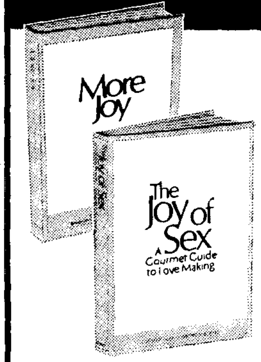
CHAGALL'S posters

CHAGALL'S POSTERS

Catalogue Raisonné. Edited by Charles Sorlier. 86 posters, many in full color, and a holograph frontispiece by Chagall. A limited (and only) edition of Chagall's own posters; posters made by artists under his supervision; posters made from earlier works. 10″x13″. $60, but only $50 if ordered by Christmas.

The right gifts for one and all

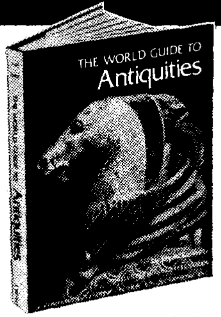
Crown


More Joy
The Joy of Sex
A Gourmet Guide to Love Making

Dr. Alex Comfort's best-selling (hundreds of thousands of copies sold) lovemaking guides — illustrated in full color and black-and-white by Charles Raymond and Christopher Foss.

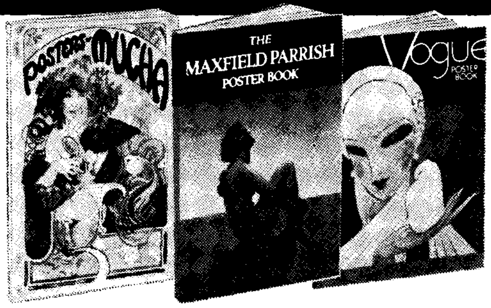
THE JOY OF SEX
$12.95

MORE JOY
$12.95


THE WORLD GUIDE TO Antiquities

THE WORLD GUIDE TO ANTIQUITIES

By Seymour Kurtz. Introduction by Leon Pomerance. The art and artifacts of the ancient world . . . presented in 300 magnificent full-color illustrations and an excellent text. "A remarkable story of mankind's cultural signature."—*N.Y. Times.* 8½″ x 11″. $25, but only $19.95 if ordered by Christmas.


POSTERS MUCHA
THE MAXFIELD PARRISH POSTER BOOK
Vogue POSTER BOOK

3 great books of detachable posters

POSTERS OF MUCHA
"High above the competition."—*N.Y. Times.* Paper $5.95

THE MAXFIELD PARRISH POSTER BOOK
Introduction by Maurice Sendak. Cloth $9.95; paper $5.95

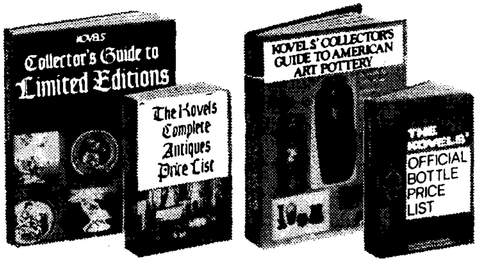
VOGUE POSTER BOOK
Introduction by Diana Vreeland. Cloth $15; paper $5.95

Each with 24 full-color, 11¼″ x 15″ posters.
Harmony Books.

THE BEATLES
AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD

THE BEATLES: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD

By Roy Carr and Tony Tyler. A complete discography and record-by-record critique of virtually every Beatles' release, both as a group and during the solo years. Over 200 photos (many in full color), album covers, other memorabilia. 12″ x 12″. A *Harmony Book.* Cloth $12.50; paper $6.95


KOVELS Collector's Guide to Limited Editions
The Kovels Complete Antiques Price List
KOVELS' COLLECTORS GUIDE TO AMERICAN ART POTTERY
THE KOVELS' OFFICIAL BOTTLE PRICE LIST

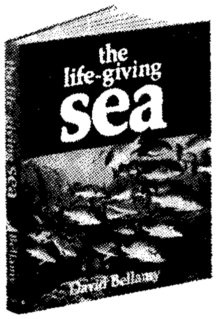
The #1 books for antiques collectors by RALPH and TERRY KOVEL — generously illustrated in color and black and white

THE KOVELS' COMPLETE ANTIQUES PRICE LIST
8th Edition. 42,000 prices. 500 illustrations. Flexible binding, $6.95

THE KOVELS' OFFICIAL BOTTLE PRICE LIST
3rd Edition. 11,000 prices. 500 illustrations. Flexible binding, $6.95

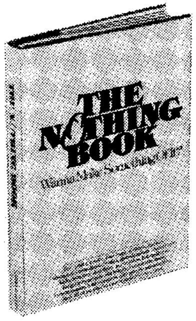
THE KOVELS' COLLECTOR'S GUIDE TO LIMITED EDITIONS
2,000 illustrations. 8½″ x 11″. Flexible binding, $9.95

THE KOVELS' COLLECTOR'S GUIDE TO AMERICAN ART POTTERY
1,000 illustrations. 8½″ x 11″. $12.95


the life-giving sea
David Bellamy

THE LIFE-GIVING SEA

By David Bellamy. Here, based on the immensely popular BBC television series "Life in Our Seas," is a British scientist's remarkable view of the sea; its evolution, nature, inhabitants and plant life; its crucial importance to mankind — and, now, its uncertain future. Over 250 photos and drawings in color and black and white. 8¼″x10¼″. $15.95


THE NOTHING BOOK

THE NOTHING BOOK

Wanna Make Something Of It? *The Nothing Book* is a blank book. The possibilities are endless. Write your own novel, draw pictures, make lists, collect autographs, compose songs — use your imagination and do your own thing. "A profound masterpiece of nothingness."—*Phila. Bulletin.* A *Harmony Book.* $3; deluxe edition $5

The Life & Lore of the Bird

THE LIFE AND LORE OF THE BIRD

By Edward A. Armstrong. Birds as symbol, myth, ornament, and as companions . . . birds in nature, art, literature, and sport — every aspect of the bird and its contributions to our culture is examined in this fascinating book. With 256 illustrations in color and black and white. 8½″ x 10¾″. $15.95

Now at your bookstore, or send check or money order to CROWN PUBLISHERS, 419 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10016

"China's past and present–a rich and spicy blend concocted by a knowledgeable observer of them both."–E.J. KAHN, JR.

鐵樹開花

The highly acclaimed author of *800,000,000: The Real China* now offers candid portraits-in-depth of five cities–Shanghai, Dairen, Hangchow, Wuhan, and Peking–which form part of the cutting edge of tomorrow's China.

"One of the best, certainly the most literate and colorful report on the People's Republic I am aware of. Terrill is a talented journalist who brings an informed historical perspective to an immense subject."
—*San Francisco Chronicle*

Flowers On An Iron Tree
Five Cities of China
Ross Terrill
With 46 photographs, $15.00

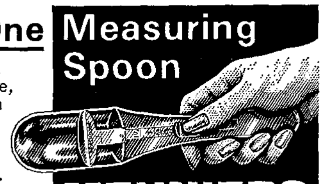
An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

A Field Guide to Western Mushrooms
by Alexander H. Smith

Designed for use in the field, Smith's new handbook is the definitive guide to hunting and identifying wild mushrooms found particularly in western North America.

204 color photographs **$16.50**

The University of Michigan Press
615 E. University Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106
Please send copies of *A Field Guide to Western Mushrooms*, @ $16.50 per copy.
Name
Address
City State Zip
Include 4% sales tax with all orders to be sent to a Michigan address.
080



All-In-One Measuring Spoon

Stainless steel, precision device, adjustable from ¼ teaspoon to 1 tablespoon. Ideal gift for gourmet cooks. $1.50 plus .25 post. Conn. res. 7% tax. Ask for our free copperware folder.

MEUNIERS
Box 933, West Cornwall, Conn. 06796
also store in Brooklyn Heights, N.Y.

sums, chickens, beavers, and moles. To say nothing of pigs and boa constrictors. Despite the melancholy that invades me each year at this time, I do declare this: that the quality of entertainments for the nursery is still high and the spirit is playful. Hold on—I'd better not be so immoderately cheerful. Let me say instead that there seem to be more writers and illustrators addressing themselves to small children, and remaining attentive to the requirements of their audience, than there are writers seeking to please those who have already begun to read with ease.

AMONG books of verse I recommend "Alligator Pie," by Dennis Lee, a Canadian, with pictures by his compatriot Frank Newfeld (Houghton Mifflin), which hasn't much substance and isn't the best nonsense ever written but does have an infectious lilt:

Nicholas Grouch
Has filled his pouch
With garbage lids and bears.
When he gets home
His wife will groan
And throw him down the stairs.

"One Winter Night in August," by X. J. Kennedy, illustrated by David McPhail (Atheneum), is, from start to finish, all wool and a yard wide. It is indeed irresistible, and, like the lightest of light verse if written by the wise, often disturbingly profound:

The cows that browse in pastures
Seem not at all surprised
That as they moo they mow the lawn
And their milk comes pasture-ized.

The nursery and playground rhymes in "Cakes and Custard" have been chosen by Brian Alderson and illustrated by Helen Oxenbury (Morrow); a lot of them are familiar ("Sing a Song of Sixpence," "Taffy Was a Welshman"), and a lot are new to me. One of these reads:

The king sent for his wise men all
To find a rhyme for W;
When they had thought a good long time
But could not think of a single rhyme,
"I'm sorry," said he, "to trouble you."

Another poem in this book is:

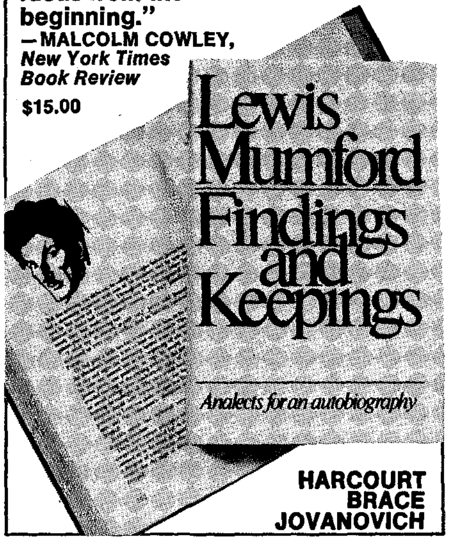
In fir tar is,
In oak none is,
In mud eel is,
In clay none is.
Goat eat ivy,
Mare eat oats.

Although I was brought up on the first four lines of it, and although I knew the last two from the song "Mairzy Doats," popular in the for-

SHARING IS CARING

THE SALVATION ARMY
®

"Personal—sometimes intensely personal—items...of unusual interest for the light they throw on Mumford's character...and on the consistency of his ideas from the beginning."
—MALCOLM COWLEY, *New York Times Book Review*
$15.00



HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

Books & Toys for the Bicentennial
Send a stamped, long envelope for our revolutionary catalog.
It's free! Bellerophon Books
153 Steuart St. San Francisco Ca 94105

es, I had never before seen the six gether, nor had I ever seen them t down as they are here. When I as a child, my mother used to recite e first four lines as if they were in atin, thus:

In firtaris
In ocnonis
In mudilis
In clanonis.

I found it one of her most tiresome arlor tricks, but now I would give orty-nine dollars to find out how and where and why she learned it.

"Best Wishes, Amen, A New Col-ection of Autograph Verses," com-iled by Lillian Morrison and illus-rated by Loretta Lustig (Crowell), ontains some of the cheekiest wise-racks I have ever read. I didn't know, nd was glad to learn (because I like niscellaneous information of no es-ecial use), that the custom of gather-ng friends' signatures and greetings egan in "the mid-sixteenth century mong university students in Europe who carried a leatherbound book known as an *album amicorum* in which would be inscribed Latin quotations, literary excerpts, recommendations, and good wishes by friends and patrons." The children quoted in this one are in tune with the times:

Butter is butter,
Cheese is cheese.
1974 women
Are hard to please.

And

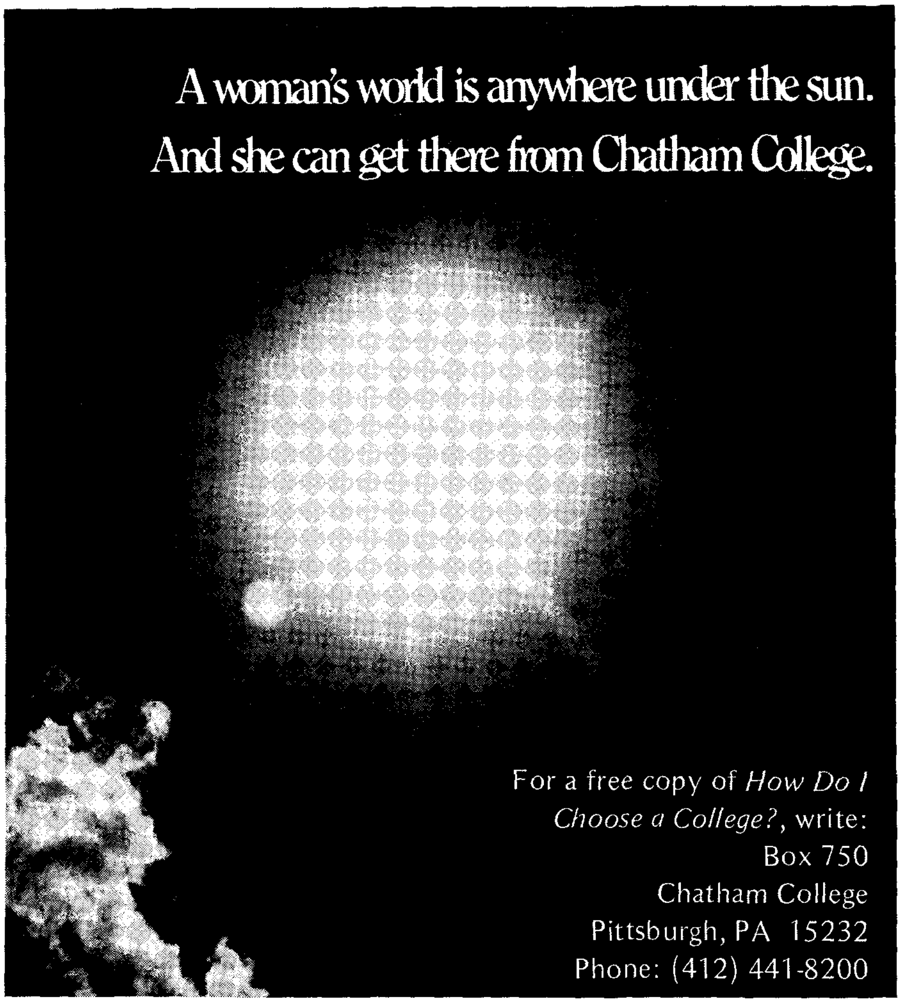
Donna, Donna,
Take my advice,
Don't be a mother
Before you're a wife.

A variation on the old roses-are-red wheeze that makes me laugh is

Roses are red,
Violets are green.
You have a shape
Like a washing machine.

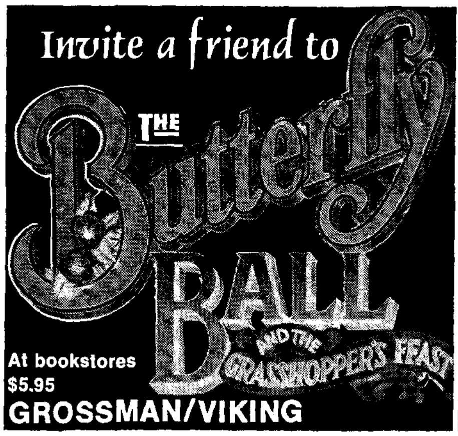
What wicked wizardry is native to the child! How *dare* permissive parents and permissive teachers and pietistic psychologists tamper with his brilliantly original sin? If they'd box his ears and take a razor strop to his backside, he'd be even more inventive in his splendid ribaldry and insulting insouciance.

THE reliable Peruvian bear resident in London with the Brown family is back this year in "Paddington on Top" (Houghton Mifflin). Michael Bond, his sponsor and mouthpiece, assisted by Peggy Fortnum, who shows us what he looks like alone and with his confreres (he's a mess), this year


A woman's world is anywhere under the sun.
And she can get there from Chatham College.

For a free copy of *How Do I Choose a College?*, write:
Box 750
Chatham College
Pittsburgh, PA 15232
Phone: (412) 441-8200

Selected
JOYCE
Letters
Edited by Richard Ellmann
The editor's choice of the best letters from James Joyce's three great volumes with important additions of previously unpublished letters.
$18.95 cloth, $5.95 paper
THE VIKING PRESS
625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

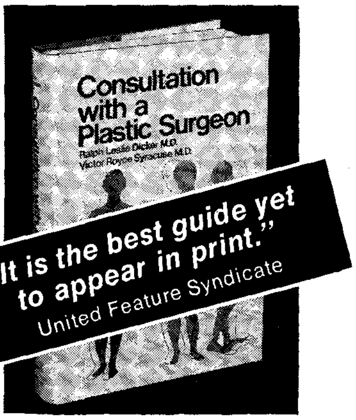

Invite a friend to
THE Butterfly BALL AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST
At bookstores
$5.95
GROSSMAN/VIKING

"Is there an ideal skin age or skin type for the face lift?" (Page 22)

"Consultation With A Plastic Surgeon" is a question and answer exchange between patient and doctor.

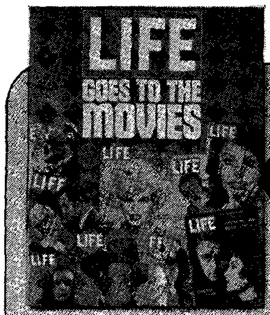
The most informative book ever. Dr. Ralph L. Dicker and Dr. Victor R. Syracuse, two eminent New York plastic surgeons, discuss everything in the field with authority.

This unique book is your private consultation. It will give you the confidence to approach plastic surgery with intelligence.


Consultation with a Plastic Surgeon
Ralph Leslie Dicker M.D.
Victor Royce Syracuse M.D.

"It is the best guide yet to appear in print."
United Feature Syndicate

at bookstores or write: $9.95
nh Nelson-Hall publishers
325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 60606



Life Goes to the Movies

One of Cokesbury's Top 25 Books for 1975

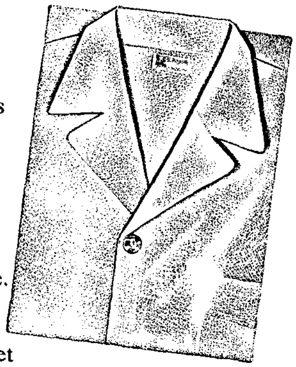
Revives the beauty, madness and genius of Hollywood the way it was—in the movies and offscreen. $19.95

For a FREE copy of our catalog that contains this book and 300 other great books, write:

Gift Books, Christmas 1975
Cokesbury
201 Eighth Ave., S.
Nashville, TN 37202

Cokesbury
Booksellers to America Since 1789

Shop in person at these Cokesbury Stores:
Atlanta • Baltimore • Birmingham • Charlotte • Cincinnati • Clearwater
Columbia • Dallas (2 Stores) • Dayton • Denver/Englewood (Jan. '76) • Des Moines
Detroit • Elmhurst • Harrisburg • Houston • Jacksonville • Kansas City
Los Angeles • Memphis • Nashville (2 Stores) • North Canton • Park Ridge
Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • Raleigh • Richmond • San Francisco • Tulsa



the ultimate in pyjamas
SEA ISLAND COTTON

Have you ever wanted pyjamas with the smooth feel of silk and the durability of cotton? Here they are! Generous cut, drawstring style.

Langrock
42 Nassau Street
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

Please mail ________ Sea Island Cotton pyjamas @ $45 plus $1 postage.
Sizes: B, C or D; Colours: Maize ☐ Blue ☐
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State .... Zip .....
charge to my American Express No.
☐☐☐ ☐☐☐ ☐☐☐ ☐ ☐☐☐

ESCAPE TO OUR PRIVATE ISLAND IN THE SUN

Enjoy that rare commodity—tranquillity. Relax in your own cottage—swim on our private beach—have candlelight dinners with wine. Bring a book, forget your tie, unwind. Great game fishing, superb snorkeling and scuba diving (instructions available). Write: Marina Cay, Box 76Y, British Virgin Islands. Or call Tortola 4-2174.

sends him to school (he doesn't do well), allows him to be gulled by a purveyor of bogus vacuum cleaners, and takes everybody to a rugby match between St. Luke's, Paddington's old school (after one day the headmaster threw in the towel and threw out the bear), and a touring team from South America, the Peruvian Reserves. Paddington's loyalties are divided, he is addlepated with excitement and confusion, and hell breaks loose, but all ends well.

"The Peppermint Pig," by Nina Bawden (Lippincott), has every ingredient necessary for a good book to read on a snowy Saturday, on autumn afternoons when school is out, or, indeed, at any old time. In the late nineteenth century, the Greengrass family, having fallen on hard times (there's a dire reason, shrouded, behind this fact), sell all their furniture in the house where they lived in London to pay Father's passage to America to join his brother, and Mother takes the four children to Norfolk to live with aunts. I am reminded a little of E. Nesbit in this well-plotted novel; some of the grownups are grotesques and some of them are enemies and many of them are friends, among the last being the milkman, who gives the children a pig, the runt of the litter, known as a "peppermint pig," because he's "not worth much," explains Mother. "Only a token. Like a peppercorn rent." Mother "called the pig Johnnie, saying (rather oddly, the children thought) that he reminded her of her grandfather," and the dear little thing, apricot-colored, is kept in the house as a pet. Mother, who was a dressmaker before she was married, becomes a dressmaker again to make ends meet. The transition from urban to small-town life is painless; it is, in fact, fun, because now the children are in the very place where so many family stories had their origin, one of the most fascinating of which is that of the time Granny Greengrass had her finger chopped off by Grummett the butcher. But the news from America keeps clouds in the sky: Father's brother, like many brothers who wrote back glowingly in those days from the land of opportunity, "had left the fruit farm in California to run a saloon in Colorado, and Father had gone with him." It seems that "the saloon belonged to a woman called Bertha Adams, and for some mysterious reason Uncle Edmund was calling himself Adams, too." I cannot bear to speak of Johnnie's death (in the beginning he fitted easily into a pint beer mug),

C. P. CAVAFY
COLLECTED POEMS

Translated by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard
Edited by George Savidis

"I hope with all my heart that this splendid new edition will introduce a much wider audience to this wryly sad, yet profound genius of Alexandria."—John Fowles

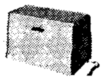
"A prayer fulfilled . . . I cannot foresee ever being far away from this strange and beautiful volume."— Stephen Spender

Bilingual cloth edition, $20.00
English paperback, $3.45
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

Soggy Crackers are for the birds!

ELECTRIC BRISKER®

The only appliance of its kind that uses dehumidification to protect the flavor and crisp, crunchy freshness of such foods as crackers, potato chips, cereals, popcorn and pretzels...even keeps salt shakers free-flowing. Brisker is a "must" for every home or boat. U.L. approved; 115 volt AC for home; 6, 12 and 32 volt DC for boats. Size: 18¾" x 11" x 11". Polished chrome or satin copper finish. At fine gift shops and hardware stores, or order now by mail. Brisker soon pays for itself by the food it saves and keeps fresh...no soggy foods to throw out to the birds...even Audubon would approve! Write:



BRISKER® PRODUCTS $29.95

Add shipping charge $1.50 E. of Rockies; $3. W. of Rockies. Prices Continental U.S. Send check with order. 2343 Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45206

Imported & American Books* Greeting Cards *

* The BRITISH Book Centre *
153 East 78th Street
(just east of Lexington Ave.)
New York, New York 10021
Telephone: 212-879-6577
Mon.-Fri.9-6; Sat.10-5

* Your One-Stop Source for All British Books *

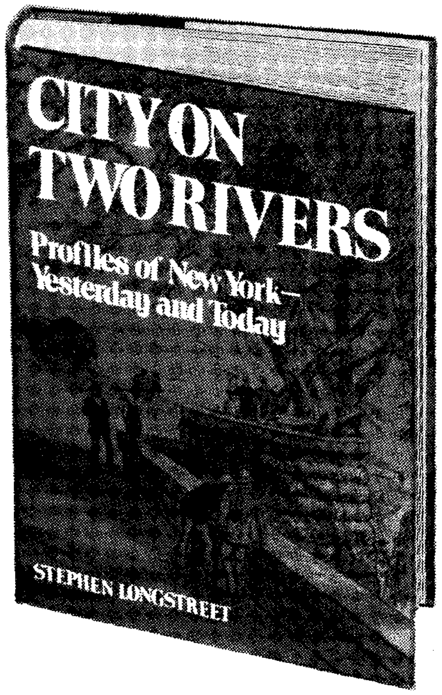
Special Orders Accepted

o I will skip to the end and bring he glad tidings of Father's return and eunion with his family.

"Tuck Everlasting," by Natalie abbitt (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a fearsome and beautifully written ook that can't be put down or forgot-en. At the end of the eighteenth cen-ury, a family named Tuck headed rom the East to the frontier country nd went through a forest that seemed o have no end; at last they found a mall clearing where a spring bubbled ıp, and the mother, the father, the wo sons, and the horse drank their ill of the water. They marked one ree with a "T," for Treegap, moved n, and, after a long time, came out nto a valley, where they settled. Poor devils, poor harmless, simple souls, the water they had drunk made them immortal. Until Doomsday, they will look exactly the same and feel exactly the same, will survive fire and flood and pestilence. Hence, every day for them is Doomsday. I am too old to like this book; I esteem it as a work of art, but it makes me as nervous as a cat. If I were twelve, on the other hand, I would love it.

Jane Yolen, with "The Transfigured Hart" (Crowell), almost succeeds in creating an authentic modern fairy tale. I think she does not quite bring it off, because, fearful of making a false step, she divests her characters of the colloquial and leaves them in literary nudity. Richard Plante, a sickly, bookish boy, reading one day in the woods beside a serene and shining pool, sees a pure-white hart, startled by a splash in the water, vanish into the thicket. He is sure he has seen a unicorn. He reads everything he can find on the subject of unicorns and goes as often as he can to the pool in the woods, yearning to see the beast again in its magical, pristine glory. The splash that alarmed the stag was made by a smooth rock thrown into the pool by a girl named Heather Fielding, who, while she had often visited these woods before, had never happened on this part. The boy and the girl are bound to meet, and they are bound at first to be resentful, neither wanting to share the amazing animal. But they become friends and exchange ruminations and imaginings; each, enthralled by (to Richard) the unicorn or (to Heather) the albino deer, is also enthralled by the other. I want very much to like this book altogether, but I have serious reservations. For one thing (and by no means an unimportant thing), I wish that Heather's dappled horse were not named Hop, short for Gerard Manley Hopkins. You

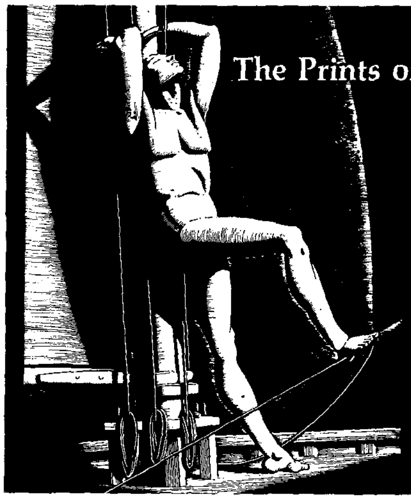
"One of the best of the New York books..."*



CITY ON TWO RIVERS
Profiles of New York—Yesterday and Today
Stephen Longstreet

A lovingly told history of the Big Apple that "teems with vignettes of colorful characters... a delight to read, not only for the history buff, but also for anyone interested in any facet of New York life at all."—*House and Garden**
Filled with rare photos, posters, cartoons, sketches.
$12.95 at bookstores

HAWTHORN BOOKS
260 Madison Ave.,
New York, N.Y. 10016



The Prints of ROCKWELL KENT
Dan Burne Jones.
Foreword by Carl Zigrosser
There are more than 300 reproductions in this *catalogue raisonné* of the work of one of the greatest of this century's printmakers. "One of the outstanding volumes of the year ... rich in the responses it can evoke."—*Publishers Weekly*
Large format 9½" x 12½"
$27.50 till December 31, 1975.
$32.50 thereafter.
At bookstores or from
The University of Chicago Press

Men, Women & Dogs

In 1943, *Saturday Review* said this book "costs three bucks. It's worth three thousand." By these high standards, this reissue of the biggest and best of Thurber's cartoon collections is still a bargain. $8.95
JAMES THURBER
DODD MEAD

All of the captioned drawings first appeared in The New Yorker.

Little Lasses Tea for Two

IMPORTERS LONDON EST. 1847

Tea and crumpets for dolls or Teddy Bears, served on our beautifully crafted tea set of pure Britannia pewter. The plate is 3½ inches in diameter. A must for collectors. Send **$16.00 ppd.** for Doll's Tea Set.

BankAmericard, Master Charge and telephone orders accepted. Phone: (617) 542-9234. Mass. residents add 3% sales tax

London Harness Company

60 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass. 02110

Branches: Braintree, Burlington, Chestnut Hill, Falmouth, Harvard Square, Peabody, Wellesley, Mass.
Glastonbury, Conn. • Kennebunkport, Me.

Hundreds of step-by-step recipes and the logic behind them—it's easier when you know **why**. "Makes an excellent gift—if you can bring yourself to part with it."
—**Baltimore Sun**

ALMA LACH'S
HOWS AND WHYS OF
FRENCH COOKING
with **George Rezek** on Wine

656 pages (146 on provincial cooking)
Illus. $12.50
at bookstores or from
University of Chicago Press

Bah! Humbug!

This year, instead of sending still another dispensable Christmas card, send the indispensable gift for all lovers of language — a year's subscription to
VERBATIM, The Language Quarterly.
VERBATIM says "Merry Christmas" all year round. Just $2.50 to U.S. addresses, $3.00 elsewhere, for four entertaining, interesting, informative issues. Your gift card or ours. Full payment in U.S. funds with order. Money back if not pleased.

VERBATIM **POST OFFICE BOX 157**
ESSEX, CONN. 06426 USA

"OCEANSIDE CONDOMINIUM, FORT PIERCE, FLORIDA Available monthly. One bedroom. Golf, tennis, health club, pools, restaurant-all on premises. Beautiful unspoiled mile-long beach. Ideal. No children. $800 - $1,000 per month. Phone 305-461-4062."

know—"Glory be to God for dappled things"?

For my money, Ellen Raskin can do no wrong, and if I say that I wasn't quite as crazy about her new "The Tattooed Potato and Other Clues" (Dutton) as I was about her "Figgs & Phantoms" of last year, I am not saying that I don't find it very nearly perfect. Dickory Dock, whose parents, before they were murdered, ran Dock's Hock Shop, is a seventeen-year-old art student; she becomes the assistant (girl Friday, Jack-of-all-trades, bouncer, buffer) to a portrait painter named Garson (who is really a police inspector) living in a house in Greenwich Village. In this house there also live an ugly and irascible and suspect tenant, Manny Mallomar, and, in the cellar, a monster, a gigantic deaf-mute with a hideously mutilated face, named Isaac. The plot thickens so fast it makes your head spin, and when you get to the end you have to think it over carefully, step by step, from the beginning to figure out how so many unlikely events got hooked up together to produce such a tangled web of murder and thieving and every other felony you can think of.

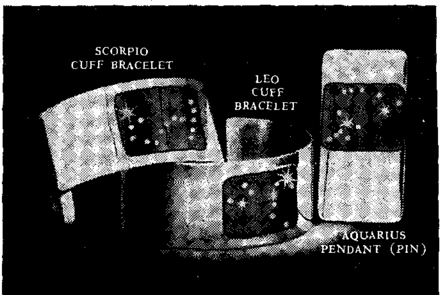
"Wild Orphan Babies: Mammals and Birds," by William J. Weber, D.V.M. (Holt Rinehart & Winston), is an invaluable manual on how to take care of abandoned young animals. Dr. Weber discusses warming a chilled baby squirrel, making formula for baby rabbits, the proper feeding of nestling hawks and owls, what to do about a problem eater, and how to detect a calcium deficiency and deal with it. Having always been interested in (and envious of) hibernation, I was delighted with "Wintertime for Animals," by Margaret Cosgrove (Dodd, Mead), from which I learned that the chipmunk is so fat by the time he is ready for bed that he almost bursts his sides, and that, not a really deep sleeper, like some other creatures, he keeps a generous supply of food under his bed and in numerous storerooms in case of night hunger. He also has a separate bathroom in his burrow.

There is no reason whatever to write one word about Julie Eisenhower's cookbook. —JEAN STAFFORD

•

Paul Martin as a young warlock handles his part competently. But there's a wish that he and director Johnson had given it more pizza, more of that flair mentioned earlier.—*Eugene (Ore.) Register-Guard.*

The only warlock we know won't touch pizza.



Your own Zodiac in sparkling diamonds, individually hand-crafted in 14k gold on a sterling silver background

ZODIAC SIGN	DIAMONDS	(PIN) PENDANT	CUFF BRACELET
Cancer	6	$135	$175
Aries	7	145	185
Sagittarius	8	155	195
Libra	9	165	205
Leo, Taurus, Capricorn	11	185	225
Aquarius	13	200	235
Scorpio	15	215	255
Gemini	16	225	265
Virgo, Pisces	17	235	275

N.Y. RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX

Gift boxed. Specify zodiac sign, pin or cuff. Allow 10 days delivery. Mail check or MO only to:

Richard J. Rothenberg, Inc.
33 West 46 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036
(212) 934-9034

think good thoughts about a pussycat

george booth
$6.95 at bookstores
DODD MEAD

Nearly all of the drawings in this book appeared originally in The New Yorker.

Nymm's
26TH STREET & MADISON AVE., N.Y. IN THE N.Y. MERCHANDISE MART
EATING & DRINKING ESTABLISHMENT

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 PM daily
Sunday 12 noon to 9 PM
1601 Simpson St.
Phone GR 5-8686
or BR 3-3344
Evanston, Ill.

The world's most popular Christmas Club.

Luxuriously gift-wrapped
at no extra cost.

W
Canadian Club
IMPORTED
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
C.C.
Distilled and Bottled under Canadian Government Supervision by
Hiram Walker & Sons Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
IMPORTED IN BOTTLE BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC. DETROIT, MICH.
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
86.8 U.S. PROOF
NORWAY
SPAIN
JAMAICA
HAWAII
IRELAND
CANADA
ITALY
BERMUDA

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

Canadian Club

Imported in bottle from Canada.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

JUST THIS ONCE, SEND CARDS TO THE WORLD AND GIVE YOURSELF A PRESENT!

Take a good look at what you've been missing all these years. Why, it's enough to make you see red (not to mention gorgeous gold and blue)!

Now it's your turn—indulge yourself in a real, live (is it ever!) Pande Cameron original.

Agrippa®...a glorious Caucasian design that's made completely by hand in India. Hand-knotted. Hand-woven. Hand-loved through every step of its making.

Agrippa...with a primitive beauty that looks as marvelous with modern as it does with traditional.

There's enough fire here to warm your spirits for all your merry Christmases to come.

See Agrippa at a fine store near you. Just one thing: since hand-making a masterpiece takes a lot of time, you may have to wait. But when it arrives, you can celebrate Christmas all over again!

Send now for our booklet, showing more India handmade carpet masterpieces. Just $1.00 to
PANDE, CAMERON AND COMPANY OF NEW YORK
Dept. NY125, 295 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10016